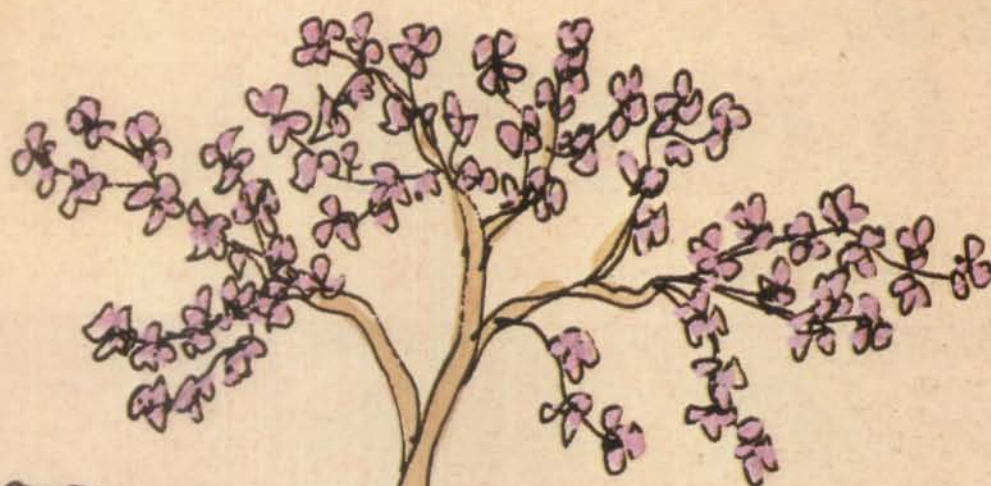


April 16, 1979

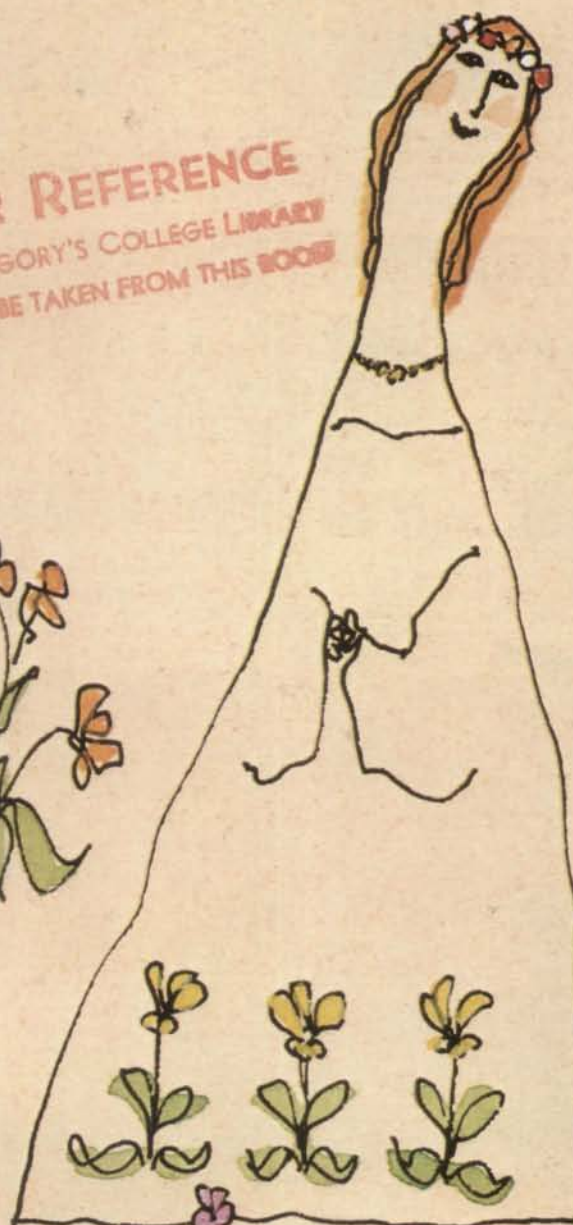
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BEDROOM FARCE—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the all-British cast is superlative. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BIG AND LITTLE—Barbara Barrie heads the cast of a play by Botho Strauss, translated from the German by Anne Cattaneo, with a musical score by Paul Alan Levi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

BIOGRAPHY: A GAME—Max Frisch's Swiss comedy, translated by Michael Bullock. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

BURIED CHILD—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday at 6 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

CARMELINA—A radically old-fashioned musical, starring Georgia Brown and Cesare Siepi. Burton Lane wrote the music, and Alan Jay Lerner wrote the lyrics, sharing the authorship of the book with Joseph Stein. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAITH HEALER—Three admirable performances, by James Mason, Clarissa Kaye, and Donal Donnelly, do honor to this exceptionally well-written play by Brian Friel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

G. R. POINT—Michael Moriarty heads the cast of a play by David Berry, directed by William Devane. Presented as a Phoenix Theatre showcase two years ago. Previews through Sunday, April 15. Opens officially on Monday, April 16. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8;

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opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

THE KINGFISHER—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KINGSLEY AMIS' NOSEGAY OF LIGHT VERSE—An entry in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at American Place. Most of these entertaining selections from Mr. Amis' "New Oxford Book of Light Verse" are familiar, and are therefore somewhat overexplained by the two actors, who otherwise read them very well indeed. The actors are Michael Gough and Derek Newark, who can be seen in the evenings in "Bedroom Farce." (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.

Thursday, April 12, and Thursday, April 19, from 1 to 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, April 15: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. ... Wednesday through Sunday, April 18-22: **THE GONDOLIERS**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday, April 11.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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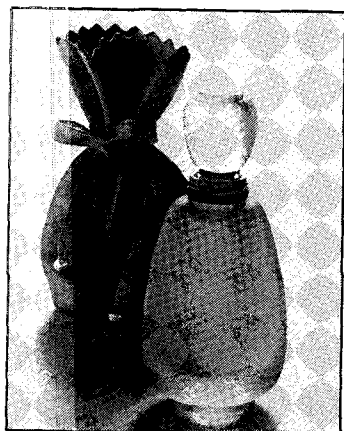
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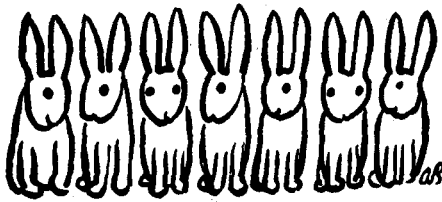
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
SARAVÁ—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SONGS FROM THE CITY STREETS—A chipper little revue with a notably lively and gifted company. Jake Holmes wrote the agreeable, clever songs, which are sung and acted and danced to by Larry Riley, John Hammil, M'el Dowd, Charlie Stavola, and Emily Bindiger. Gui Andrisano directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:15. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

SPOKESONG—A comedy with tragic overtones, laid in contemporary Belfast. The author is Stewart Parker, a native of that troubled city, and the excellent cast includes John Lithgow, Joseph Maher, Virginia Vestoff, and Maria Tucci. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEENEY TODD—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHOOPEE!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—Tom Conti and Jean Marsh in a play by Brian Clark, imported from London. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Previews through Monday, April 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 17. (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WINGS—Worth seeing for an awesome performance by Constance Cummings as an old lady suffering from, and learning to survive, aphasia. The author is Arthur Kopit. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3807. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ZOOT SUIT—The plight of Mexican-Americans in the Los Angeles barrio in the nineteen-forties turns out to be a poor subject for this carnival of bright colors, loud music, and macho heroics. (4/2/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
ANNIE: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan

Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
CHAPTER TWO: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
DA: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
DANCIN': Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
DRACULA: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
FAMILY BUSINESS: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)
THE FANTASTICKS: 7,880 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)
GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
GREASE: A musical that parodies, by

faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
I LOVE MY WIFE: A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)
MUMMENSCHAUZ: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinees Monday and Tuesday, April 16-17, and Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 2.)
OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)
THE PASSION OF DRACULA: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)
VANITIES: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey play-offs, the evening performances on Saturday, April 14, and Friday, April 20, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, April 19, at 2.)

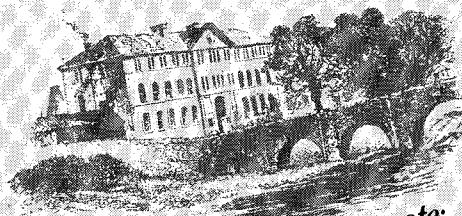
THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinees Monday through Wednesday, April 16-18, at 2.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8; Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 22, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will

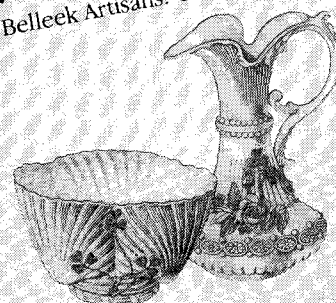
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run through Saturday, June 9—Monday evening, April 16: "La Bayadère," "Pas de Deux Holberg," "Contradances" (New York premiere), and "Etudes." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 879-4500, Ext. 820.) ... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 17: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." ...

¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "Contradances," "Miss Julie," and "Theme and Variations." ... ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Shadowplay," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." ... ¶ Friday evening, April 20, and Saturday matinee and evening, April 21: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees at 2.)

IRISH BALLET COMPANY—Presenting a dance version of J. M. Synge's comedy "The Playboy of the Western World." The Chieftains, an Irish folk group, perform the musical score. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 29—Tuesday, April 17 (a benefit performance): With Mikhail Baryshnikov appearing in a program that includes "Esplanade," "Dust," and "Airs." ... ¶ Wednesday, April 18, and Saturday, April 21: "Diggity" (New York premiere), "Private Domain," and "Airs." ... ¶ Thursday, April 19: "Book of Beasts," an unnamed work (premiere), and "Esplanade." ... ¶ Friday, April 20: "Piece Period," "Dust," and "Coven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30.)

FESTIVAL OF RUSSIAN DANCE—A company of ninety dancers and musicians from seven republics of the U.S.S.R. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

ANDY DEGROAT AND DANCERS—The premiere of "Red Notes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 7 and 8:30.)

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY—A program that includes "Orison," "Landscape," "Interpretation," and "Surfacing." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—"Up Jump" (premiere), "Scriabin Dances," "Marimba," and "North Star." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. **RASHIED ALI**, the proprietor and well-respected drummer, is on the bandstand with a quartet, the Funkyfreeboppers, which features guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and saxophonist **FRANK**

WRIGHT. Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at ten. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Some streets have to work for style, but not West Broadway, where even the liquor store across the street from the Ballroom exudes good design, and even the garbage on the sidewalks is artfully placed. Inside the white enamelledness of this cabaret, one will find singer **Patti Pickens** onstage through Saturday, April 14. Miss Pickens goes on at eight-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty on Friday and Saturday. On Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, Marie Santell will sing at ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Pianist **Richard Sussman** leads a quintet here through Saturday, April 14; Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a wonderful but scarcely known jazz guitarist, will perform with three of the best sidemen one could wish for—pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**, and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. **JUDY COLLINS** will sing here on Thursday, April 12; on Monday and Tuesday, April 16-17, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will lead his quartet opposite vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT**; on Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, the New Riders of the Purple Sage will be present; and on Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, the Joe Jackson band will perform. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists in jazz. **ROLAND HANNA**, who can play fiery or flowery—either way he's a powerful soloist—is here with bassist **SAM JONES**, through Saturday, April 14. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfá, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice

one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is singing and playing piano with his aides—drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**. Non-disco interpretations of Coward, Gershwin, and Porter. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. ... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS** slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by admirers of new-wave, formerly known as punk, rock), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and new-wave outposts have given new life to the area at night. Mondays and Tuesdays tend to be showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays, starting at eight-thirty, with pianist **Gerald Cook** and bassist **Jimmy Lewis**, and she sings her own compositions, some of which are recent and some of which go back to 1922. Stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, claim the Sunday and Monday slots, and begin at eight. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Clarinetist **JOHNNY MINCE** leads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

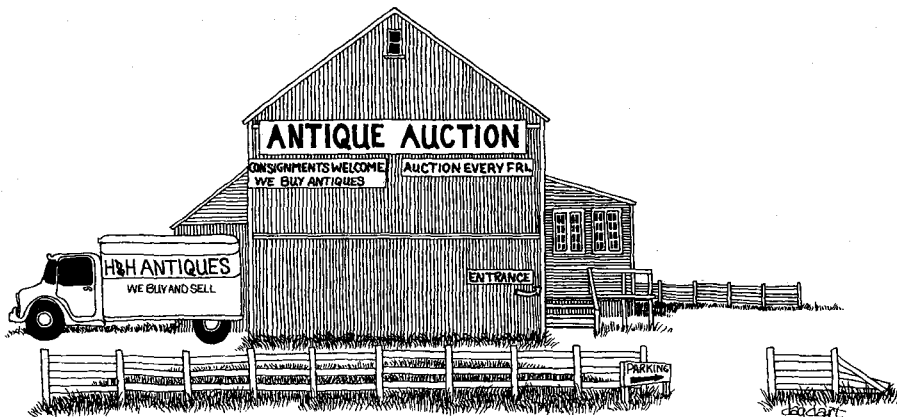
EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 15, from eight-thirty, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quartet that will feature **KENNY DAVERN** on soprano saxophone. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, **Loumell Morgan** and **Morris Edwards** hold sessions from seven to ten.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **AL GAFA**, who was Dizzy Gillespie's guitarist a few years ago, is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll—never disco—is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. (Sneakers are more in than platform shoes here.) Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish; taped music from about nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, some are established veterans, and others are downright famous—turn up to jam in this mainstream-jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers will be pianist **MIKE ABENE**, on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14; and tenor saxophonist **NICK BRIGNOLA**, on Friday and Saturday, April 20-21. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine, Sundays from eight-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**BILLY TAYLOR**, the pianist-in-residence, is here only through Saturday, April 14, when he goes out of town. On Tuesday, April 17, bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will take over with his bassist. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans; cowboy-booted New Yorkers; and Chicago-blues, Delta-blues, and rhythm-and-blues enthusiasts. **BOBBY (BLUE) BLAND** sings and screams R. & B. on Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12; on Sunday, April 15, Kinky Friedman, a Texas Jewish cowboy folksinger, will be onstage; Monday and Tuesday, April 16-17, two important bluesmen—**ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD** and **JOHNNY SHINES**—will perform; and on Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, sixties singer **CHUBBY CHECKER** will drop in. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, a picture-window view of a garden, and, through Saturday, April 14, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**. Monday through Thursday, April 16-19, **HELEN MERRILL** will be singing here. Sets begin at nine-fifteen and eleven weeknights. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from, for the most part, the extremist fringe. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) Shows begin usually long after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The tribute of the month is being paid to composer Cy Coleman by singer **SYLVIA SYMS** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his class of '79 JAZZ MESSENGERS will occupy the bandstand Thursday through Saturday, April 12-14. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. Ellen McIlwaine, a full-voiced and energetic folkie, sings on Wednesday, April 11; Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, will be given over to Catskill (that's Catskill as in Woodstock rather than Lake Kiamasha) musicians **ARTIE TRAUM**, **PAT ALGER**, and **JOHN HERALD**; on Monday and Tuesday, April 16-17, folksinger Jonathan Edwards will be present; and on Thursday, April 19, two veteran folkies—**BOB GIBSON** and **DAVE VAN RONK**—will share the facilities for three nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER**, who did wonders as chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band of the thirties, does pretty well with his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook sings at eleven on Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at eight-thirty and eleven on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, and at ten on Sunday, April 15. Assorted young singers and comics round out the next week, with shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT** perform together on Wednesday, April 11; legendary R. & B. drummer **BERNARD PURDIE** will lead a quintet Thursday through Sunday, April 12-15; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17-18, the 24th Street Band will be here; and on Thursday, April 19, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will arrive with a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet perform in the large, comfortable room through Saturday, April 14; on Wednesday, April 18, **MERCER ELLINGTON** and the **DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA** will be on hand; and on Thursday, April 19, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will bring in a quintet. Music from about ten.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JOHN CLARK**, who plays French horn, is in control of a quartet through Saturday, April 14; on Tuesday, April 17, tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** will arrive with a quintet. Sundays belong to **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet, and Mondays to guitarist John Carlini. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will head up a quartet Friday through Sunday, April 13-15; on Monday, April 16, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** will come in for a night; and on Friday, April 20, singer **EARL COLEMAN** and saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will arrive with a quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his whirling, rhythmic septet will perform on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14; on the following Friday and Saturday (April 20-21), the band that is known as the **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE BAND**, a versatile ten-piece group that plays for the television program "Saturday Night Live" and features such soloists as **HOWARD JOHNSON**, on baritone sax and tuba, and tenor saxophonist **LOU MARINI**, will be on hand. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from

nine to midnight. On Sundays, in the Top of the Gate, Bob January guides a dance band from seven to eleven.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**ZOOT SIMS**, who plays dancing tenor-saxophone solos, leads a quartet through Sunday, April 15; on Tuesday, April 17, alto saxophonist and searing R. & B. singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON** will move in with a quartet and, one hopes, will do "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," and "They Call Me Mister Cleanhead." Mondays are lately claimed by the **MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, a seventeen-piece organization that bears a striking resemblance to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, except for the absence of Thad Jones (who is spending much of his time in Copenhagen, working with the Danish Radio Orchestra) as leader and on trumpet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2011 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. The lineup includes the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist and singer **EARLE WARREN**, and their quintet—Friday through Sunday, April 13-15. Guitarist Snags Allen's combo will play on Tuesday, April 17, and tumpeter Franc Williams's Swing Four will perform Wednesday through Sunday, April 18-22. The music begins about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

RON CARTER QUARTET, **SAM JONES BAND**, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, and **ATILIA ZOLLER QUARTET**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.

RAPHAEL—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.

MCGUINN, CLARK & HILLMAN—With Steve Forbert. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JUDY COLLINS—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.

OLD TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, April 13, at 8:30: Maple Sugar and Bob Paisley & Southern Grass. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 8:30: Tracy & Eloise Schwarz and Martin, Bogan & Armstrong. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ELLA FITZGERALD, **OSCAR PETERSON**, **JOE PASS**, and **THE PAUL SMITH TRIO**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 7 and 10.

HEATH BROTHERS—Plus the Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra, conducted by Ernie Wilkins. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-4900.)

THE JAM, **DWIGHT TWILLEY**, and **SVT BAND**—Palladium. Saturday, April 14, at 8.

STANLEY TURRENTINE and **NINA SIMONE**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 7.

BARBARA CARROLL—Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Monday through Thursday, April 16-19, at 6. Free.

PEABO BRYSON and **PHYLLIS HYMAN**—Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 16, at 7:30 and 11.

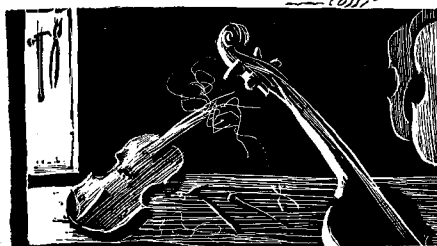
CARLINE RAY—With Emme Kemp, Evelyn Blakey, Paula Hampton, and Amina Claudine Myers. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, April 16, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.)

DAN FOGELBERG—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8.

JEROME COOPER—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Tuesday, April 17, at 8:30.

HUBERT LAWS—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.

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San Francisco, Cal. Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fisher Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, at 8.

A JAZZ PORTRAIT OF E. Y. HARBURG—Mr. Harburg will be there, along with Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Maxine Sullivan, Gene Bertonecini, John Bunch, and Don Elliott. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

ABDULLAH—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center. Friday, April 20, at 8:30.

ONE TRUTH BAND (WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN) and ROY BUCHANAN—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 21, at 8.

JUDAS PRIEST and WIRELESS—Palladium. Saturday, April 21, at 8.

COLLECTIVE BLACK ARTISTS ENSEMBLE—Slide Hampton conducting, with Mongo Santamaria. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CAROL ANTHONY—Landscapes and interiors (many of them the outcome of an extended New Mexican visit) in mixed mediums, and three of the comic figure sculptures for which she is known. Through May 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Two exhibits: painted diagrams dated 1961-62, at the Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays), and recent works (one of them a huge canvas, eight and a half feet high and thirty-four feet long), crowded with diagrams, projections, and reading material, at 420 West Broadway (fifth floor). Both shows through Saturday, April 21.

PATRICIA BRODERICK/GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—An elfin quality pervades these works in oil and oil crayon by an artist who has spent a good deal of time in Ireland, and shows it. Through April 28. / Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. The artist was a well-known critic. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, April 14.)

GRETN CAMPBELL—Paintings of the Delaware Water Gap region. Through April 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

MARTIN CHIRINO—Abstract forged-steel sculptures. Through Thursday, April 19. (Borge-nicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Painted-paper collages, and paintings. Through April 28. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

DANIEL CYTRON—Very large abstract paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RON DAVIS—Big oil paintings in which a single solid, geometric form is seen resting on a tilted checkerboard floor that recedes clear out of the picture plane. Through April 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas," and include playground monsters whose protruding tongues are slides for children. Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Immense color-field paintings (the largest is about nine feet tall and twenty-four feet long) in which the fields of color are piled together like strata of rock. Through Thursday, April 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JOHN A. GIORDANO—Large abstract works on paper, and geometric sculptures. Through April 28. (Cucalon, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Major works, done between 1929 and the time of his death. They range from the dark, heavy abstracts to the light, airy ones, and include a version of what many consider his masterpiece, the haunting representational portrait of himself with his

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mother. Through April 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

GERTRUDE GLASS GREENE (1904-56) and **BALCOMBE GREENE**—Early, colorful geometric works by two artists, husband and wife, who were founding members of the American Abstract Artists, in 1936. His are sharp-edge paintings, hers are constructions in low relief, and there is a strong family resemblance. Through Saturday, April 21. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

NIGEL HALL—Wall sculptures composed of painted-aluminum rods. Through May 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HARMONY HAMMOND—Wall pieces made of found wooden objects, which the artist has wrapped with layer on layer of cloth and then painted a solid color—red, bronze, black, white. The biggest, about nine feet long, resembles a life raft. Through April 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract sculptures in which carved stones of varying colors are joined by metal spikes. Through April 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

TODD MCKIE—Striking new watercolors, done with a surrealist flavor, sometimes tongue-in-cheek, as with the introduction of clichés like Dalí's limp watch into a couple of the compositions. Through Saturday, April 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

CARL MORRIS—Large and richly colored abstract paintings by an Oregon artist. Through Saturday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS (1905-75) / **GEORGE BELL** (1882-1925)—Paintings and sculptures by a pioneer American abstractionist. / Lithographs. Through April 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ELLIOT OFFNER—Sculptures in bronze and wood depicting a variety of subjects—exotic fish, birds (pheasants, bitterns, ruffs), as well as St. Francis of Assisi, life-size, carved in cherry wood. Through Friday, April 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KATHERINE PORTER—Large new abstract paintings based on architectural forms. Through Saturday, April 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1859-1924)—A loan show of ninety-two monotypes. Through April 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

SUSAN ROTHENBERG—This artist's preoccupation with horses continues, but she now rearranges them anatomically to suit her fancy. The work is Minimalist, in acrylic on gesso. Through Thursday, April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—A series of paintings in which this satirical Argentine artist plays pranks with Rembrandt's famous anatomy lesson. In his parodies, Segui puts false faces on the members of the cast, and sometimes seems to be substituting the body of Christ for the dissectee. Through April 28. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KAREN SHAW—Sentences based on a code de-

vised by the artist, hand-colored on bank statements, ledgers, and receipts. Through May 5. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—Works on paper, some of them never shown before, including portrait heads, landscapes, single flowers and plants, and imaginary architecture. Through Saturday, April 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD/DAVID BECK—Paintings and drawings of San Francisco. / Box constructions, including a six-foot rhinoceros covered with a leather hide and fitted with doors that open to reveal tableaux of rhinoceros-related activities. Through May 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Early works on paper. Through Saturday, April 21. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

THREE CONTEMPORARY RUSSIANS—Strangely bloated surrealist figures by Oleg Tselkov; bronzes of mythological creatures by Ernst Neizvestny; and grid compositions involving organic shapes by Mihail Chemiakin. Through Friday, April 20. (Nakhmkin, a new gallery at 1070 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Open Sundays, noon to 4.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—Wood carvings (standing figures, masks, fetishes, ancestors) from Nigeria, Mali, Madagascar, Zaire, and the Ivory Coast, the personal collection of Arne Ekstrom. Through Saturday, April 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. Through Sunday, April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—New paintings devoted to the centered square. Through Saturday, April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT BARNES—Large canvases, some introducing new themes and others extending the series of narrative paintings centered on Byron and Shelley, shown two years ago. Also works on paper. Through May 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

NELL BLAINE—Landscapes, still-lives, and figures. Through May 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Greatly enlarged flower still-lives. Through April 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT COLESCOTT—Paintings by de Kooning, Matisse, and other masters are satirized in the works on view here. Through April 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—New additions to his "Théâtres de Mémoire" series, these being oils on canvas and black-and-white drawings. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)... Another facet of this artist's work—a twenty-two-foot-high painted-steel sculpture—can be seen at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 60th St.

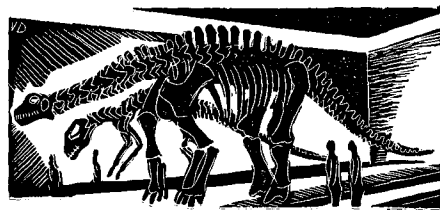
PATRICIA TOBACCO FORRESTER/BERTY SKUBER—Large watercolors of trees and flowers in the arboretum of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. / Collages. Through April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK FORSMAN—Large realist landscapes painted in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Utah. Through Thursday, April 19. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—New abstract oils. Through May 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GOLDERING—This artist superimposes a photograph of a window seen from the outside over a drawing of the same window, and then photographs the ensemble. Through May 5. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

JOSEP GRAU-GARRIGA—Shaggy wall pieces made of raw wool, jute, hemp, silk, and other weav-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing materials. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAMWI—Abstract patterns made up of incredibly thin colored-pencil lines; sometimes the artist cannibalizes one drawing to provide collage inserts for another. Through Saturday, April 21. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

BUNNY HARVEY—Archeological references can be discerned in the abstract paintings by this Rhode Island woman who recently spent some time in Egypt. Through Friday, April 20. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St.)

PATRICIA JOHANSON—Blueprint-like drawings of houses in the shapes of orchids, insects, and animals. Through May 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

R. B. KITAJ—This Ohio-born artist is one of the members of the School of London, which includes Hockney, Bacon, and Freud. Fifty of his pastels and drawings are on view here, expertly brought off but some of them rather gamy. Through April 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Primroses, monkshood, cineraria, impatiens, cardinal flowers, foxgloves, and so on, rendered in watercolors by an associate professor in the Yale School of Art. Through April 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM MCCARTIN—Abstract paintings based on architectural shapes. Through April 26. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

HANS MOLLER—Monhegan Island and the coast of Maine are the subjects of most of the watercolors in this exhibit, but there are also a couple of self-portraits in which the artist is seen surrounded by bees (as big as sparrows) and blackface sheep. Through April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ELIZA MOORE—An exuberant show of mixed mediums (mostly sculptural) and techniques: a city is represented by a freestanding wooden tower rising six feet from a base of flat, abstract landscapes; wall pieces are made of jagged panes of Plexiglas backed with plywood and tracing paper, or of rectangular sheets of steel plate into which geometric patterns are cut, as if with scissors; constructions are made of wooden strips. Also assorted drawings. Through Saturday, April 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ED MOSES—Panels of intense solid colors, including several that are done in automobile enamel. They are all recent works. Through Saturday, April 21. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Hard-edge geometrical shapes painted with a good deal of dash in red, black, white, and ochre. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Gigantic enlargements of irises, tulips, lilies, and roses, done in oil. The roses seem to suffer least from such magnification. Through Saturday, April 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

DAVID REED—Recent paintings. Through May 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

MICHELLE STUART—Sites of archeological interest are represented here by large sheets of hand-made paper into which earth and rocks from

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the site in question are ground. The sheets all have a rather uniformly dirty look, so it is difficult to distinguish the paper representing, say, Jocotan, Guatemala, from the one representing Mound City, Ohio. Through April 28. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT WILSON—Paintings, drawings, and objects made in connection with a theatre piece, "Death, Destruction, and Detroit," that Wilson produced in Berlin this season. One item is an electric-light bulb, perfectly ordinary except for its size, which is three feet long. Through April 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILFRID ZOGBAUM (1915-1965)—Cheerful-looking sculptures, some abstract and some fairly representational, made of metal pipe and steel plate, set off now and then by a large round stone. The metalwork is occasionally painted in bright primary colors. Through May 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of still-lives by Americans, among them Burchfield, Knaths, and Kuhn. Through April 28. ... LEVER HOUSE, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: A show by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Through Thursday, April 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

... SEAGRAM BUILDING (fourth floor), 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.: A small collection of drawings, prints, and photographs dealing with space-age landscapes includes a fanciful, colored map of Mars by Nancy Graves; prints by Hockney and Oldenburg; and an O'Keeffe charcoal drawing. Through April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except April 13, from 10 to 4.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

VITO ACCONCI/BRUCE BOICE—An installation stressing stress. In it are aluminum swings held in check by aluminum cables; an aluminum catapult loaded with an aluminum ball; and a videotape unit that keeps repeating, in insinuating tones, "You're wonderful." The title of the show is "The People Machine." Through April 28. / Large geometric abstract paintings. Through May 5. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MIKE BERG—Classical nudes seen reclining in sylvan groves or in contemporary interiors. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

ESTEBAN BLANCO/GENE BAVINGER—Details of airliners—nacelles, jet pods, wing sections—in flight over equally detailed bits of landscape in Miami, St. Thomas, Mexico City, Los Angeles, and Queens. / Abstract paintings in which acrylic paint forms lustrous ripples seen beneath a flat, polished, mirrorlike surface. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ELLEN CIBULA/FRANK STOUT—Paintings in which

concentric squares are done in various shades of gray. / Small, playful pieces of painted terra-cotta sculpture, most of them figures on a beach. Through Thursday, April 19. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

ALAN COTE—Five large paintings. Through April 28. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

JACQUELINE FREEDMAN—Paper, clay, and canvas works that have been treated to any number of alterations (acrylic paint, sanding, oxide washes) to achieve their varying textures. Through April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MARCO GASTINI—An outsize work in which nacreous flakes of paper are pasted on an unstretched canvas; a cord made of lead and antimony is hung across the front of the canvas, and an L-shaped bar of iron rests against it. A similarly inscrutable effort in the next room completes the show. Through April 24. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

SHIRLEY GORELICK—Portraits of a single family, plus silverpoint drawings of the same subjects. Through Wednesday, April 18. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

LOUISE KRAMER—Recent sculptures, including a series of walk-through archways formed by open rectangles of corrugated cardboard. Through May 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JACK MENDENHALL/TONY KING—Flossy interiors—living room, bedroom, bathroom, mirrored dressing room, and so on—done with Photo-Realist exactitude on a large scale. / Big canvases given over to his customary designs based on the diamond shape; they look as if they were carved in deep relief but it's all a trick of perspective. Through Saturday, April 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

MARIO MERZ—An exhibit of works by this Italian conceptual sculptor includes an igloo five feet high and ten feet in diameter encased in a glass dome ten feet high and twenty feet in diameter—a construction worked out in accordance with natural growth as reflected by the Fibonacci progression. Through April 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

ROSEMARY NAEGELE/THEO COATES—Paintings of Venice in which, intentionally or not, much of its romantic glamour is brushed away. / Cityscapes, most of them glimpses of courtyards and back alleys in and around SoHo. Through Thursday, April 19. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon, and Sundays at 2.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Outsize watercolors and oils of fish (mostly carp, seen just below the surface), water lilies, sea birds, and swampy ponds. Through Thursday, April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

LEON POLK SMITH/STUART SHEDLETSKY—Recent paintings, and a group of paintings from the sixties. / Abstract works on paper. Through April 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OLEG SOHANEVICH—"Stress sculpture": sculptural pieces made up of large sections of industrial steel (I-beams, heavy rails, thick slabs of armor plate) bolted together and then forced apart and twisted by the inexorable turn of a jackscrow. Through Saturday, April 14. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

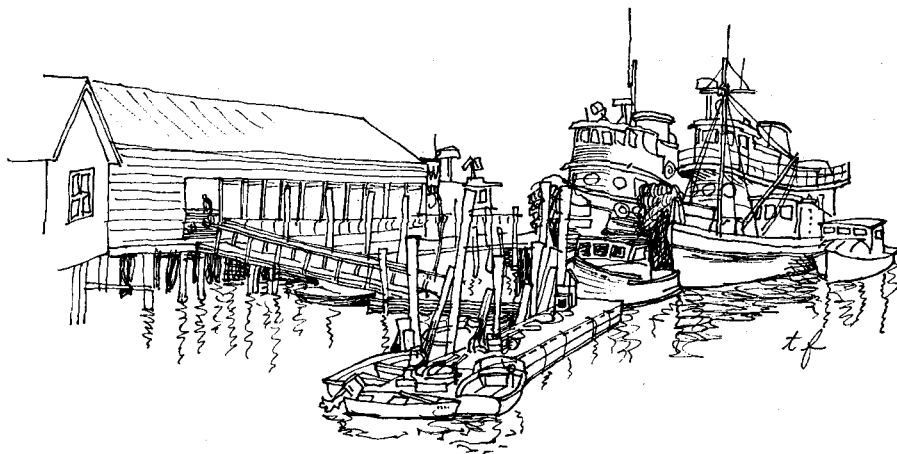
MARIO TORAL—Abstract works on paper in pastel and ink. Through Saturday, April 21. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

WILLIAM CANAVAN TUCKER—Stylized oil paintings of primitive symbols and mythological figures, in several of which a monster representing nuclear power is shown devouring the earth and its inhabitants. Pure coincidence. Through Thursday, April 19. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ALAN TURNER—This artist zeroed in on a small bit of upstate landscape last summer and painted it over and over on large canvases in various moods and in different styles, and the results make a cheerful spring exhibition. Through April 28. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

WILLIAM WEGMAN—Black-and-white photographs elaborated with black ink. Also cartoon-like drawings. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

LAWRENCE WEINER/MIA WESTERLUND—This Con-





One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

He doesn't even know it. He thinks he's done his best to protect his home and his possessions. He hasn't.

Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

Rising replacement costs are one reason. In the last 10 years the cost of re-siding a home jumped 132%, re-shingling a roof 155%; and repainting a living room 142%.¹ In the last five years alone, the cost of building a new home has increased 63%.²

As a group of property and casualty insurance companies, we don't want you to be a sitting duck by not having your insurance provide full protection for your home. Check with your agent to be sure your homeowners policy reflects the amount of additional coverage inflation has made necessary.

Here's what we're doing to help protect you:

- Offering policies with a built-in inflation clause.
- Supporting strict building codes to reduce fire risk.

■ Designing new coverages to meet the special insurance needs of older homes.

■ Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property.

■ Operating special claims assistance and damage repair programs in times of catastrophe.

■ Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

■ Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.

■ Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.

■ Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.

■ Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.

■ Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

1 Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor. 2. Cost does not include land Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

This message is presented by: The American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ceptualist stencils cryptic statements on the gallery walls, such as "Many Colored Objects Placed Side by Side to Form a Row of Many Colored Objects." The letters are black and about four inches high. Four rough-finished shapes made of cement and lead, in three of which sluiceways have been cut. The largest piece is more or less in the form of a horseshoe about nine feet long. Through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN DIGBY—Collages assembled from cutouts of Victorian engravings, pieced together with surgical exactness and surrealist juxtapositions. Through April 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

MARGO HOFF—Abstract paintings done with acrylics on unstretched canvas and sometimes filled in with collage cut from the same sort of canvas. Also crayon drawings. The artist's visit to Morocco last year is reflected in several of the works. Through Saturday, April 14. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

DODY MÜLLER—Two large triptychs, one nine feet tall and sixteen feet wide, into which contemporary people are fitted like the Biblical figures in an altarpiece. Through Sunday, April 15. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY (1848-1933)—A show that centers on the realist paintings of the designer. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. Through May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAP TIVEY—"Asian Eclipse" is the title of an installation in which the gallery room is lighted by sodium lamps placed behind a screen. Through Friday, April 20. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Open Monday through Thursday, April 16-19, from noon to 9; and Friday, April 20, from 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT ADAMS—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

CHARLES CLIFFORD / ARNOLD GENTHE—Clifford was commissioned by the Prado in 1856 to record the arms and armor housed there. Fifty examples, all of them precisionist in detail, are on view. / Platinum and silver prints of dancers Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and others, done in the early twenties in the soft-focus pictorial style of the Photo-Secession. Through April 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DON CYR—Recent color prints made with a Polaroid SX-70 and a Diana camera. Through May 1. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6, and Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

EARL DOTTER—A portrayal of textile workers in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, mostly by a photographer whose previous efforts centered on Kentucky coal miners. Through April 27. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

MITCH EPSTEIN / EMMET GOWIN—Color photographs, most of them recently made in India. / Surreal landscapes. Through April 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Portraits, still-lives, and landscapes, in addition to photographs that reveal aspects of s-m. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) ... Another selection of Mr. Mapplethorpe's works is at the International Center of Photography (see below, under "Group Shows").

TOM MILLEA—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through May 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Portraits of Indians made on three trips to Todos Santos Cuchumatán, Guatemala. Some of the subjects photographed on his first trip, in 1947, appear again in pictures made last year. Through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

GIORGIO SOMMER—Sharply defined landscapes and architectural views made by a German-born Italian photographer in the eighties-sixties and seventies. Through May 5. (Prakas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

NEW YORK PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS—The ninety-six prize-winning news photographs of the 1978 New York Press Photographers Association's annual contest. Through May 2. (New York Telephone Building, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACIA, 28 E. 4th St.: Eighteen contemporary Italian photographers showing works that range in style from documentary to experimental. Through Saturday, April 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Bruce Davidson's twelve photo-essays here include "Brooklyn Gang," from 1959, "East 100th Street," from the late sixties, and "The Cafeteria," made three years ago on the lower East Side. Two films by Mr. Davidson, "Isaac Singer's Nightmare and Mrs. Pupko's Beard" (twenty-eight minutes) and "Living Off the Land" (twenty minutes), can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 3:45. ... Lynn Davis and Robert Mapplethorpe are exhibiting photographs they made of identical subjects. (Open Sundays.) Both shows through April 22. ... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... **26 FEDERAL PLAZA**, at Foley Square: In the lobby of this building is a large show of works by André Kertész, Lilo Raymond, and forty-eight others. Through April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) ... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through Sunday, April 15. ... An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17. ... Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Through April 24. ... "Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. ... A selection of the works bequeathed to

the museum by James Thrall Soby, including a number of Surrealist works, chief among them eight paintings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through April 30. ... Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through May 6. ... A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. ... A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The retrospective show of Cy Twombly contains forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily except Friday, April 13, and Sunday, April 15. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit in which the Japanese concept *ma*—which holds that time and space are identical—is exemplified by a half-scale model of a teahouse, by part of a Noh stage, and by a number of other works, including sculptures, prints, and photographs of architecture. Through May 27. ... A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, April 12, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

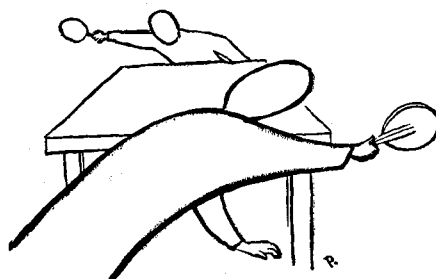
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

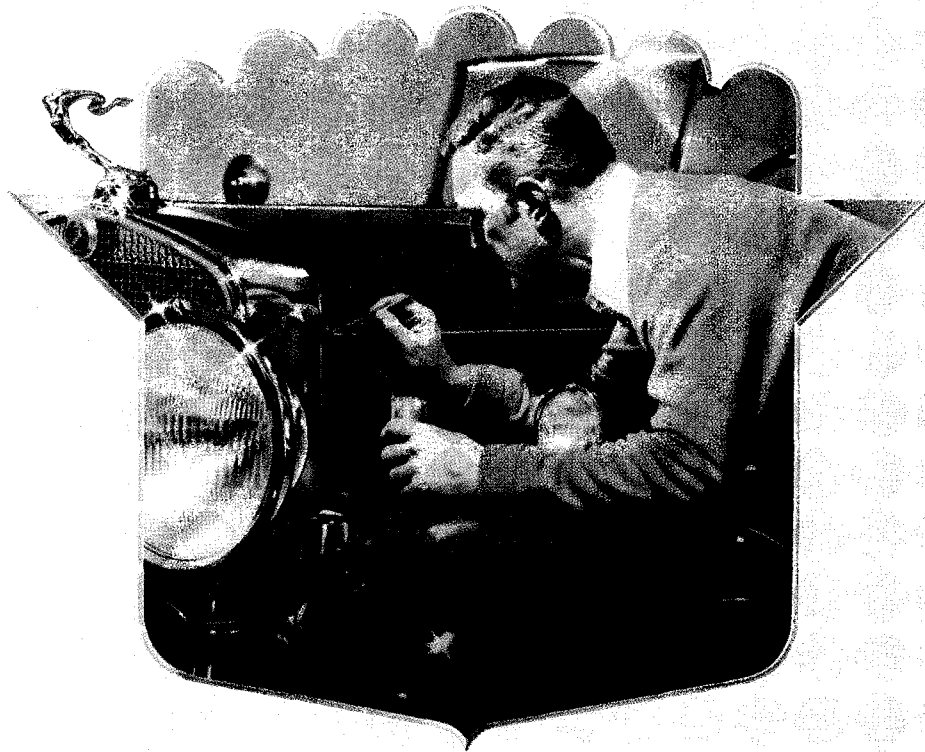
EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3070. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, paintings, and photographs by four artists from Scotland (James Birrell, Michael Davey, Gareth Fisher, and Thomas Lawson), through Saturday, April 21.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Karen Harper (performance), Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Mitchell





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kriegman (performance with video). Thursday, April 19, at 8:30; Judith Simonian and Bruce Fier showing one-of-a-kind bookworks, through Saturday, April 14; a display of correspondence related to Eleanor Antin's "100 Boots" project, through April 28.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Laurie Anderson (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 8:30; the New Haven Chamber Ensemble performing three works by John King, Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30; Troy Brauntuch (drawings and manipulated prints), through Saturday, April 21; music on videotapes, starts Saturday, April 14; "The Record as Artwork," an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwitters, and Beuys, starts Friday, April 13. . . . At the **MUDD CLUB**, 77 White St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. (227-7777), the Kitchen is presenting a series of concerts by composers working with electric or amplified music. On Monday, April 16, Garrett List's A-1 Art Band will perform at 10 and at midnight.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7450, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1011. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 11: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Lenus Carlson, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Mariana Paunova; conducted by Naami Yarvi. . . . Thursday evening, April 12: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . Friday evening, April 13: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . Saturday matinee, April 14: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . Saturday evening, April 14: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Lenus Carlson, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Mariana Paunova; Naami Yarvi. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 1.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 11, at 2: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; David Effron. . . . Friday, April 13, at 8: "Dido and Aeneas," with Sandra Browne, Janice Hall, RoseMarie Freni, David Holloway, and John Lankston; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 2: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Sherry Zanoth, Lando Bartolini, Dominic Cossa, Robert Hale, and James Sergi; John Mauceri. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and Frederick Burchinal; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . Sunday, April 15, at 1: "Le Coq d'Or," with Faye Robinson, Marianna Christos, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Spiro Malas, Melvyn Novick, and Philip Booth; David Effron. . . . Sunday, April 15, at 7: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Jane Shaulis, Augusto Pagliarunga, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . Tuesday, April 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Sandra Walker, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . Wednesday, April 18, at 8: "Dido and Aeneas," with Sandra Browne, Janice Hall, and David Holloway; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . Thursday, April 19, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gian-

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na Rolandi, Diane Curry, Alan Kays, Pablo Elvira, Richard McKee, and Robert Hale; David Effron. . . . Friday, April 20, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Henry Price, David Holloway, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, April 21, at 2: "Dido and Aeneas," with Sandra Browne, Elizabeth Hynes, and David Holloway; and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . Saturday, April 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Augusto Pagliarunga, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta directing, with the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30.) After a brief tour, the orchestra will resume its concerts here on Thursday, April 26.

MILWAUKEE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kenneth Schermerhorn directing an all-Sibelius program, with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Vern Shinall, bass-baritone; and the Men's Voices of the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8, with Gidon Kremer, violin; and Saturday, April 21, at 8, with Judith Blegen, soprano.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concert of the season, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 2.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona directing, with Susan Davenney Wyner, soprano; Birgit Finnilae, contralto; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

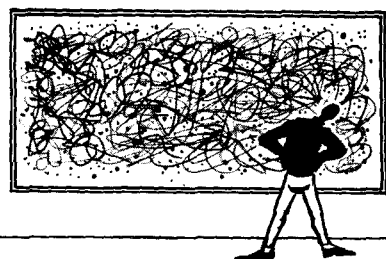
STRING REVIVAL—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with the Composers String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERT ROYAL ORCHESTRA—James Richman directing twenty-four players of original instruments in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Harlan Hokin, tenor; Jan Opalachi, bass; and the Concert Choir of the State University at Oneonta. The last in a series of concerts. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 2:30. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing



two programs of twentieth-century American choral music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17-18, at 8. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

COMPOSERS' GUILD FOR PERFORMANCE—The String Quartet of the Composers' Guild, together with Barbara Winchester, soprano, and Robert Pollock, piano, in a program of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MARILYN DUBOW—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

LYNN HARRELL AND FRIENDS—The cellist in the second in a series of three recitals, this one with Horacio Gutierrez, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of vocal and instrumental music of northern and eastern Europe from the thirteenth century through the sixteenth. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

MONTERRAT CABALLÉ—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 19. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

BERT LUCARELLI—Oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Yeim Bronfman, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; and David Jolley, horn, in the last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 16, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—Works by Crumb, Foss, and Wolpe, performed by Susan Belling, soprano; Harvey Sollberger, flute; Fred Sherry, cello; Raymond DesRoches, percussion; and others. The final concert of the season. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, April 16, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

TWILIGHT INTERLUDE ORGAN CONCERTS—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by John Weaver. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music, with Judith Nicosia, soprano, and Constantine Cassolas and Paul Sperry, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

ODEON TRIO—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN AND AGUSTIN ANIEVAS—A benefit recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. For tickets, call 859-1180.)

ANNA TENG—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 3.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

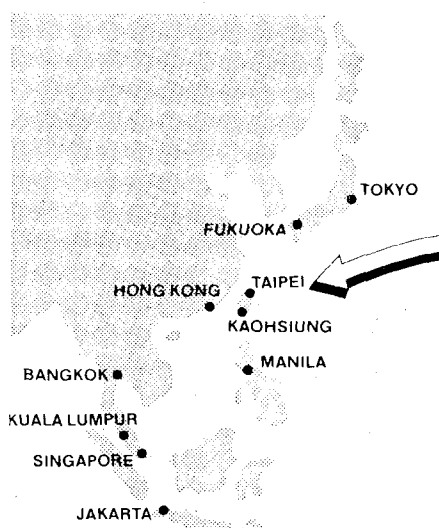
NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of Italian Renaissance music, with Judith Malafrente, mezzo-soprano. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, April 11, at 2:05. . . . Philadelphia, Thursday, April 12, and Saturday, April

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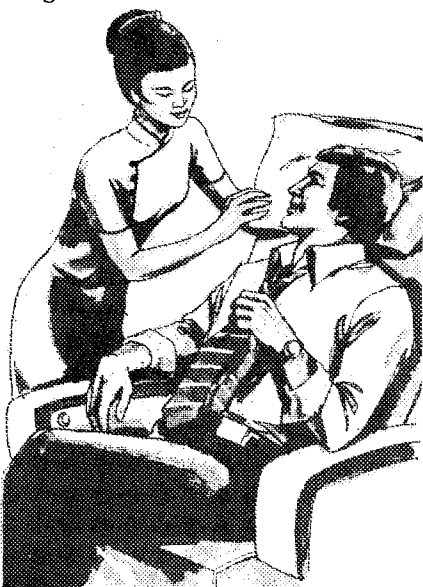
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14, at 2:05, and Sunday, April 15, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Monday, April 16, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, April 17, at 2; Wednesday, April 18, at 8; and Thursday, April 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday, April 21, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs—Nets vs. Philadelphia. (Rutgers University Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. Friday, April 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 201-935-8888.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 21.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs—Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 14, at 9:05, if necessary.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 21. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 13; the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21.

RUNNING—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 16.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles World Cup: A five-day round-robin between players from the United States (Stuart Goldstein), Canada (Sharif Khan), Mexico (Mario Sanchez), Pakistan (Mohibullah Khan, Jr.), and Egypt (Ahmed Safwat). (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. 860-8630. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 7; Saturday, April 21, at 4; and Sunday, April 22, at 5.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 21. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 19, through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. On Saturday, April 14, there will also be trotting in the afternoon, starting at 1.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

LECTURE—"The Art Song in America," by Virgil Thomson. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Thursday, April 12, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

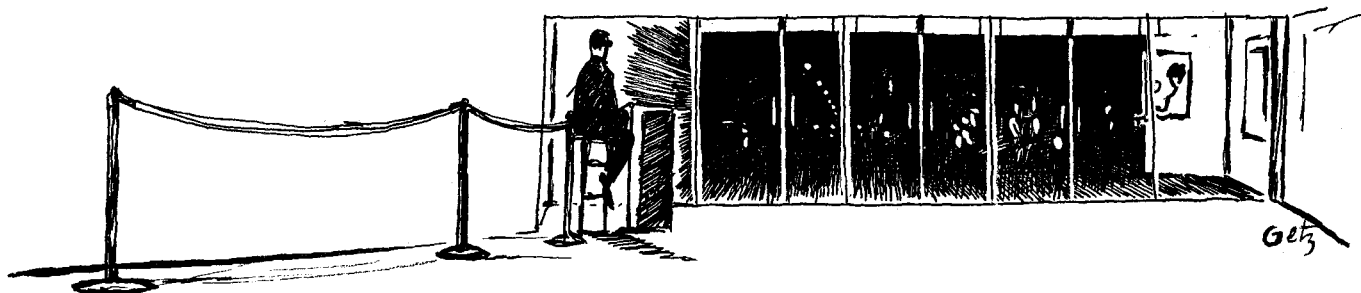
PROSE READINGS—Frederick Busch, Laurie Colwin, and Charles Simmons reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, April 17, at 8.)

AUTO EXPO NEW YORK—New automobiles from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, and the United States, plus some forty antiques, classics, and vintage racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, April 11-14, from 11 to 10:30, and Sunday, April 15, from 11 to 8.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The Spring Bulb Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4. Through April 22.

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 13, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 11, at 10:15: Russian works of art, including porcelains, bronzes, silver, and Fabergé objects; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 14. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 13, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 11, at 10:30: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 10:30 and 2: Printed books and manuscripts, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 11: "Sweet Movie."

April 12: "Innocence Unprotected."

April 13: "Love Affair."

April 14-15: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

April 16: Theatre closed.

From April 17: "Nashville."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through April 12: "Autumn Sonata."

From April 13: "Wifemistress."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through April 12: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "Comes a Horseman."

April 13-19: "Fast Break" and "Thank God It's Friday."

From April 20: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"A Perfect Couple."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

April 11: "Heaven Can Wait."

From April 12: "The Hurricane."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The Exorcist."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Norma Rae."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Blazing Saddles."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Old Boyfriends."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Superman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Innocent."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Voices."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Love on the Run."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 12: "Coming Home."

From April 13: "The North Avenue Irregulars."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Through April 12: "The Bell Jar."

From April 13: "Cousin, Cousine."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

"Real Life."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Exorcist."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"A Perfect Couple."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"The Champ."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"Norma Rae."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The French Detective."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The China Syndrome."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through April 12: "Wifemistress."

From April 13: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 12: "Midnight Express" and "California Suite."

From April 13: "The North Avenue Irregulars."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

April 11: "Superman."

From April 12: "The Hurricane."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 12: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 13: "Love at First Bite."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Coming Home."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."

Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"The Deer Hunter."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Through April 17: "Agatha."

From April 18: "Love at First Bite."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Murder by Decree." From April 20: "Dawn of the Dead."

Theatre 2: "The Great Train Robbery."

Theatre 3: Through April 12: "Your Turn, My Turn." April 13-19: "Blazing Saddles." From April 20: "Despair."

Theatre 4: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Blazing Saddles."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)

"The Promise."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Hair."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The Deer Hunter."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through April 12: "A Perfect Couple."

From April 13: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through April 14: "Remember My Name."

From April 15: "Fedora."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through April 19: "Wifemistress."

From April 20: "Just Like at Home."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

"Agatha."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Saturday Night Fever." From April 13: "Murder by Decree."

Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Murder by

Decree." From April 13: "Love at First Bite."

Theatre 3: "Blazing Saddles."

Theatre 4: Through April 12: "The Great Train Robbery." From April 13: "The North Avenue Irregulars."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)

"The Deer Hunter."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through April 12: "Same Time, Next Year" and "House Calls."

April 13-19 (tentative): "Coming Home" and "Outrageous!"

From April 20: "The Great Train Robbery" and "Comes a Horseman."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

"Superman." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through April 19: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

From April 20: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Midnight Express" (†) and "California Suite." (†)

From April 20: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

Theatre 3: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)

Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Norma Rae." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Champ." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

April 11: Theatre closed.

From April 12: "The Hurricane." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"The China Syndrome." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through April 12: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

From April 13: "Love at First Bite." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

"The Exorcist." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

"The Deer Hunter." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

Through April 12: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)

From April 13: "The Real Bruce Lee."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

April 11: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Umberto D." (1952), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

April 12: "The Cameraman" (1928), a silent film, directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton and Marceline Day; and "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

April 13-14: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley; and "Let the Good Times Roll" (1973), directed by Sid Levin and Robert Abel, a documentary film about the fifties.

April 15-16: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

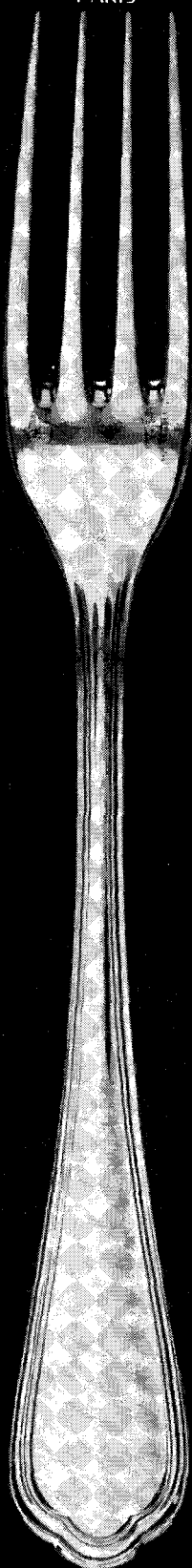
April 17: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

April 18: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974), in Czech, directed by Jaromil Jires; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

April 19: "Blue Collar" (1978), directed by Paul Schrader, with Richard Pryor, Har-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff De Young; and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974), directed by Michael Cimino, with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis.

April 20-21: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Simon of the Desert" (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 11: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut.

April 12: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Le Chat" (1971), in French, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre, with Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret.

April 13: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Love Is a Funny Thing" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Lelouche, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Annie Girardot.

April 14: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Carl Miller, and Edna Purviance; and "Min and Bill" (1930), directed by George Hill, with Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler.

April 15: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.

April 16-17: Two programs of new French films, titles to be announced.

April 18: "The Ring" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carl Brisson and Lillian Hall-Davies; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

April 19-21: Three programs of new French films, titles to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 12: "A Different Story" (1978), directed by Paul Aaron, with Perry King and Meg Foster; and "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

April 13-14: "Magic" (1978), directed by Richard Attenborough, with Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

April 15-16: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

April 17: "Edvard Munch." (†)

April 18-19: "Girl Friends" (1978), directed by Claudia Weill, with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

April 20-21: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 11: "Jacob the Liar" (1975), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; and "The Passenger" (1963), in English and Polish, directed by Andrzej Munk.

April 12-14: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by

Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.

April 15-16: "Yojimbo" (†) and "Throne of Blood." (†)

April 17-18: "Pather Panchali" (†), "Aparajito" (†), and "The World of Apu." (†)

April 19-21: "La Chienne" (†) and "Madame Bovary." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 11: "Dead Reckoning" (1947), directed by John Cromwell, with Humphrey Bogart and Elizabeth Scott; and "The Enforcer" (1951), directed by Bretna Windust, with Humphrey Bogart.

April 12-14: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), the second of the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

April 15-17: "Kiss Me Deadly" (†) and "Detective Story." (†)

April 18-21: "Sunset Boulevard" (†); and "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 12: "Detour" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Time Without Pity" (1957), directed by Joseph Losey, with Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd, and Peter Cushing.

April 13-14: "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale; and "Accident" (1967), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig.

April 15: "The Ten Commandments." (†)

April 16: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai, with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko; and "The Cranes Are Flying." (†)

April 17: "Made for Each Other" (†); and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

April 18-19: "Sunset Boulevard" (†) and "Ace in the Hole." (†)

April 20-21: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 11: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933; "Blonde Bombshell"), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel.

April 12: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

April 13: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (1973), directed by Norman Jewison, with Ted Neeley; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

April 14-15: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.

April 16: "Meet Nero Wolfe" (1936), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Edward Arnold; and "The Lone Wolf in London" (1947), directed by Leslie Goodwins, with Gerald Mohr and Eric Blore.

April 17: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter

Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale. April 18: "Night of Terror" (1933), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Bela Lugosi, Wallace Ford, and Sally Blane; and "The Black Room" (1935), directed by Roy William Neill, with Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh, and Katherine deMille. April 19: "Back Street" (†) and "Magnificent Obsession." (†) April 20-21: "Murder Ahoy" (1964), and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (566-7078)—April 12 at 2:30: "They Won't Believe Me" (1947), directed by Irving Pichel, with Robert Young, Susan Hayward, Rita Johnson, and Jane Greer. . . . April 12 at 6: "Split Second" (1953), directed by Dick Powell, with Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, and Jan Sterling. . . . April 12 at 8:30: "Joan of Arc" (1948), directed by Victor Fleming, with Ingrid Bergman and José Ferrer. . . . April 13 at 2:30: "Two O'Clock Courage" (1945), directed by Anthony Mann, with Tom Conway and Ann Rutherford; and "Desperate" (1947), directed by Anthony Mann, with Raymond Burr, Steve Brodie, and Audrey Long. . . . April 13 at 6: "Orchestra Wives" (1942), directed by Archie Mayo, with George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford, and Glenn Miller and His Orchestra. . . . April 14 at noon: "Saddle Legion" (1951), directed by Lesley Selander, with Tim Holt and Dorothy Malone. . . . April 14 at 2:30: "The Blue Veil" (1951), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . April 14 at 5: "Without Reservations" (1946), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Claudette Colbert, John Wayne, and Don DeFore. . . . April 15 at noon: "The Bachelor

and the Bobby Soxer" (1947), directed by Irving Reis, with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple, and Rudy Vallée. . . . April 15 at 2:30: "From This Day Forward" (1947), directed by John Berry, with Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens, and Henry Morgan. . . . April 15 at 5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. . . . April 16 at noon: "Industrial Britain" (1933), directed by John Grierson and Robert Flaherty; "Going Out of Business" (1968), directed by Christopher Gamboni; and "The Magic Machines" (1970), directed by Joan Keller. . . . April 16 at 2:30: "Clash by Night" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, and Marilyn Monroe. . . . April 16 at 6: "Screening of Prayer" (1976) and "Rituals and Demonstrations" (1975-78), both directed by Zalman Jofen and Avraham Kamman. . . . April 17 at noon: "Industrial Britain," "Going Out of Business," and "The Magic Machines." . . . April 17 at 2:30: "Split Second." . . . April 17 at 6: "Santa Claus Action" (1975), a Danish film. . . . April 19 at 2:30: "From This Day Forward." . . . April 19 at 6: "Clash by Night." . . . April 19 at 8:30 and April 20 at 2:30: "While the City Sleeps" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ida Lupino, Dana Andrews, and Rhonda Fleming. . . . April 21 at noon: "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer." . . . April 21 at 2:30: "The Big Steal" (1940), directed by Don Siegel, with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, William Bendix, and Ramon Novarro; and "The Threat" (1940), directed by Felix E. Feist, with Michael O'Shea and Virginia Grey. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 20 at 6: "Animation for Live Action" (Great Britain; Vera Neubauer) and "Skin Deep" (New

Zealand; Geoff Steven). . . . April 20 at 9: "Idlers of the Fertile Valley" (Greece; Nikos Panayotopoulos). . . . April 21 at 6: "A Walk through H" and "Vertical Features Remake" (Great Britain; Peter Greenaway). . . . April 21 at 8:30: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (United States; Eagle Pennell). . . . April 21 at 10:30: "Limite" (Brazil; Mário Peixoto; 1930-31). (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Starting April 19, six film and video installation pieces will be on view throughout the third floor of the museum. Continuous showings Tuesdays from 11 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11 to 6; and Sundays from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (689-2994)—April 12-15: "Germany in Autumn" (1979), in German, directed by thirteen contemporary German directors, among them Fassbinder, Kluge, and Schlöndorff; English subtitles. . . . Starting April 19: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978), in German, directed by Christian Weissenborn and Erwin Keusch; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Four programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film series of operetta films, 1930-40. April 17 at 6: "Viktor und Viktoria" (1933), in German, directed by Reinhold Schünzel, with Renate Müller and Anton Walbrook; no English subtitles. . . . April 17 at 8: "Amphitryon" (1935), in German, directed by Reinhold Schünzel, with Willy Fritsch, Käthe Gold, and Adele Sandrock. . . . April 21 at 1: "Bitter Sweet" (1933), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle, Fernand Gravet, and Ivy St. Helier. . . . April 21 at 3: "Balalaika" (1939), directed by Reinhold Schünzel, with Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACE IN THE HOLE (1951; also known as "The Big Carnival")—Billy Wilder made this flop right after "Sunset Boulevard" and just before "Stalag 17." Some people have tried to claim some sort of satirical brilliance for it, but it's really just nasty, in a sociologically pushy way. Kirk Douglas is the big-time New York reporter who is so opportunistic that when he gets to where a collapsed roof has buried a man in New Mexico, he arranges to have the rescue delayed so that he can pump the story up. The immured man dies, while Douglas keeps shouting in order that we can all see what a symptomatic, cynical exploiter he is. With Jan Sterling, as the trapped man's wife, and Porter Hall. (Thalia: April 18-19.)

AGATHA—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . Greenwich; through April 17.)

APARAJITO (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pathar Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a glowing moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself em-

bodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (8th St. Playhouse; April 17-18.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distracted, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Art; through April 12.)

BACK STREET (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

THE BELL JAR—Directed by Larry Peerce (who made "Goodbye, Columbus"), based by Marjorie Kellogg on the novel by the poet Sylvia Plath. It indulges neuroticism rather foolishly, and is full of very grassy shots and fades as it deals with a youthful story of aspiration that ends suicidally, in a despair that could be pungent and saddening, but not in this picture. (4/2/79) (Cinema I; through April 12.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast

(including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; re-hashed, they just seem desperate. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . Quad Cinema; April 13-19. . . . Embassy 1; through April 19. . . . Embassy; starting April 20.)

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (U.A. East; through April 12. . . . Embassy; through April 19.)

THE CHAMP—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

LA CHIENNE (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Maréze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; April 19-21.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator called Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—appears likely to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

COMES A HORSEMAN—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, with Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher; now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. (11/13/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 12. . . . ♫ Olympia; starting April 20.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (86th St. East, and Embassy. . . . ♫ D. W. Griffith; through April 12. . . . ♫ Olympia; April 13-19, tentative.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Cinema I; starting April 13.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Thalia; April 16.)

DAWN OF THE DEAD—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Quad Cinema; starting April 20.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen

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treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

DESPAIR—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's autobiographical novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema; starting April 20.)

DETECTIVE STORY (1951)—The brash, hyperactive Sidney Kingsley melodrama set in a precinct stationhouse, directed by William Wyler. It's hard to know which is stagier, the action or the melodrama, but there's certainly enough going on. Kirk Douglas plays a brutal detective, full of hatred for the offenders who cross his path, and Eleanor Parker is his wife. When he learns that she once had an affair with a gangster, he can't forgive her, and then can't live with himself. That's only one of the interrelated stories, which involve Lee Grant as a flirtatious shoplifter and Joseph Wiseman as a seasoned burglar (playing roles they'd already scored in on the stage), as well as George Macready, William Bendix, Horace McMahon, Bert Freed, Frank Faylen, Gerald Mohr, Cathy O'Donnell, and Warren Anderson. (Regency; April 15-17.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Cinema Village; April 17.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and

suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

FAST BREAK—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (St. Marks Cinema; April 13-19.)

FEDORA—With William Holden and Marthe Keller, directed by Billy Wilder. (Cinema Studio 1; starting April 15.)

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ♫ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 12. . . . ♫ Olympia; starting April 20.)

HAIR—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (Embassy. . . . ♫ Bay Cinema; April 11.)

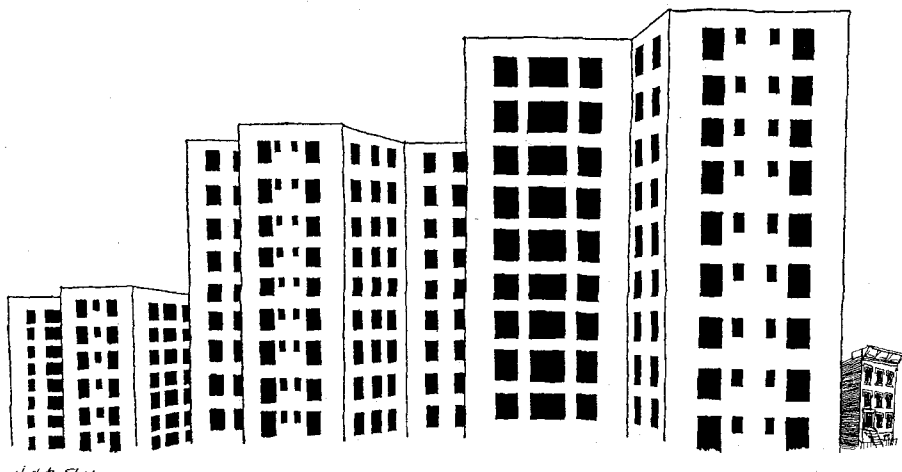
HOUSE CALLS (1978)—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Olympia; through April 12.)

THE HURRICANE—A remake of the 1937 film. With Jason Robards, Mia Farrow, Max von Sydow, Trevor Howard, and Timothy Bottoms; directed by Jan Troell. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; starting April 12.)

INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslavian film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (Little Theatre; April 12.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such



Vladimir Shalun

confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 12.)

JUST LIKE AT HOME—With Anna Karina, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2; starting April 20.)

KISS ME DEADLY (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make "The Dirty Dozen." Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood. (Regency; April 15-17.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1968)—Yugoslavian, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Little Theatre; April 13.)

LOVE AT FIRST BITE—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews Ciné, Loews 83rd Quad, and National; starting April 13.... ♪ Greenwich; starting April 18.)

LOVE ON THE RUN—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre L aud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." He is a man who is apparently difficult, but who adores women. Because of Truffaut's own turn of mind, the character celebrates the ability—possibly more common in Europe than here—to exist, through literature and music, in other places, other times. His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Coronet.)

MADAME BOVARY (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties—Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is more like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. The film was a commercial flop; it lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; April 19-21.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Thalia; April 17.)

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the flop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth

manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (U.A. East; through April 12.... ♪ Embassy; through April 19.)

MURDER BY DECREE—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Loews 83rd Quad.... ♪ Quad Cinema; through April 19.)

NASHVILLE (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakely, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Little Theatre; starting April 17.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Forum.)

THE NORTH AVENUE IRREGULARS—From the Disney studios. With Edward Herrmann, Barbara Harris, Susan Clark, and Karen Valentine; directed by Bruce Bilson. (D. W. Griffith, U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 13.)

OLD BOYFRIENDS—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. Considering that she is a psychologist, she behaves rather lightly with people's remembrance. The most succinct performance, comically distanced and Brechtian, is by Buck Henry, as a California private eye. (4/2/79) (Sutton.)

OUTRAGEOUS! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Olympia; April 13-19, tentative.)

PATHER PANCHALI (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (8th St. Playhouse; April 17-18.)

A PERFECT COUPLE—With Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley, directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, and Beekman.... ♪ Paramount; through April 12.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

THE PROMISE—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall.)

REAL LIFE—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

REMEMBER MY NAME—With Geraldine Chaplin,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Cinema Studio 1; through April 14.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Olympia; through April 12.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews Ciné, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; through April 12.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense, it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she was in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts him, and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bumper of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 20-21.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Thalia; April 18-19. . . . Regency; April 18-21.)

SUPERMAN—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with

an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Criterion. . . . Loews Orpheum; April 11.)

SWEET MOVIE—With Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (Little Theatre; April 11.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson's got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—almost four hours of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. (Thalia; April 15.)

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (St. Marks Cinema; April 13-19.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; April 15-16.)

VOICES—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet.)

WIFEMISTRESS—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (72nd Street East; through April 12. . . . Cinema Studio 2; through April 19. . . . Art; starting April 13.)

THE WORLD OF APU (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (8th St. Playhouse; April 17-18.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Little Theatre; April 14-15.)

YOJIMBO (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When our Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the *right* side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesiologically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; April 15-16.)

YOUR TURN, MY TURN—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Léterrier. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 12.)

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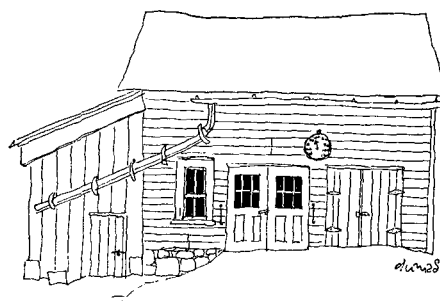
Notes and Comment

A RECENT headline in the *Washington Post* concerning the afflicted nuclear power plant on Three Mile Island, in Pennsylvania, read, "Aides Wonder If Contamination May Close Plant Forever." The plant may have been rendered permanently inoperable, the story that followed explained, because of the release into the reactor-containment chamber of large quantities of radioactive isotopes, some of which will remain dangerous for as much as a thousand years. And within the reactor there are damaged fuel rods containing radioactive elements with half-lives of some twenty-four thousand years. That "Forever" stood out on the page; we could not remember having seen the word used in a newspaper headline before. (In human terms, twenty-four thousand years—roughly five times the span of recorded history, or the equivalent of almost a thousand generations of men—is forever.) Journalism has always dealt with what is historical and is therefore transient—even empires rise and decline—but now the papers were discussing a future of incomprehensible remoteness, as though they had given up on human affairs and instead interested themselves in the doings of immortal beings. The appearance in news stories of words like "forever" is one more clear signal, if we still need it, that with the discovery of nuclear energy events of a new order of magnitude, belonging to a new dimension of time, have broken into the stream of history. In unleashing nuclear chain reactions, we have brought a cosmic force, virtually never found in terrestrial nature, onto the earth—a force that, both in its visible, violent form of nuclear explosions and in its invisible, impalpable form of radiation, is alien and dangerous to earthly life, and can, through damage to life's genetic foun-

dation, break the very frame on which the generations of mankind are molded. In the midst of the ups and downs of human fortunes, decisions of everlasting consequence have presented themselves. Last week, these decisions were being made in Pennsylvania. "We all live in Pennsylvania!" West German anti-nuclear demonstrators shouted, in an inversion of President Kennedy's famous declaration "*Ich bin ein Berliner*." The danger of extinction is posed above all by nuclear war, but it was nevertheless symbolized during last week's disaster by the evacuation of children and pregnant women—who represent the future generations—from the vicinity of the plant. The lesson was plain: when atomic fission is brought in, the human future is driven out.

Another headline that caught our attention was one in the *News* which read, "Human Error Probed in Leak." The concept of "human error" has cropped up often during the Pennsylvania crisis. The alleged error referred to in the *News* story was an operator's decision to turn off a certain cooling system at an untimely moment, and this was contrasted with possible "technical" errors that could supposedly be made by machinery alone. But, even assuming that operators made mistakes, the question remains of who designed the plant in such a way that one or two untimely decisions could lead to a complete breakdown. Gods did not design the plant; human beings, each one as capable of error as any operator,

did. That being so, it appears that the larger human error must lie in the decision to build plants of that design in the first place. But even this conclusion is too narrow—fails to get to the bottom of this matter of human error. The most striking aspect of the Pennsylvania disaster was not that a very unlikely (or "astronomically improbable," as the advocates of nuclear energy used to like to say) series of events occurred but that so many *entirely unpredictable* problems developed, the most important one to date being, of course, the sudden appearance inside the reactor of the explosive hydrogen bubble, which Harold Denton, the chief of reactor regulation for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, called "a new twist." Events at the plant have turned out to be not at all like the well-ordered scenarios of the nuclear experts but, instead, to be like almost everything else in life—full of new twists. And the surprises within the plant were compounded by rumor and misinformation outside it, so that even when the scientists at the plant were in possession of reliable technical information Governor Richard Thornburgh, who had final responsibility for the lives of the people in the area, often was not. "There are a number of conflicting versions of every event that seems to occur," he observed to reporters at one point. In short, the conditions—reminiscent of New York's blackout two summers ago—that prevailed during this crisis were no different from the ones that prevail in almost every large crisis: erroneous prediction, more or less inadequate preparation, mass confusion and misunderstanding of the facts (accompanied by large amounts of cynicism and black humor), and official sleeplessness and improvisation. The main thing that planners concerned with nuclear power left out of their scenarios was not the correct workings of some valve or control panel. It was the thing that no scenario



can ever take into account: simple human fallibility per se—an ineradicable ingredient in the actions not only of power-plant operators but also of power-plant designers, of government officials, and of the general public as well. What the experts know and most of the rest of us will never know is how to build a nuclear power plant. What we know and they seem to have forgotten is that human imperfection is ingrained in everything that human beings undertake. In almost every enterprise—for example, in air travel—mistakes are somehow tolerated, but in this one case they cannot be, because the losses, which include not only the lives of tens of thousands of people but the habitability of our country and of the earth, are so high, and are “forever.” At the deepest level, then, the human error in our nuclear program may be the old Socratic flaw of thinking that we know what we don’t know and can’t know. The Faustian proposal that the experts make to us is to let them lay their fallible human hands on eternity, and it is unacceptable.

Letter

FROM a man who has spent some time studying the circumstances of a different kind of industrial disaster—the one that caused a dioxin-contaminated cloud to descend on the community of Seveso, about thirteen miles north of Milan, Italy, in 1976—we have this letter:

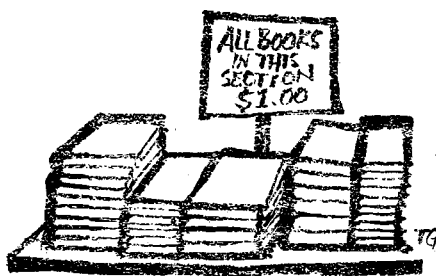
The accident at Seveso and the accident at Three Mile Island—though the first, of course, was of chemical and the second of nuclear origin—were sufficiently similar in many respects to give me, while the details of the crisis in Pennsylvania were unfolding, an eerie feeling of familiarity. Each accident involved a reactor that went out of control, and each reactor clearly possessed design defects that, magnified by the errors of people operating it, allowed the accident to happen. The Seveso disaster originated in a reactor explosion in a factory owned by an Italian company known as ICMESA, which, in turn, was owned by a Swiss company called the Givaudan Corporation, the world’s leading supplier of the antibacterial compound hexachlorophene. ICMESA had the job of manufacturing and supplying Givaudan with a chemical intermediate for its hexachlorophene production. The main design defect in the ICMESA reactor was that it was not constructed

so as to confine and contain its toxic effluent in any closed system, such as an underground storage tank, in the event of an explosive rise of pressure within the reactor vessel producing the hexachlorophene intermediate. And when the ICMESA reactor did go out of control, the resulting explosion vented directly into the air above—through a ruptured safety valve on top of the reactor—a vaporous cloud contaminated with the dioxin known as TCDD, which is one of the most toxic substances known to man. The cloud then drifted down upon the community of Seveso and across a considerable part of the surrounding area. Though in the Three Mile Island incident the most intense radiation generated by the accident was contained within the reactor building, design defects in the system meant that at least some of the radiation produced within the reactor by the accident might have to be released from a supposedly closed system into the open air. And in fact irradiated clouds were vented into the atmosphere from the system. In both the Seveso and the Pennsylvania accidents, the danger was compounded by the failure of people operating the reactor to employ correctly manual and other controls that were there specifically for dealing with emergencies. In each accident, officials of the company owning the reactor delayed notifying the authorities of what was actually taking place and what the real risks were: the Givaudan executives withheld from the Italian authorities for almost two weeks the information that the toxic cloud contained dioxin (as the executives must have known only too well that it did); at Three Mile Island, there was a delay of several hours before the fact of any accident at all was conveyed to federal authorities, and a delay of two days before the true nature of the accident was admitted to the public. In each accident, when the first round of information and explanations of the circumstances was offered, by representatives of the corporation owning the reactor and by representatives of the local, regional, and federal government, their several versions of the facts were full of contradictions, and

in each case the contradictory information gave rise first to skepticism, then to outright disbelief, and, finally, to deep resentment on the part of many people in the affected area. In each accident, there was an evacuation of at least part of the population from the immediately threatened zone, and in each accident people were left uncertain whether they could safely continue to live in the area containing the reactor and with a threat rendered all the more ominous because of its silent, invisible, insidious nature. And, most important, each accident poses questions as to the long-term possible consequences for human health, including the health of children as yet unborn, from low-level contamination spread over a very large area surrounding the accident site. While most of the evacuated Seveso people long since returned to their homes, and, with certain serious exceptions, seem to have largely recovered from their relatively heavy but short-term exposure to dioxin prior to their evacuation, the latest available information concerning the health of people who continued to live in a large area outside the most immediately affected zone is disturbing: the statistics seem to indicate that during the past two years there was a significant increase among them in the rate of spontaneous abortions, stillbirths, and birth defects. What long-range effects on the health of the surrounding population the low-level radiation that emanated from the Three Mile Island reactor will have is, of course, only a matter for speculation. Everybody will just have to wait—as the people in Seveso have been doing for most of the past three years, and will undoubtedly continue to do for many years longer—and see.

Identification Day

THE American Museum of Natural History held an Identification Day one recent Saturday for the laudable purpose of giving people who had been hoarding rocks, shells, fossils, artifacts, and other objects an opportunity to have an expert tell them just what it was they had on their hands. In the rotunda, behind a long table on which a display of museum specimens had been set out, sat an array of experts: Sidney S. Horenstein, an expert on rocks, minerals, and invertebrate fossils; David A. Brody, an expert on insects; Harold S. Feinberg, an expert on shells and birds; Charlotte Holton, an expert on living and fossil vertebrates; M. Norma Feinberg, an expert on





"Now, be careful not to squander your clout heedlessly."

fish; and Jane Epstein, Anibal Rodriguez, Art Skopec, and Gary Sawyer, experts on artifacts. As it happened, Mr. Horenstein got a tremendous amount of business: great crowds of people had rocks and invertebrate fossils to be identified, but not many had artifacts or animals—fossilized or not.

Mr. Horenstein, a tall man with wavy graying hair and eyeglasses, handled the crowds briskly and authoritatively, showing affection for his subject. When we arrived at his corner of the table, he was telling a woman and a girl that Manhattan has virtually no fossils except those embedded in the marble of apartment buildings, and that a mineral specimen they had brought him was a piece of wulfenite. He then identified a snail fossil, fossils of brachiopods (clamlike animals of three hundred and sixty-five million years ago), a piece of lava (which had somehow turned up in Central Park, where there has never been any volcanic activity), a piece of Manhattan schist (the bedrock of the island), the

fossilized stem of a crinoid (an animal, also called a sea lily, that used to live attached to the sea floor and is now extinct), a desert rosette, a slice of chalcedony (related to agate), a heavily weathered piece of limestone, a piece of agate, some coral, some quartz, a piece of granite, schist with phlogopite mica (not pyrite, or fool's gold, as its owner thought), the fossil of an ammonite (an octopuslike animal), a piece of glass, a piece of slag, more granite, a hunk of olivine, more schist, more quartz, some Devonian Age trilobites, more brachiopods, a piece of chert, and on and on. This was in just a half-hour span. To some of the children Mr. Horenstein dispensed small rocks like bonbons—they were fossilized sea urchins from Texas, a hundred million years old. With us he shared a joke that was sitting on the table: a big buff-colored chunk of rock, creased and textured as with a fossil, that was actually what remained of a bag of cement that had been discarded in the wild. Its creases came from its burlap covering, which

had rotted away, but it looked for all the world like a fossil.

The next most popular expert was the one sitting next to Mr. Horenstein—Mr. Brody, who when we saw him was showing off a live Mexican red-kneed tarantula. It was actually a rather safe and docile spider, Mr. Brody said as he held the furry creature in his palm. He went on to say that there was very little chance of its trying to bite anyone; that when it was fed it tended to wait passively for its food—crickets—to come its way; and that when it felt under attack its usual response was to use its rear legs to rub off some of the furry hairs of its abdomen. The hairs are minutely hooked and barbed, he explained, and cause an allergic reaction (such as sneezing or itching) in the attacking animal.

We went down to the corner of the table where artifacts were being examined. The presiding expert, Mr. Sawyer, told us that they had been getting "everything from trash to treasures—from just plain junk to some

things that are really interesting." Someone had brought in a New Guinea headhunter's spear, and a man was just then trying to find out if a shell-decorated piece of red cloth was really a Kurdish tent hanging, as he had been told.

Mr. Sawyer turned his attention to a swarthy young man who had brought in a ceramic pot from the Ivory Coast of Africa. The pot, which looked as if it could hold a gallon or two, was shaped like a caricature of an obese woman. "With a lot of pieces, we can tell immediately that they're phonies, but some pieces are really original, well done—they have a patina or an age about them," Mr. Sawyer told us. "This particular pot is what we call an effigy pot, so it is more valuable than a regular pot. It's slightly damaged—a broken lip—but not too bad."

The young man said he still had the shards from the lip.

"You obtained this recently?" Mr. Sawyer asked.

"Nine years ago," the young man said.

"And you still haven't put it together?"

"I hadn't decided if it was valuable enough to be worth all the restoring."

"It's highly valuable."

"I don't care about the money value—I'm not selling it."

"It's well worth restoring," Mr. Sawyer said. "You should take good care of it. It could be your livelihood as the years go by."

Solo

BIG fellow, comedian, six feet one inch tall, loves to go out in the yard and play catch; funny, friendly, jacket and tie, ex-jock, thirty-eight years old, from Shaker Heights, looks at first glance like a full-fare coach passenger, like a happy Pete Rose: Fred Willard. He was the host on the second of "NBC's Saturday Night" shows last fall. Last summer, he played Jerry Hubbard on Norman Lear's "America 2Night": the big, friendly, eager, dumb co-host who got worked up over nothing, always said whatever came

into his head, and wouldn't shut up until Martin Mull—he was the host, Barth Gimbel—said, "Look over there, Jerry," and pointed into the corner at nothing at all, whereupon Jerry looked into the corner at nothing at all for the rest of the show. Before that, he was one-quarter of Ace Trucking Company, the comedy foursome that played night clubs and colleges and appeared frequently on the Johnny Carson show for six years. Before that, he won an Obie in Jules Feiffer's "Little Murders," Off Broadway. Before that, in the sixties, he was part of the Second City group. Before that, he was half of a mid-sixties comedy team, Greco and Willard, whose most famous sketch was the-cop-and-the-safecracker, patterned after a rotten good-guy-versus-bad-guy tussle that Fred Willard saw in a serious Western playing on Forty-second Street. The cop draws a gun on the safecracker and then stands too close to him. Just as the audience thinks Oh, no, the safecracker kicks the gun out of the cop's hand and grabs it. But then the safecracker relaxes his grip. Just as the audience thinks Don't do that, the cop whirls, dives, and spears the gun. In the sketch, the gun goes back and forth between the two men and finally disappears. Then the cop shrugs and the safecracker goes back to cracking his safe. And even before that, in 1962, Fred Willard and Vic Greco were students at the George Q. Lewis Comedy Workshop, in an old rehearsal studio on Forty-sixth Street between Broadway and Eighth which long ago burned down and has been turned into a parking lot. David Frye and Vaughn Meader studied there, and every Friday night George Q. Lewis would bring in a busload of people from New Jersey who had signed up for a mystery show-business tour, and the workshop would have an audience.

You just never know what's going to happen to comedy duos, the business is so unpredictable. Patchett and Tarses, a pair that Greco and Willard used to run into on the circuit, produced the "Bob Newhart Show." Franken and Davis, a team that Ace Trucking Company also used to run into, are writers and performers for "Saturday Night Live." Vic Greco's whereabouts are unknown, but someone said he was teaching in New Jersey. And nine months ago, after many years in the business, Fred Willard started doing a solo standup-comedy act for the first time in his life. He's getting along fine, considering he's played only six major cities so far. He



got a big response from audiences in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston and here in New York, at the Other End. Down in Washington, they thought he was funny but a little weird. What Fred Willard finds curious is that right up until he started his solo act he always thought that he didn't want to be a comedian—that comedy was a sideline that would tide him over until he became a famous actor and a movie star. He had decided to become a movie star back in 1962, when he got out of the Army. By that time, he had decided not to go out for the major leagues. He had found out that it was physically impossible to hit a round ball thrown at ninety m.p.h. with a round bat.

In his act, Willard works with a good band, the James Quill Smith Band, because he likes to sing and likes fifties rock-and-roll songs. He sometimes opens doing Elvis's "One Night" with bumps and grinds in a blue satin cloak, then folds up the cloak and says, "It's only me." He makes friends with the audience, tells jokes, and talks about what he finds funny about life; namely, life. He's a bit like Bob Newhart and a bit like George Gobel, only livelier and more friendly. He tells stories about trying to find a father image. He says he doesn't trust doctors, because when he tells them he has a pain in his side they ask him if he has been poking himself with a sharp object, "because that is contra-indicated with those symptoms." On the other hand, he has always been impressed by men who smoke pipes, because they can answer any question by saying, "I have absolutely no idea whatsoever," or "You must do what you think is right for you," and still sound impressive. He says the only authoritative man he's met is his garage mechanic, who always talks with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, and tells how last month, after his car was fixed, he asked the mechanic, "Would you mind looking at my side? I've been having this pain."

Not long ago, we sat down for a bite with Willard and his wife, Mary, who is a journalist and TV-comedy scriptwriter, at Pennyfeathers, an open-



"Remember, you two, we're depending on you to get this thing off the ground."

twenty-four-hours Village restaurant, after Willard had finished a performance at the Other End. He wanted to order beer and ice cream, but his wife gave him a look, so he settled for a beer and a Danish. He said he was having a marvellous time in New York dragging Mary around to look at buildings while he told her, "That used to be a theatre, that used to be a bar, that used to be a hotel." He said, "So many comedians have come from Ohio—Bob Hope (from the age of four), Jonathan Winters, Jack Riley, Tim Conway, Pat McCormick—that there's practically an Ohio school of comedians. New York comedians talk about how poor their families were. It's different for us—we're amused at ourselves for being from Ohio. We'll always have that against us, so how bad can anything else be? I'm having a good time, but I never expected to be doing this. When I look at my college alumni yearbook—I went to the Virginia Military Institute, in Lexington, Virginia, the West Point of the South, and I'm still not sure why—all my classmates are commandants or colonels or just about to retire to good

jobs in the private sector, and I'm up onstage being silly. Maybe I should retire and do a drama class at V.M.I. I can see it now—the cadets would march in, and then we'd do the class play. Hmm. Sounds like a sketch. Mind if I borrow your pen to make a few notes?"

Pirates

BEWARE the bootleg-record man! The phony disc, the false L.P.! Beware the eight-track fake, and shun the dread facsimile!

Such, more or less, was the message delivered by speakers at a meeting of the Music Publishers' Forum the other afternoon in the King's Court of the Barbizon-Plaza. The Forum, which is an offshoot of a trade organization called the National Music Publishers' Association, wants members of the industry to become better informed about something called record piracy, which involves the production and sale of illegal discs and tapes, and which is said to account for about ten per cent of all recordings on the market. The music on these illicit records is generally



"Will you share my dream with me, Alexandra? A few acres somewhere, a couple of sheep, a couple of goats, some chickens . . ."

identified correctly on the labels, but the sounds on the records have been, in effect, pilfered. The result is that the people who would normally receive royalties and other payments—musicians, composers, arrangers, producers, publishers, record companies, and the like—receive nothing at all.

To judge from what was said the other day, the situation nettles just about everyone in the business. Lawrence I. Kaplan, who is the Assistant Special Counsel on Anti-Piracy for the Recording Industry Association of America, said that illegal-record sales amount to around three hundred and fifty million dollars a year. (The legitimate-record industry has sales of around three and a half billion dollars a year.) Designations vary within the industry, but Mr. Kaplan explained R.I.A.A. terminology as follows: A bootleg record is one made without permission from a live performance or a live broadcast. A pirate record is one whose sounds have been lifted, through electronic techniques, from a legitimate recording. A counterfeit record, which is the most deceptive of the lot, is a form of pirate record that not only sounds like the legitimate record from which it was taken but *looks* like the original, right down to the label and the record jacket. This sort of all-out

fakery is said to be on the increase, and some convincing examples were shown at the meeting, including a counterfeit L.P. of the Steve Miller Band's album "Fly Like an Eagle" which bore a simulacrum of the Capitol label and was enclosed in a cover printed with a nearly perfect copy of the original jacket design.

"It's not just big corporations that are being cheated," Mr. Kaplan said. "There are a lot of artists out there who are being hurt. Sometimes it's hard to convince record buyers of this—a lot of people know they're buying illegal records and couldn't care less. But one way to wake them up is to have an individual artist get up on a witness stand and say, 'Hey, I was robbed.' There was a criminal case in Washington a while ago involving the Isley Brothers. One of their records—on the T-Neck label—had been illegally copied and sold on eight-track. O'Kelly Isley got up on the stand and said, 'That's me, and that's my brothers, and we didn't give these guys permission to rip us off.' It had a very marked impact on the judge and the jury."

Another speaker, an F.B.I. agent named Julian Perez, told of a case in Pennsylvania that centered on a firm responsible for some two and a half million counterfeit discs and tapes and

that resulted in the imprisonment of the firm's proprietor.

There were questions from the audience, and several people wanted to know how a consumer could recognize an illicit record. Among the clues the speakers gave were these: A bootleg disc will typically have a plain white jacket, with a very simple label slipped under the jacket's cellophanelike wrapper. A pirate tape can often be identified by the fact that a particular pirate will use only three or four graphic designs for the packages of all his products—as opposed to a legitimate firm, which will create a separate design for the package of each recording. A counterfeit disc or tape will most often have a jacket or other packaging that has been reproduced from the original by photographic means and hence is very difficult to spot. But the printing on a counterfeit is sometimes a bit fuzzy, and the colors may not be true. And frequently, the speakers said, the sound quality of an illegal record will be

well below that of a legitimate recording.

After the meeting, we spoke with Mr. Kaplan. He showed us some counterfeit and bootleg discs of music by the Electric Light Orchestra, George Benson, and Bob Dylan, and we asked him whether record piracy was more prevalent with one particular kind of music.

"Counterfeiting is definitely strongest in pop, because that's where the money is," he said. "That's also where you find the heaviest involvement of organized crime. With bootlegging, on the other hand, you find some people who tape classical or jazz concerts for their own use—even though bringing tape recorders into concerts is illegal—and then begin to trade with other collectors, and then begin to sell a few tapes, and then, before you know it, they're in business."

A man in a tweed jacket came up and examined some of the illegal records that were displayed on a table. "I'm trained in graphics, and I can tell right off that some of these are fake," he said to Mr. Kaplan. "As a matter of fact, I have quite a few bootleg records myself. But from now on I'm going to let you know when I come across any. I see them all the time in my local record store."

RATED

"COMING NEAR TO YOU" is rated in a certain way because of some fairly routine violence. No problem. No problem. The problem of violence is not a problem. Routine violence is routine—so routine that it's no real problem, no real threat. When the man shows the wound on his chest, there is no problem. When the other man smiles at the wound on the man's chest, there is no problem. When the woman takes snapshots of the wound and encourages others to smile, there is no problem, even when the pictures, the snaps, hundreds of them, are sold on the streets, on the corners, in the places where people stand and wait, where children stand and wait. No problem. The opposite of a problem. The negative outline of a problem, a *joke* on a problem. No slowdown or holdup, no obstacle to everyone's seeing and liking it—the wound, the smile at the wound, the reproduction of the wound, and the smiles and distribution. No problem.

Some people will take a test, that's all. Selected people will sit quietly and see "Coming Near to You," and then they will sit quietly and take a little test. They will come to a room we have set aside. They will come in the side entrance, through the marble rotunda that was so expensive to build—oh, years ago, when we believed in marble and rotundas, when we liked the way feet sounded against polished floors. People will be led in the side door because during the hours we give the tests the main entrance is closed. How we used to love it, the main entrance! How we used to love it, the main screen! And not just the main screen—tall as a private building—but the *gold tent* that used to spread or seem to spread out from the space above the screen, that used to spread above the screen and protect it, each fold distinct—how we used to love it! But people now come in another way, see another set of details. People now are led to a basement area that is very secure, and they stay there awhile, that's all. They wait for a while; they wait long enough for an edge of distance to form, that's all. Then they answer a few questions, because we want to know how they feel. We want to know how people feel when the women amputate the foot of the dead

man. It is routine, the amputation, but we want to know if people feel the need for it. Did it seem well motivated? Was there a need for the camera to hover on the severing, in terms of the development of the theme of separation, etc. etc., the theme of bad news, etc. etc., the emphasis on awkward movement, etc. etc.? And the romance. Was the romance upsetting? We want to know that. Some groups—groups of girls with short hair done in a little flip, *cheerful* girls—might find the romance upsetting. And the background. Some people might find that upsetting—streets where there are people with parts elongated or compressed, shaped out of the normal.

We've asked every sort of person. We've gone right up. We ask them every kind of question. Sometimes they don't want to answer, but not too often. We follow them to their homes. We sit down to talk honestly: "Do you honestly feel that it was well motivated, the way people on the street were compressed and elongated and shaped out of the normal? Was it an essential element in the forward movement of the plot?" Some people don't have the wit to answer honestly. The education they have! Nothing. They barely know their own name. We ask again and again. "Is that really your name?" we ask. We ask to see three pieces of identification. Driver's license, major-department-store charge card, and something from their church. Then we say, "Thank you," because we are polite and serious, and then we do followup work, after the special showing.

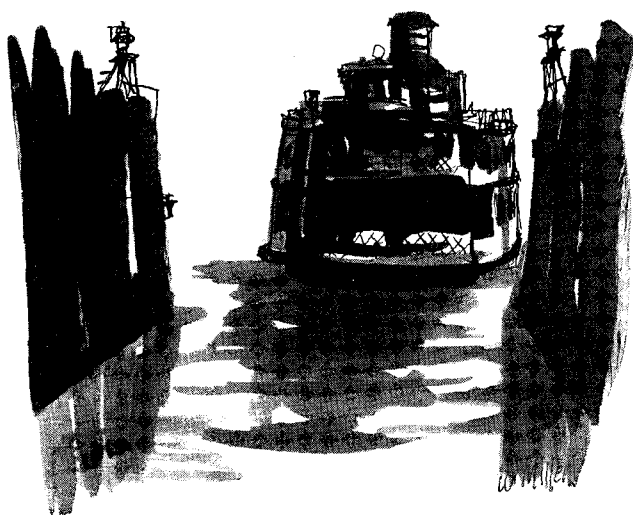
AFTER the special showing, we empty the theatre row by row. That's the way we do it. Row A, Row B, etc. etc. Then we can measure the

stress. We watch them very closely. Sometimes when it comes to a written test, people are very shy about admitting that they were under stress—"Doesn't make any difference to me what shape people are," they say—but if you watch, their hand trembles a little and the movement of their eye is a little out of the normal, and all that can be monitored if you are careful and empty the theatre row by row.

We know "Coming Near to You" produces stress. Row after row, these people in the theatre were under stress. People in the theatre were under stress watching people in the film. We know it. The woman named Jaycinette, for instance—she was under stress. And people *in* the film. Some of the people *in* the film, *paid* to be in the film, the dress extras and so forth—some of these people seemed upset to be exposed to what was going on. They were under stress, you could tell. Jaycinette was under stress, you could tell. She took her pencil and gouged the point deep into her test. She put her hand to her neck and twisted her necklace just like the people in the movie when they were under stress. Like Sally Herley. Miss Herley, who is doing so well, who will do anything, anything on film, and not complain—she was under stress, you could tell. Jaycinette, in the perfectly comfortable interview situation where she had to spend a little time—Jaycinette put her hand to her neck just the way Sally Herley did in the movie. It was the same thing. Jaycinette was wearing a necklace—that was the only difference. Jaycinette had a necklace spelling out "Jaycinette" in an inexpensive gold-tone material—that was the only difference. It spelled out "Jaycinette" when she kept her hands quiet, but under stress she twisted the necklace and it didn't make any sense at all. That was the only difference.

"Coming Near to You" had to be rated in a certain way because of the stress. With all that stress, "Coming Near to You," despite the hope at the end, the way people crawl back on top and wave, the way they fit their shapes together and wave, the way the music comes on so you don't notice the problems in the theatre, the shredded fabric on the seats, etc., the falling plaster, etc.—despite the hope at the end, it had to be rated in a certain way.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW





HEALING

THE quality of miracles has declined over the years. In Adelaide, a flat city, "the city of churches," we all went around on bikes. I am speaking here of the mid-nineteen-fifties. My father, for example, rode an Elliott. It was a heavy machine, bottle green, with leather cleaning bands rolling around the hubs, silver-frosted handlebars, and a seat sprung with two thick coils like hair curlers. My father with his gray face and his pitted bike clips: arriving home after the Magill Road climb, he'd lean the bike under the grapevine and rest in the darkened kitchen with a sarsaparilla. It was a three-mile ride from where he worked. Yet—and I still believe this—our bikes and the pedalling past dry hedges somehow signify the period, the white light and optimism of the fifties. They fit in very well. The man across the street subscribed to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Things just seem more complicated now.

I said Adelaide is a flat city. Well, it is and it isn't. It looks flat on the map or from the air, but the wide intersecting streets contain an inbuilt slope of private dimensions, barely perceptible, often invisible to the naked eye. The city center is located halfway between the sea and the perpetual purple backdrop, the Adelaide Hills. Our days consisted of coasting into the hot empty air, then pushing slowly back toward the hills. Magill Road here was a classic. It ran from the foothills to town, about four or five miles, straight and smooth, wide and harmless-looking. But try cycling up one day.

It was on Magill Road, about a third of the way down, that I saw the accident. I was one of the few.

Denis Hedley was considered a smart-aleck. His bike was an Elliott, like my father's, but he had stripped it of the mudguards and painted the frame canary yellow and black. Around the wheel rims he'd painted a checkered-flag pattern, which at low speed made old people dizzy. But its most conspicuous feature, and the thing that attracted ridicule, was a plastic aeroscreen he'd fitted, as on a racing motorbike, over the handlebars. The handlebars were black and horizontal, also like a motorbike's. Hedley had made them from a piece of pipe. Closer inspection—though we tried not to give Hedley the satisfaction—revealed other significant modifications. Every possible strut and clamp, even the bell, the wing nuts, and parts of the pipe frame had been drilled with holes to save weight.

Hedley was too smart to talk much, but he confided casually one day it gave him extra speed. And it was a blurred yellow-and-black fact that he dominated the upper reaches of Magill Road. Crouched behind the aeroscreen, legs pumping like wheels, Hedley would streak past trams and the small British sedans at thirty-five or even forty-five miles an hour and, reaching the Burnside Road intersection, which is near our street, would suddenly sit up and coast no-hands, sometimes combing his hair or scratching the small of his back. Then he'd brake, turn around, and laboriously climb back for another run. That was how afternoons were spent in Adelaide. He was thick-necked and of course had pimples and oily hair. He wore tight khaki shorts. Hedley was also well known for his fourteen-year-old sister, Glenys. She had damp hands and a cowlike smile. She was the first girl in our district to suddenly begin wearing a brassiere.

On this particular morning, my chain had come off and I was squatting down by the footpath. It was a quiet Sunday, hot; not many cars. As I say, I was one of the few to see everything. I happened to look up as Hedley went past. He had Glenys sitting sideways on the top bar—something I had not seen before. I could see they were going too fast. Hedley seemed to be struggling with the handlebars; Glenys was rigid, holding too hard. As they passed No. 1839 Magill Road—and, oddly enough, I realize now, that was the year the bicycle was invented—Hedley's specially lightened frame appeared to buckle slightly, or fold, and because of his indiscriminate drilling this placed sudden strain on the brake strut. It snapped. It had been drilled too much.

The back wheel then slid forward, throwing the chain and all hope of braking. What followed could only be called a chain reaction. The atrophied pipes of Hedley's bike, the drilled and countersunk sprockets and levers all began cracking and splitting, the little aeroscreen flew into the air, bits of broken metal and spokes fell off and jumped all over empty Magill Road like black sparks. The machine, no longer a bicycle, began weaving and contracting, approaching the intersection.

And then from behind came Boardman (that rings a bell for me!) on his mauve Healing. It was the latest model, with alloy guards, three-speed gears; Boardman was the local Healing dealer. As usual, he was riding with a lighted cigarette. With superb balance and strength for a thin man in his forties, with tremendous cool, he rode in close and, pedalling in top, lifted Glenys off and onto his serene handlebars. By then Hedley's tangle was almost at ground level, still sparking at high speed, and Hedley had one leg trailing. Again Boardman leaned over and down, this time more like a polo player, and grabbed Hedley by the collar, supporting the careering machine and halting further disintegration, while with the other hand he applied the chrome-plated brake calipers on the Healing, weaving to a halt across the intersection. At the last second Hedley lost his grip. His bike somersaulted in the clarity of that Sunday morning, snapped around the veranda post of Townsend's corner shop, and lay in two or three pieces. Glenys's blouse was badly torn; I could see her ochre brassiere. She immediately began swearing at her brother, and I realized she had grown up. She was no longer a girl.

Hedley stood there, one shoe missing, surveying the wreck. Boardman lit up another cigarette, waved, and rode off. I have not seen anything like it since. Boardman is dead now, and I don't know if they make Elliotts anymore. Hedley and his sister must still be alive, grown up. My father is dead. A Shell service station has replaced Townsend's corner shop, and the intersection has been fitted with lights.

—MURRAY BAIL



Wherever Langmuir went, whatever he was doing, he was also doing science. A conversation of a flight with his friend Lindbergh would lead him to develop improved airport bacons.—*Albany Knickerbocker News*.

It's the in-flight food that needs toning up.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT

SOME five years back, when Professor Uri Zalkind left New York for Miami after his wife Lotte's death, he had decided never to return to this wild city. Lotte's long sickness had broken his spirit. His health, too, it seemed. Not long after he buried her, he fell sick with double pneumonia and an obstruction of the kidneys. He had been living and teaching philosophy in New York for almost thirty years, but he still felt like a stranger in America. The German Jews did not forgive him for having been raised in Poland, the son of some Galician rabbi, and speaking German with an accent. Lotte herself, who was German, called him *Ostjude* when she quarrelled with him. To the Russian and Polish Jews he was a German, since, besides being married to a German, for many years he had lived in Germany. He might have made friends with American members of the faculty or with his students, but there was little interest in philosophy at the university, and in Jewish philosophy in particular. He and Lotte had no children. Through the first years they still had relatives in America, but most of the old ones had died and he never kept in touch with the younger generation. Just the same, this winter morning Dr. Uri Zalkind had taken a plane to New York—a man over eighty, small, frail, with a bent back, a little white beard, and bushy eyebrows that retained a trace of having once been red. Behind thick-lensed glasses, his eyes were gray, permanently inflamed.

It was a bad day to have come to New York. The pilot had announced that there was a blizzard in the city, with gusting winds. A dark cloud covered the area, and in the last minutes before landing at LaGuardia an ominous silence settled over the passengers. They avoided looking one another in the eye, as if ashamed beforehand of the panic that might soon break out. Whatever happens, I have rightly deserved it, Dr. Zalkind thought. His Miami Beach neighbors in the senior-citizens apartment complex had warned him that flying in such weather was suicide. And for what was he risking his life? For the manuscript of a book no one would read except possibly a few reviewers. He was glad that he carried no other luggage than his briefcase. He raised the fur collar of the long coat he had brought with him from Germany and, clutching his case in his right hand and holding on to his broad-brimmed hat with his left, he went out of the terminal to look for a taxi. From sitting three hours in one position his legs had become numb. Snow fell at an angle, dry as sand. The wind was icy. Although he had made a firm decision that morning to forget nothing, Professor Zalkind now realized that he had left his muffler and rubbers at home. He had planned to put on his woollen sweater in the plane and this he had forgotten, too. By the time a taxi finally stopped for him, he could not tell the driver the address of the bank to which he wanted to go. He remem-

bered only that it was on Fifty-seventh Street between Eighth Avenue and Broadway.

Professor Zalkind had more than one reason for undertaking this journey. First, the editor of the university press that was to publish his book, "Philo Judaeus and the Cabala," had called to tell him that he would be visiting New York in the next few days. According to the contract, Professor Zalkind was to have delivered the manuscript some two years ago. Because he had added a number of footnotes and made many alterations in the text, he decided he should meet with the editor personally rather than send the manuscript by mail. Second, he wanted to see Hilda, the only living cousin of his late wife. He hadn't seen her for five years, and her daughter had written to him that her mother was seriously ill. Third, Professor Zalkind had read in the Miami *Herald* that last Saturday thieves had broken into a bank in New York and by boring a hole in the steel door leading to the vault they had stolen everything they could. True, this theft had not occurred in the bank where Zalkind rented a safe-deposit box. Still, the news item, headlined "How Safe Is a Safe?," disturbed him to such a degree that he could not sleep the whole night after he read it. In his box were deposited Lotte's jewelry, his will, and a number of important letters, as well as a manuscript of essays on metaphysics he had written when he was young—a work he would never dare publish while he was alive but one he did not want to lose. In addition to the safe-deposit box, he had in the same

bank a savings account of some seventeen thousand dollars, which he intended to withdraw and deposit in Miami. It was not that he needed money. He had a pension from his years of teaching at the university. He had been receiving a Social Security check each month since he became seventy-two; regularly, reparation money came from Germany, which he had escaped after Hitler came to power. But why keep his belongings in New York now that he was a resident of Florida?

Another motive—perhaps the most important—brought the



old man to New York. For many years he had suffered from prostate trouble, and the doctors he consulted had all advised him to have an operation. Procrastination could be fatal, they told him. He had made up his mind to visit a urologist in New York—a physician from Germany, a refugee like himself.

AFTER crawling in traffic for a long time, the taxi stopped at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. No matter how Professor Zalkind tried, he couldn't read the meter. Lately, the retinas of his eyes had begun to degenerate and he could read only with a large magnifying glass. Assuming that he would get change, he handed the driver a ten-dollar bill, but the driver complained that it was not enough. Zalkind gave him two dollars more. The blizzard was getting worse. The afternoon was as dark as dusk. The moment Zalkind opened the door of the taxi, snow hit his face like hail. He struggled against the wind until he reached Seventh Avenue. There was no sign of his bank. He continued as far east as Fifth. A new building was being constructed. Was it possible that they had torn down the bank without letting him know? In the midst of the storm, motors roared, trucks and cars honked. He wanted to ask the construction workers where the bank had moved, but in the clang and clamor no one would hear his voice. The words in the Book of Job came to his mind: "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him anymore."

Now Zalkind had come to a public telephone, and somehow he got out a dime and dialled Hilda's number. He heard the voice of a stranger, and could not make out what was being said to him. Well, everything is topsy-turvy with me today, he thought. Presently it occurred to him that he had looked only on one side of the street, sure that the bank was there. Perhaps he was mistaken? He tried to cross the street, but his glasses had become opaque and he



"Just tell the press the Ambassador feels it would be inappropriate to comment until he's had time to study the complete text."

couldn't be sure of traffic-light colors. He finally made it across, and after a while he saw a bank that resembled his, though it had a different name. He entered. There was not a single customer in the place. Tellers sat idly behind the little windows. A guard in uniform approached him and Zalkind asked him if this was indeed his bank. At first the guard didn't seem to understand his accent. Then he said it was the same bank—it had merged with another one and the name had been changed.

"How did it come that you didn't let me know?"

"Notices went out to all our depositors."

"Thank you, thank you. Really, I began to think I was getting senile," Dr. Zalkind said to the guard and himself. "What about the safe-deposit boxes?"

"They are where they were."

"I have a savings account in this bank, and a lot of interest must have accumulated in the years I've been away. I want to withdraw it."

"As you wish."

Dr. Zalkind approached a counter and began to search for his bankbook. He remembered positively that he had

brought it with him in one of the breast pockets of his jacket. He emptied both and found everything except his bankbook—his Social Security card, his airplane ticket, old letters, notebooks, a telephone bill, even a leaflet advertising a dancing school which had been handed to him on the street. "Am I insane?" Dr. Zalkind asked himself. "Are the demons after me? Maybe I put it into my case. But where is my case?" He glanced right and left, on the counter and under it. There was no trace of a briefcase. "I have left it in the telephone booth!" he said with a tremor in his voice. "My manuscript too!" The bank suddenly became dark, and a golden eye lit up on a black background—otherworldly, dreamily radiant, its edges jagged, a blemish in the pupil, like the eye of some cosmic embryo in the process of formation. This vision baffled him, and for some time he forgot his briefcase. He watched the mysterious eye growing both in size and in luminosity. What he saw now was not altogether new to him. As a child, he had seen similar entities—sometimes an eye, other times a fiery flower that opened its petals or a dazzling butterfly or some unearthly snake. Those apparitions always came to him at times of

distress, as when he was whipped in cheder, was attacked by some vicious urchin, or was sick with fever. Perhaps those hallucinations were incompatible forms that the soul created without any pattern in the Ideas, Professor Zalkind pondered in Platonic terms. He leaned on the counter in order not to fall. I'm not going to faint, he ordered himself. His belly had become bloated and a mixture of a belch and a hiccup came from his mouth. This is my end!

DR. ZALKIND opened the outside door of the bank with difficulty, determined to find the telephone booth. He looked around, but no telephone booth was in sight. He choked from the blast of the wind. In all his anguish his brain remained playful. Is the North Pole visiting New York? Has the Ice Epoch returned? Is the sun being extinguished? Dr. Zalkind had often seen blind men crossing the streets of New York without a guide, waving a white stick. He could never understand where they acquired the courage for this. The wind pushed him back, blew up the skirts of his coat, tore at his hat. No, I can't go looking for the phantom of a telephone booth in this hurricane. He dragged himself back to the bank, where he searched again for his briefcase on the counters and floor. He had no copy of the manuscript, just a pile of papers written in longhand—actually, not more than notes. He saw a bench and collapsed onto it. He sat silent, ready for death, which, according to Philo, redeems the soul from the prison of the flesh, from the vagaries of the senses. Although Zalkind had read everything Philo wrote, he could never conclude from his writings whether matter was created by God or always existed—a primeval chaos, the negative principle of the godhead. Dr. Zalkind found contradictions in Philo's philosophy and puzzles no mind could solve as long as it was chained in the errors of corporality. "Well, I may soon see the truth," he murmured. For a while he dozed and even began to dream. He woke with a start.

The guard was bending over him. "Is something wrong? Can I help?"

"Oh, I had a briefcase with me and I lost it. My bankbook was there."

"Your bankbook? You can get another one. No one can take out your money without your signature. Where did you lose it? In a taxi?"

"Perhaps."

"All you have to do is notify the bank that you lost the bankbook and

PRESIDENT POEM

A President appeared to me in dreams
solemn-seeming as an undertaker
but unpredictable.

I came across him first ten years ago
sitting in the upholstered cave
of an old black Packard town car parked at random
late at night in the porte cochère at Borderland
before the old house was torn down.
He was on the alert, reading a stack of mail,
while the black-capped driver waited, onyx-eyed,
up front. Slow winds crept through the pines
to where I watched, invisibly observant,
and, while I watched, two owls flew overhead.
He read his letters in the dark,
calmly with a settled look,
one at a time. He had all the time in the world
it seemed—and nothing now or ever would escape him.

Next at an evening gathering—
champagne, décolletage, and all the rest—
we met in someone's mansion in Vienna
(or maybe Paris—Faubourg Saint-Honoré?).
The sleek dark sideboards glowed
with carved decanters glinting in candlelight
as half-seen shapes sidled past murmuring
and a tall black man white-tied at the piano
dismembered Liszt in elegant cascades . . .
Then all at once the President stood up
(for a moment resembling Holbein's Thomas More)
and, leaving his little group of six or seven,
laughingly led me out onto the terrace
where suddenly the sun blazed out full strength.

I saw him last in 1972.
I sat in a huge stadium
packed with the living and the dead
and watched two shadowy armies play at football.
The stakes were high: Would dead and living live
forever in such precincts as I dreamed
or fall forever through oubliettes of night?
The score was tied . . . And then he came onfield
in stiff dark business suit and low black shoes,
stepped back, took a short run, and kicked the goal
after his dim precursors all had failed.

—FREDERICK MORGAN

after thirty days they will give you another one."

"I would like to go to the safe-deposit boxes."

"I'll take you in the elevator."

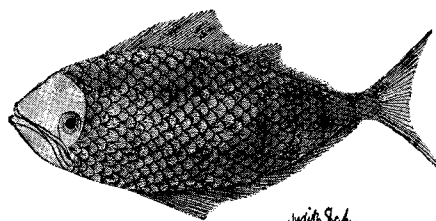
The guard helped Dr. Zalkind get up. He half led him, half pushed him to the elevator and pressed the button to the basement. There, in spite of his

confusion, Professor Zalkind recognized the clerk who sat in front of the entrance to the safe-deposit boxes. His hair had turned gray, but his face remained young and ruddy. The man also recognized Zalkind. He clapped his hands and called, "Professor Zalkind, whom do I see! We already thought that . . . you were sick or something?"

"Yes, no."

"Let me get the figures on your account," the clerk said. He went into another room. Zalkind heard his name mentioned on the telephone.

"Everything is all right," the clerk said when he returned. "What you owe us is more than covered by the in-





"Perhaps the witness would care to reconsider his answer to the last question?"

terest in your account." He gave Zalkind a slip to sign. It took some time. His hand shook like that of a person suffering from Parkinson's disease. The clerk stamped the slip and nodded. "You don't live in New York anymore?"

"No, in Miami."

"What is your new address?"

Dr. Zalkind wanted to answer, but he had forgotten both the street and the number. The heavy door opened and he gave the slip to another clerk, who led him into the room holding the safe-deposit boxes. Zalkind's box was in the middle row. The clerk motioned with his hand. "Your key."

"My key?"

"Yes, your key, to open the box."

Only now did it occur to Dr. Zalkind that one needed a key to get into a safe-deposit box. He searched through his pockets and took out a chain of keys, but he was sure they were all from Miami. He stood there perplexed. "I'm sorry, I haven't the key to my box."

"You do have it. Give me those

keys!" The man grabbed the key chain and showed Professor Zalkind one that was larger than the others. He had been carrying a key to his safe-deposit box with him all those years, not knowing what it was for. The clerk pulled out a metal box and led Zalkind into a long corridor, opened a door to a room without a window, and turned on the light. He put the box on the table and showed Zalkind a switch on the wall to use when he had finished.

After some fumbling, Zalkind managed to open the box. He sat and gaped. Time had turned him sick, defeated, but for these objects in the box it did not exist. They had lain there for years without consciousness, without any need—dead matter, unless the animists were correct in considering all substance alive. To Einstein, mass was condensed energy. Could it perhaps also be condensed spirit? Though Professor Zalkind had packed his magnifying glass in his briefcase, he recognized stacks of Lotte's love letters tied with ribbons, his diary, and his youth-

ful manuscript with the title "Philosophical Fantasies"—a collection of essays, feuilletons, and aphorisms.

After a while he lifted out Lotte's jewelry. He never knew that she possessed so many trinkets. There were bracelets, rings, earrings, broaches, chains, a string of pearls. She had inherited all this from her mother, her grandmothers, perhaps her great-grandmothers. It was probably worth a fortune, but what would he do with money at this stage? He sat there and took stock of his life. Lotte had craved children, but he had refused to increase the misery of the human species and Jewish troubles, he had said. She wanted to travel with him. He deprived her of this, too. "What is there to see?" he would ask her. "In what way is a high mountain more significant than a low hill? How is the ocean a greater wonder than a pond?" Even though Dr. Zalkind had doubts about Philo's philosophy and was sometimes inclined toward Spinoza's pantheism or David Hume's skepticism, he had accepted Philo's disdain for the deceptions of



"A coupon for a free order of French fries with the purchase of a Big Mac came into his possession somehow, and it really made his day."

flesh and blood. He had come to New York with the decision to take all these things back with him to Miami. Yet, how could he carry them now that he had no briefcase? And what difference did it make where they were kept?

How strange. On the way to the airport that morning, Zalkind still had some ambitions. He planned to make final corrections on his manuscripts. He toyed with the idea of looking over "Philosophical Fantasies" to see what might be done with it. He had sworn to himself to make an appointment with the urologist the very next day. Now he was overcome by fatigue and had to lean his forehead on the table. He fell asleep and found himself in a temple, with columns, vases, sculptures, marble staircases. Was this Athens? Rome? Alexandria? A tall man with a white beard, dressed in a toga and sandals, emerged. He carried a scroll. He recited a poem or a sermon. Was the language Greek? Latin? No, it was Hebrew, written by a scribe.

"Peace unto you, Philo Judaeus, my father and master," Dr. Zalkind said.

"Peace unto you, my disciple Uri, son of Yedidyah."

"Rabbi, I want to know the truth!"

"Here in the Book of Genesis is the source of all truth: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'"

Philo intoned the words like a reader in the synagogue. Other old men entered, with white hair and white beards, wearing white robes and holding parchments. They were all there—the Stoics, the Gnostics, Plotinus. Uri had read that Philo was not well versed in the Holy Tongue. What a lie! Each word from his lips revealed secrets of the Torah. He quoted from the Talmud, the Book of Creation, the Zohar, Rabbi Moshe from Córdoba, Rabbi Isaac Luria. How could this be? Had the Messiah come? Had the Resurrection taken place? Had the earth ascended to Heaven? Had Metatron descended to the earth? The figures and statues were not of stone but liv-

ing women with naked breasts and hair down to their loins. Lotte was among them. She was also Hilda. One female with two bodies? One body with two souls?

"Uri, my beloved, I have longed for you!" she cried out. "Idolators wanted to defile me, but I swore to be faithful."

In the middle of the temple there was a bed covered with rugs and pillows; a ladder was suspended alongside it. Uri was about to climb up when a stream of water burst through the gate of the temple. Had Yahweh broken his covenant and sent a flood upon the earth?

Uri Zalkind woke up with a start. He opened his eyes and saw the bank clerk shaking his shoulder. "Professor Zalkind, your briefcase has been found. A woman brought it. She opened it and on top there was your bankbook."

"I understand."

"Are you sick?" the clerk asked. He pointed to a wet spot on the floor.

It took a long while before Dr. Zalkind answered. "I'm kaput, that's all."

"It's five minutes to three. The bank will be closing."

"I will soon go."

"The woman with the briefcase is upstairs." The clerk went out, leaving the door half open.

For a minute, Dr. Zalkind sat still, numbed by his own indifference. His briefcase was found but he felt no joy. Beside the box, Lotte's jewelry shimmered, reflecting the colors of the rainbow. Suddenly Dr. Zalkind began to fill his coat pockets with the jewels. It was the spontaneous act of a cheder boy. A passage from the Pentateuch came into his mind: "Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Zalkind even repeated Esau's words with the teacher's intonation.

The clerk came in with a woman who carried a wet mop and a pail. "Should I call an ambulance?" he asked.

"An ambulance? No."

Zalkind followed the clerk, who motioned for the key. It was underneath Lotte's jewelry, and Zalkind had to make an effort to pull it out. The clerk took him up in the elevator, and there was the woman with his briefcase—small, darkish, in a black fur hat and a mangy coat. When she saw Zalkind, her eyes lit up.

"Professor Zalkind! I went to make a telephone call and saw your briefcase. I opened it and there with your papers

was your bankbook. Since you use this bank, I thought they would know your address. And here you are." The woman spoke English with a foreign accent.

"Oh, you're an honest person. I thank you with all my heart."

"Why am I so honest? There is no cash here. If I had found a million dollars, the *Yetzer Hora* might have tempted me." She pronounced the Hebrew words as they did in Poland.

"It's terrible outside. Maybe you should take him somewhere," the guard suggested to the woman.

"Where do you live? Where is your hotel?" she asked. "I heard that you just arrived from Miami. What a time to come from Florida in your condition. You may, God forbid, catch the worst kind of cold."

"I thank you. I thank you. I have no hotel. I had planned to stay over with the cousin of my late wife, but it seems her telephone is out of order."

"I will take you to my own place for the time being. I live on 106th and Amsterdam. It is quite far from here, but if we get a taxi it won't be long. My dentist moved to this neighborhood and that is why I'm here."

One of the bank employees came over and asked, "Should I try to get a taxi for you?"

Even though it wasn't clear whom he addressed, Zalkind replied, "Yes—I really don't know how to express my gratitude."

Other clerks came over with offers of help, but Zalkind noticed that they winked at one another. The outside door opened and one of them called, "Your taxi!"

The snow had stopped, but it had got colder. The woman took Zalkind's arm and helped him into the taxi. She got in after him and said, "My name is Esther Sephardi. You can call me Esther."

"Are you a Sephardi?"

"No, a Jewish daughter from Lodz. My husband's surname was Sephardi. He was also from Lodz. He died two years ago."

"Do you have children?"

"One daughter in college. Why did you come in such a weather to New York?"

Dr. Zalkind didn't know where to begin.

"You don't need to answer," the woman said. "You live alone, huh? No wife would allow her husband to go to New York on a day like this. You won't believe me, in frost worse than this I stood in a forest in Kazakhstan and sawed logs. That's where the Rus-

sians sent us in 1941. We had to build our own barracks. Those who couldn't make it died, and those who were destined to live lived. I took your briefcase with me to the Automat to get a cup of coffee and I looked into your papers. Is this going to be a book?"

"Perhaps."

"Are you a professor?"

"I was."

"My daughter studies philosophy. Not exactly philosophy but psychology. What does one need so much psychology for? I wanted her to study for a doctor but nowadays children do what they want, not what their mother tells them. For twenty years I was a bookkeeper in a big firm. Then I got sick and had to have a hysterectomy. Dr. Zalkind, I don't like to give you advice, but what you have should not be neglected. An uncle of mine had it and he delayed until it was too late."

"It's too late for me, too."

"How do you know? Did you have tests made?"

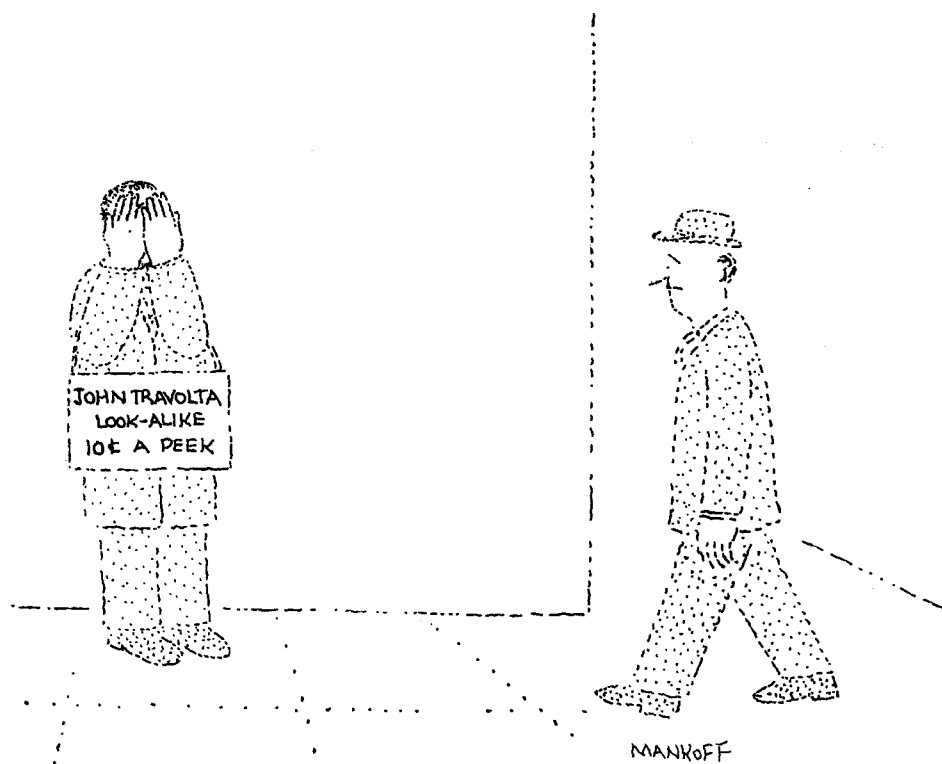
The taxi stopped in a half-dark street, with cars buried under piles of snow. Dr. Zalkind managed to get a few bills from his purse and gave them to Esther. "I don't see so well. Be so good—pay him and give him a tip."

THE woman took Zalkind's hand and led him up three flights of stairs. Until now, Professor Zalkind had believed that his heart was in order, but something must have happened—after one flight he was short of breath. Esther opened a door and led him into a narrow corridor, and

from there into a shabby living room. She said, "We used to be quite wealthy, but first my husband got sick with cancer and then I got sick. I'm working as a cashier during the day in a movie theatre. Wait, let me take off your coat." She weighed it in her hands, glanced at the bulging pockets, and asked, "What do you have there—stones?"

After some haggling she took off his shirt and pants as well. He tried to resist, but she said, "When you are sick, you can't be bashful. Where is the shame? We are all made from the same dough."

She filled the bathtub with hot water and brought him clean underwear and a robe that must have been her late husband's. Then she made tea in the kitchen and warmed up soup from a can. Professor Zalkind had forgotten that he had had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast. As she served him, Esther kept on talking about her years in Lodz, in Russia, in New York. Her father had been a rich man, a partner in a textile factory, but the Poles had ruined him with their high taxes. He grew so distraught that he got consumption and died. Her mother lived a few years more and she, too, passed away. In Russia Esther became sick with typhoid fever and anemia. She worked in a factory where the pay was so low that one had to steal or starve. Her husband was taken away by the N.K.V.D., and for years she didn't know if he had been killed in a slave-labor camp. When they finally reunited, they had to wait two years



MANKOFF

in Germany in a D.P. camp for visas to America. "What we went through in all those years only God the merciful knows."

For a moment, Professor Zalkind was inclined to tell her that even though God was omniscient, the well of goodness, one could not ascribe any attribute to Him. He did not provide for mankind directly but through Wisdom, called Logos by the Greeks. But there was no use discussing metaphysics with this woman.

After he had eaten, Dr. Zalkind could no longer fight off his weariness. He yawned; his eyes became watery. His head kept dropping to his chest. Esther said, "I will make you a bed on the sofa. It's not comfortable, but when you are tired you can sleep on rocks. Ask me."

"I will never be able to repay you for your kindness."

"We are all human beings."

Dr. Zalkind saw with half-closed eyes how she spread a sheet over the sofa, brought in a pillow, a blanket, pajamas. "I hope I don't wet the bed," he prayed to the powers that have the say over the body and its needs. He went into the bathroom and saw himself in a mirror for the first time that day. In one day his face had become yellow, wrinkled. Even his white beard seemed shrunken. When he returned to

the living room, he remembered Hilda and asked Esther to call her. Esther learned from an answering service that Hilda had gone into a hospital the day before. "Well, everything falls to pieces," Zalkind said to himself. He noticed a saltshaker that Esther had neglected to take from the table, and while she lingered in the bathroom he put some of the salt on his palm and swallowed it, since salt retains water in the body. She returned in a house robe and slippers. She's not so young anymore, he thought appraisingly, but still an attractive female; in spite of his maladies he had not lost his manhood.

The instant he lay down on the sofa he fell into a deep sleep. This is how he used to pass out as a boy on Passover night after the four goblets of wine. He awoke in the middle of the night with an urgent need to urinate. Thank God, the sheet was dry. The room was completely dark; the window shades were down. He groped like a blind man, bumping into a chest, a chair, an open door. Did it lead to the bathroom? No, he touched a headboard of a bed and could hear someone breathing. He was overcome with fear. His hostess might suspect him of dishonorable intentions. Eventually, he found the bathroom. He wanted light but he could not find the switch. On the way back, in the corridor, he accidentally touched the switch

and turned on the light. He saw his briefcase propped against the wall, his coat hanging on a clothes tree. Yes, Lotte's jewelry was still there. He had fallen into honest hands. It had become cold during the night, and he put the coat on his shoulders over his pajamas and took the briefcase with him in order to place the jewelry in it. He had to smile—he looked as if he were going on a journey. I will give it to this good-hearted woman, he resolved. At least a part of it. I have no more need for worldly possessions. If some part of Lotte's mind still exists, she will forgive me. Suddenly his head became compressed with heat and he fell. He could hear his body thud against the floor. Then everything was still.

PROFESSOR ZALKIND opened his eyes. He was lying on a bed with metal bars on both sides. Above the bed a small lamp glimmered. He stared in the semi-darkness, waiting for his memory to return. An ice bag rested on his forehead. His belly was bandaged and his hand touched a catheter. "Am I still alive?" he asked himself. "Or is it already the hereafter?" He felt like laughing, but he was too sore inside. In an instant everything he had gone through on this trip came back to him. Had it been today? Yesterday? Days before? It did not matter. Although he was aching, he felt a rest he had never known before—the sublime enjoyment of fearing nothing, having no wish, no worry, no resentment. This state of mind was not of this world and he listened to it. He was granted the revelation he yearned for—the freedom to look into the innermost secret of being, to see behind the curtain of phenomena, where all questions are answered, all riddles solved. "If I could only convey the truth to those who suffer and doubt!"

A figure slid through the half-opened door like a shadow—the woman who had found his briefcase. She bent over his bed and asked, "You have wakened, huh?"

He did not answer and she said, "Thank God, the worst is over. You will soon be a new man."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.)

He was trained at Juilliard School of Drama and starts the Asolo season as Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer" and Jerry Devine in "Junior at the Paycock."—Sarasota Herald-Tribune.

No, no—it's "Junior Ate the Paycock."

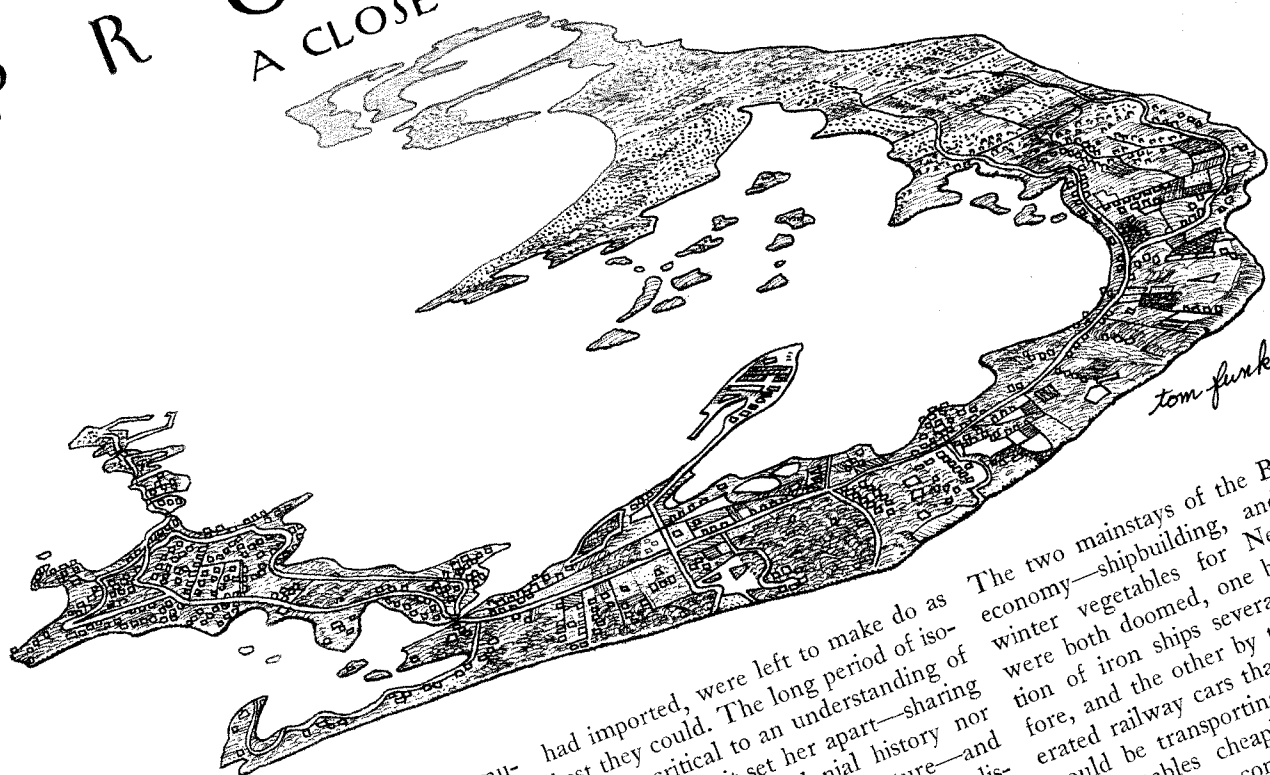


Dave Finkler

"Fred doesn't watch TV. He monitors it."

PROFILES

A CLOSE GATHERING



BEFORE modern times, Bermudians knew when a hurricane was coming by the surf that would start pounding the reefs in other days ahead of the storm to fill the warm, windless air, all day, all night, growing louder and louder, the frailty and solitude of Bermuda must have invaded an islander's awareness with the same awful tenacity. Bermuda is alone. Six hundred and forty miles from Cape Hatteras and eighty miles from the nearest Bermudian Rise, a group of mountains that lie under the Atlantic off the continental shelf. And she's tiny: a close gathering of four main islands and a hundred and sixteen islets that altogether amount to twenty square miles. In this tiny, lonely place, the Bermudian population has lived for over three hundred and fifty years—until this century more or less ignored by the rest of the world, because there was nothing on the islands that was of use to the rest of the world. For a very short period at the beginning, Bermuda was important—indeed, before the landing at Plymouth Rock she and Jamestown were the only English colonies in North America—but as it became apparent that neither sugar nor cotton nor tobacco grew well in the not quite tropical, rather wet and salty climate the settlers, along with the slaves they had imported, were left to make do as best they could. The long period of isolation is critical to an understanding of Bermuda, for it set her apart—sharing neither the usual colonial history nor the usual revolutionary future—and was the condition under which the distinctive Bermudian character evolved. White and non-white, the Bermudians became by-hook-or-by-crook survivors, wresting their living from unpromising circumstances in a variety of ways: through fishing and farming and shipbuilding; through arduous ventures like salt farming in the distant Bahamas; through aggressive entrepreneurship—acting as middlemen, for example, in the trade between the West Indies and the Eastern seaboard. There was also the occasional fast fortune to be made, usually by questionable means (piracy, running guns to the Confederacy)—transient opportunities to amass wealth which became an important part of Bermudian hopes and ambitions. Out of all this came a deep, roguish in their attitude toward the world; a people with a highly developed comic sense, hardworking but with a keen eye for the opportunity, an appetite for risk, and the fatalistic optimism of the gambler.

In 1883, Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria and the wife of the Governor General of Canada, decided to spend the winter in Bermuda. She came in the nick of time. The two mainstays of the Bermudian economy—shipbuilding, and growing winter vegetables for New York—were both doomed, one by the invention of iron ships several decades before, and the other by the new refrigerated railway cars that in a few years would be transporting huge quantities of vegetables cheaply and efficiently from within the continent. By deciding to winter in Bermuda, Princess Louise created a new native resource. She gave Bermuda a name as a resort with an aura of elegance, and brought in her wake numbers of rich Americans who were also eager to escape the harsh northern winters. Ever at the ready, the Bermudians immediately constructed a hotel, gratefully named the Princess—and still extant, though in different form—and other hotels went up soon after. A steamship line began a regular run between Hamilton and New York. By the nineteen-twenties, Bermuda's popularity with the American élite was so firmly established that many wanted second homes there. The steamship company acquired a large tract of land in an area called Tucker's Town, and formed the Mid-Ocean Club, an organization of the kind even today to say, not without pride, that in order to belong to the Mid-Ocean Club you have to own land in Tucker's Town and in order to belong to the Mid-Ocean Club. But that was not the end of it. Several decades

IN APRIL

In April, in New England, the earth ball yields under its own mass, gives in to dead gravity, loses tone, relinquishing the rigor of the last freeze like slack skin fallen from the cheekbones of the Canadian shield. Even Yankees start to soften, thumb the dread almanacs, shed mackinaws, maxims sour in the mouth, and offer up halting, truculent hearts like flushed chameleons—in that radical instant god-struck as Akhenaton or cold Incan warlocks in their own mountains were, when power flowed out of the sky again. It makes me think of the reindeer men winding down from the shielings, the high slopes of summer, following spoor

down forty thousand years, the sun cupped in their frightened minds like a cinder—smell them, seared fat, still. Von Humboldt, Lewis, Clark, Amundsen—we shared ancient values then as I stood, in my twelfth year, ankle deep in the drowning sluiceway of our gravel road. I watched the winter off in rivulets. Those waters might have been birth waters, torn loose all at once as the snowveils bled back to wrinkled tatters in the shade of the forest; like great unravelling nets, they dropped their catch. I imagined distinct, torn wings, the earth littered with wings of cicadas, all the thousands of hours held perfect, incorruptible, since the first heavy snows of mid-December.

In April, between the Champlain Valley and the Connecticut River, a single mountain roadside remains arrested forever: in indistinct, random patterns of matted foliage and straw, I saw a delicate arrangement of brown hair, exposed bone—a single instant, discrete as a snowflake on a neuron imperishable among millions in the gray moraine

of long accumulation (I can still feel that new sun on my damp back like a mild alkaline burn, intense and shallow)—I saw the pick-up-sticks complexity the earth assumed, and thought *Isn't the sun the same as life?* and, grown fearful, yearned for the first time for the brittle light, the fixed, stupefying conservation of form that had been winter.

I fell back in that starving light of past time when a white-tailed deer fell over on its ribs and froze; here was the first dead juvenescence of spring, stillbirth, when winterkill drops across the season like stone. How plausible, the ancient stone planet reborn each year a stone, a watch-fob charm spun on some lazy, oval fall through time, until a soft Pleistocene wind drifted the mind of the first man whose lime-dusted doppelgänger's form faced him like this: eyes full to their pink rims with snow, the dead thought and fish-stare still—behind the retinas, like loam, the flat brain keeps the antique taproot of the fear that spring is nothing more than a thaw.

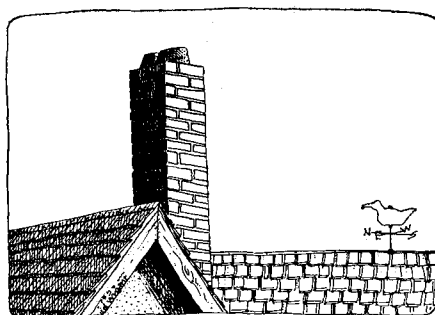
We stand, imagining the strobe of afternoons since earth began, the unregenerate gray ground slacking weight all around us, once more unfreezing, to be frozen again and thrown back again in twigs and slag snow, and nowhere grace or quick or leaf, the least flush or fragrance. Then in some cold bedroom—as finely dreamt as riffling cotton sleeves, and all the plant stems like new copper by the road—a seine, a spill of hair will fall and touch the face to simple recognition, then: that blind instant caught, in the absence of desire, out of the confusing sun, when two of our species reach thoughtlessly to groom one another, to smooth the other's skin.

—RICHARD KENNEY

later—the Depression and the Second World War having intervened—these rich Americans, in turn (no doubt to their dismay), brought in *their* wake far greater numbers of middle-class Americans, who, with air transportation available, and with higher salaries and regular vacations, found that they, too, had a taste for the pink-and-cerulean pleasures of Bermuda. This was the beginning of the really big time. Between the end of the war and the present day, Bermuda has raced through the age of the robber baron, the era of the unions and of big government, the evolution of a large, instinctively conservative middle class, the coming of race riots and the civil-rights movement, the reaction against middle-class values and consumerism, the disillusionments brought about by inflation, recession, and the slowing of growth, the romance of Socialism and of Third World revolution—all these movements piling up in rapid succes-

sion, the spirit of the first one still full of life as the latest one struggles, in a confused and distracted fashion, to get under way.

TODAY, approaching Bermuda by airplane, you can, at a certain point, see the entire archipelago laid out, in the shape of a fishhook, all by itself in a vast, empty sea. One thing that is likely to strike you immediately on seeing this sight is the little white roofs that almost without a break



poke through the greenery, from Somerset, at the western end, to Saint George's Island, at the eastern. With your own eyes, without the aid of statistics or economic theory, you can see that if she is to retain the character that attracts vacationers Bermuda is nearing the limits of development. Certainly you can see that the wild, mysterious beauty, word of which is supposed to have inspired Shakespeare to write "The Tempest," is a thing of the past. What you find on landing is a thoroughly discovered place, a thoroughly inhabited, gardened, cared-for, used place: man's domain, not nature's; an invented place, whose charm is no longer a wilderness charm but that of something made by people. Harmonious architecture (stucco on limestone), narrow, winding roads, lush but highly manicured vegetation, combined with the intricate, ever-reappearing seashore—the relief of the wide sea and large-drawn weather—all work to

make it an exceptionally pretty inhabited place, a near-miracle when it is contrasted with the consequences of expansion elsewhere in North America. And if one balances the price of the old beauty against what has been gained, there can be no doubt that the Bermudians have made a good bargain. Where there was poverty, there is prosperity. (Outside of the oil sheikdoms, Bermuda has the highest per-capita income in the world, an income that is fairly evenly distributed.) Where there was illiteracy, there is universal education. Where there was severe isolation, there is one of the world's best-travelled peoples. Further, where there was segregation, there is a very nearly integrated society—one that should make the United States blush. And all this has been accomplished by the invention of a place that is pleasant to look at and pleasant to live in. Compared with other places, Bermuda can be held up as a paragon of how, through a combination of legislative reform and economic growth, a prosperous, livable, democratic society can be built. By and large, this positive view of development is held by most Bermudians. If there is a lament for the old days—apart from simple nostalgia—it springs from a fear of becoming tyrannized by one's own invention, the problem being not growth itself, which has so far been handled very well, but the needs and expectations that growth creates. But this is an anxiety that has to do with the future. What one finds today is a peaceful, self-satisfied ambience in a condensed place—a place reminiscent of Europe in that it has a graceful, natural-seeming closeness, but a place with a tone all its own. Many of the political movements and ideas that have recently swept over Bermuda are imported, as are many of the values and styles, but the tone is Bermudian, homegrown over centuries.

A stern, stout black woman putt-putts along on an old red Vespa, dressed in a navy-blue raincoat and fuzzy lavender slippers. She is framed against a whipped-up sea that is the color of a robin's egg. The sea is in sunlight; she ignores the rain shower that spatters her. She does not look like a lover of fun, but make her laugh and you win her heart. Down at the Halfway House in Flatts Village, cops and cabdrivers of both races take their long morning break, which consists of scones, coffee, teasing Josie the beautiful waitress, and weaving the tapestry of jokes, sports chatter, anarchic protests, and Draconian solutions which is the textile of Bermudian life. Radar



BOOTH

speed traps violate his civil rights, says a cabby, because they don't give you a sporting chance. On the other hand, he thinks that all young men who hang about on Court Street should be summarily thrown in jail, since they are obviously up to no good. Ideological consistency is not a Bermudian strong point. In Bermuda, an avowed socialist will stare at you aghast if you suggest the institution of an income tax. A green parrot fish lolls among the gray rocks on the windswept coast—a dash of tropical gaudiness amid the latent bleakness that is the North Atlantic signature. Despite strong hints of what lies farther south—bright fish, coral beaches, a turquoise sea—Ber-

muda is a North Atlantic place. For a Northeastern American, her beauty lies less in exotic qualities than in variations on the familiar, just as her mood, though happy-go-lucky, is not lazy and tropical but bustling: the mood of people who are used to plucking from the nearest tree not a fruit but a job, and then, if they like, chucking it. Bermuda is a toy place, with tiny, winding roads along which travel tiny cars, baby cement-mixers, and baby fire engines. Forty miles per hour is a harrowing speed in Bermuda. It's a place where people like practical jokes rather more than grownup people elsewhere do—a place where, for example, a partner in a leading antique



"I abstain, because of misgivings."

firm one day crept into the office of a dentist (who is also a leading politician) and sent chattering across the floor, into the room where the dentist was attending a patient, a set of walking teeth. Pretentiousness does not stand much of a chance in Bermuda. It's a place where even grave events seem to have a whimsical quality. Suddenly, on a clear, quiet day, a near-hurricane comes along, sweeping three men out to sea. The storm is totally unexpected. A day later, the sea is calm again. The huge bows of the cruise ships loom far above most buildings in Hamilton. One day, a ship belches, and the pristine pastels of the town are covered with a fine, sticky soot. "All I can say is 'Thank heaven I wore a dark-colored suit today,'" Charles Webbe, the head of the Bermuda News Bureau, says of this disaster. He is known as something of a dandy. Often, in Bermuda, the characteristic reactions of people overshadow events, defusing them: "Isn't it awful about the soot?" "Yes. But did you hear what Charles Webbe said?" A big laugh. For some reason, it is difficult to take a solemn view of life in Bermuda. Even patently serious people, like David Gibbons, the white Pre-

mier, who knows everything, or Freddie Wade, the black, leftist lawyer-politician, who is always striding around too busy to talk to anyone, seem humorous, if only because of the incongruity of their seriousness. Possibly it's the combination of the toylike character and the eternal hot-blue sea which gives time and space in Bermuda a suspended quality that mocks a solemn view of life. Days move with a different motion, somehow circular rather than horizontal, and are stitched together with a laugh. Living this way is perhaps a gift that comes from having always lived in a very small place. Down at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, the foreign-born wives, who do not have this gift, seek solace in each other's company. They take up cards, macramé, raising prize chickens. A life term of imprisonment. Most of the club is a male bastion, however. Upstairs, an old gentleman has once again escaped from his wife by holing up in a room with a case of gin. When his wife calls, the staff says he is not there, but in the end, as always, she will barge past outraged stewards and get him. "Did you hear that old X has retreated to the Yacht Club again?" "Has he, now! I wonder

how long he'll last this time." At Devil's Hole, black youths sit on the seawall doing their best to look menacing. By New York standards, they are rotten at it. Brightly clad tourists buzz by them on motorbikes, undisturbed. In twos, in threes, in fours, honeymooning couples and squabbling families, the tourists in Bermuda are like butterflies. On some days, there are lots of them. Other days, there are few. You may notice them or you may not. Monday is an exception, however, for then two cruise ships dock in Hamilton, and the tourists become so thick that you can hardly make your way down the sidewalks. The ships must dock on the same day for their own reasons, but an economist making a report on the islands was surprised to find that Bermudians don't mind the swarm at all. Directly or indirectly, most islanders earn their living from the tourist trade. To them, the streets of Hamil-

ton on Monday are filled with butterflies whose wings are patterned like dollar bills.

For all this trafficking, Bermuda is still alone. She certainly does not belong to the contentious but brotherly community of the Caribbean: she is too prosperous and middle-class, has an entirely different history and social structure, has an almost even division of races. She is still a British colony, but the tie is, as it has nearly always been, a nominal one: she doesn't really identify with England, nor does she share the burden of poverty and the drama of liberation from pukka sahibs which are the basis of the Third World fraternity. If Bermuda belongs to any larger group, it is that of the developed, capitalistic Western nations: putting it more narrowly, one might say that she belongs to the North American New World. Yet even in this group she is off by herself, not quite like anyone else. Having visited Bermuda many times over the years, I have come to think of her as a North American, twentieth-century version of the little community in Garcia Marquez's "One Hundred Years of Solitude": isolated, eccentric, yet a microcosm of the North American New World; a



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place where the history of that world is impacted; a tiny laboratory in which the dreams, follies, ambitions, traits of character, and boomeranging historical experiences of that larger world are collected in a mixture that is peculiar to itself and yet in which that larger world cannot help seeing images of itself. Among those images are represented the steady, hopeful, open, greedy, practical, and self-satisfied sides of our North American natures, but no less that other side—a capacity for sudden, not easily explicable public violence.

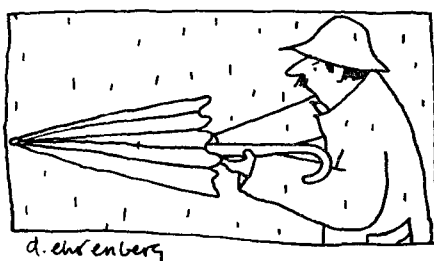
IN September of 1972, George Duckett, the Chief of Police of Bermuda, was shot dead. In March of 1973, Sir Richard Sharples, the Crown-appointed Governor of Bermuda, was assassinated while he was taking a walk with an aide and his dog—both also killed. Four weeks after that, two white people were gratuitously and brutally murdered in a supermarket robbery. These crimes shocked Bermudians deeply, but as freakish, insane incidents, and not as evidence of trouble in the society at large. In 1977, however, when, after a long investigation and a long judicial process, the men convicted of the crimes—they were two very unstable black men—were executed, rioting broke out in the black community and continued for three days. The riots, which were reported on the front pages of American newspapers, not only shook Bermudian society—it is so small that much lesser events have traumatic effects—but dealt a hard blow to the vital tourist trade. The extent of the outburst took the members of the white establishment by surprise; their actions in the period leading up to the executions leave no doubt of this. More difficult to judge is the claim in retrospect by black leaders that the violence was to them completely predictable. But hardly anyone in Bermuda, whether surprised or not, believed that the riots expressed a kind of revolutionary support for the assassinations, much less for the murders of the aide and the two people in the supermarket. The general opinion was ultimately that the executions were a catalyst for an undefined, long-building frustration, although the white establishment had had to be forced into recognizing this. While the international press tended to look at the events in terms of stereotypes that did not apply to Bermuda at all—*Newsweek* ran a photograph of some chicken coops that it took for housing—the white establishment was at first inclined to interpret them as the work of a few ir-

responsible hoodlums. It was unable to maintain this position, however, because of an ambivalence on the part of the generally conservative black middle class: a tendency to condemn the riots in public—and honestly, for no sector is more concerned about the economy—and yet in private to say, as a number of black people said to me, that the riots were probably inevitable and perhaps were not such a bad thing if they alerted certain people to the fact that all was not well. This ambivalence compelled the white community to accept the idea that the violence had taken place on a ground swell of grievance which was felt by far more than the rioters themselves, and to enter into a debate about what the causes might be. Almost immediately after the riots, Bermuda relapsed into her old, insouciant calm, but for a long time the debate went on. It was a debate in search of clear issues, and it sought direction by orienting itself in relation to the two extremes of Bermudian society—Front Street and Court Street.

FRONT STREET, in Hamilton, Bermuda's capital and principal town (there is only one other), is open on one side to blue, breezy Hamilton Harbor and on the other side is lined with shops: two-story and three-story buildings painted in classic Bermudian colors—pinks, yellows, blues, brick red—many with second-story verandas, which create a long arcade at street level. Outside, yachts tug at their moorings, and flags snap in the wind, and along the arcade there is a continuous flow of shoppers. But when Bermudians refer to "Front Street" they do not, unless they are giving you directions, mean that playful holiday place. They mean something more abstract, as Americans do when they say "Wall Street." They mean the money and power represented by the shops along Front Street, together with the establishment law firms and the banks. The group that enjoys this money and power is known locally as the Forty Thieves, and it is typical of Bermuda that the nickname implies no stigma. From the very beginning, Bermuda has been a place where capitalistic ingenuity, even when it verges on shadiness,

is a quality much admired. The Forty Thieves (the number is arbitrary: either too small or too big, depending on how you define this élite), whose businesses line Front Street today, did not make their fortunes through piracy or gunrunning, as earlier Bermudians did. They made them by being at the ready when Bermuda became a major resort. Their "thievery" was a matter of having the wit to establish monopolies or semi-monopolies in what promised to be a commercial bonanza. This kind of wit is irresistibly appealing to most Bermudians. They like to tell the stories of the various Thieves' sharp dealings, and even a firebrand radical who will start such a story in tones of outrage is likely to end it with a knee-slapping guffaw.

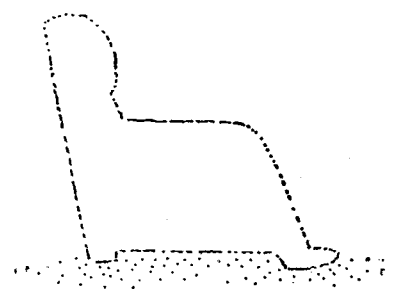
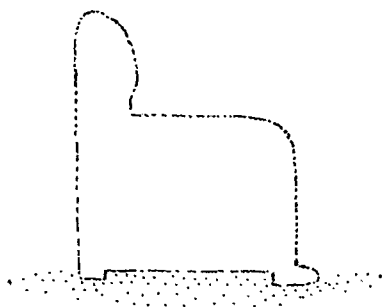
The buccaneering image of the Front Street merchants is particularly strong among black Bermudians, many of whom dream of making a killing themselves, and most of whom probably have little personal contact with members of this group, who are largely white, and whose social life is, in the main, among their own kind. It's a potent image in Bermudian culture, summing up a view of life as a big-money game in which success depends partly on talent and partly on luck—a game ruled by a combination of the laws of the jungle and of Las Vegas. In actuality, however, the members of the Front Street establishment are not at all like swashbuckling pirates. On the whole, they are staid people, even stiff—a manner in keeping with their present-day role, which is not that of making fortunes but that of preserving them. One might even take them for members of an age-old patrician class. A British veneer—several of the Thieves have been knighted—and family names that date back to the beginnings of Bermudian history could easily mislead one into seeing them as an aristocracy that has enjoyed wealth and power for centuries. Some leftists trade on this image, because it gives a Bolshevik zest to their cause, but doing so requires a willful forgetting of the fact that until this century, with a few exceptions, no one in Bermuda had very much money. Most of the Front Street capitalists are self-made men or the sons or grandsons of self-made men, far more strongly reminiscent of a type of wealthy Eastern American than of any English model. They are unpretentious people—scratch a well-to-do Bermudian and you find a person who has been snubbed by an Englishman and therefore disapproves of snobbery. They are businessmen and proud of it, practical-minded, well-



mannered but with a slightly rough edge, not given to introspection, shrewd yet also oddly innocent. As with Americans of this variety, it is difficult to judge to what degree the innocence is real and to what degree it masks a knowing, self-interested mind. To the degree that it is genuine, however, it seems to entail an inability to imagine what it is like to be a person unlike oneself—a category that in Bermuda includes at the very least the black sixty per cent of the population.

Front Street is rich, smug, and straitlaced, Front Street abounds in blind spots, but it is by no means inflexible; in fact, the reforms that brought integration and prosperity to the black sector of the population were engineered by the Forty Thieves. The fifties were the period when the tourist market was developed in a major way, and also when the Front Street banks and law firms built up a profitable trade by attracting foreign corporations in search of a tax haven. All this time, Bermuda was segregated, and by 1959 strikes and boycotts were making it clear that black Bermudians were not going to tolerate that situation much longer. One would have expected the reaction of the white establishment to be the same as that in segregated societies elsewhere—rigid resistance. Instead, a miracle took place. The Forty Thieves decided that Bermuda should be integrated.

The miracle worker was Sir Henry Tucker, whose family started the august Bank of Bermuda. Sir Henry was not in any sense an evangelist of civil rights. He was a big, bluff, plain-speaking pragmatist in possession of considerable charm and a reputation as an extremely smart businessman. What worried him as the sixties began to unroll was not injustice but the future of the Bank of Bermuda. And what he did, by all accounts, was to bully his comrades. He told them that radical change was inevitable and that they had only two choices: they could initiate the change, and thus assume leadership in the new power structure, or they could resist it, in which case not only would they be out of power but the ensuing violence would probably ruin all their businesses. Bermudians, white and black, are inclined to subscribe to the myth of genius—the notion that a particular person is so intelligent he cannot be touched by the arguments of ordinary mortals. It is the kind of myth that Henry Kissinger enjoyed in this country, but in Bermuda it is usually attached to a talent for business. Sir Henry Tucker was the subject of such

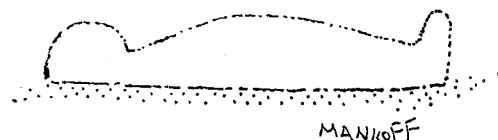
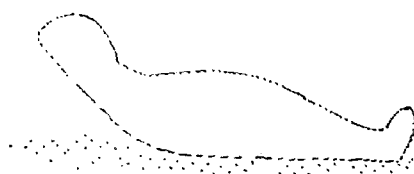
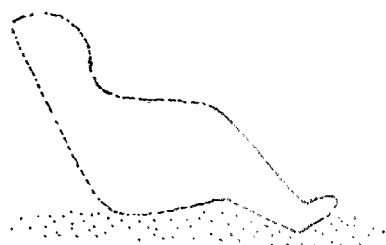


a myth, and with it he cowed his little band of magnates. The crusty, the reactionary, the bigoted, the complacent—terrorized by the prospect of plummeting balance sheets, they all caved in. Thus the most unlikely of revolutionary cadres was born. One can only regret that Mark Twain was not present to record what was said during those interesting proceedings.

By 1968, largely as a result of Sir Henry Tucker's leadership, segregation had been outlawed in Bermuda, a constitution much like our own had been adopted, sweeping electoral reforms had been instituted, and, catching up at last with the eighteenth century, the country had a two-party system. In the general election of that year—the first election under the new system—Sir Henry's party, the United Bermuda Party (U.B.P.), won, hands down, and he himself was appointed Government Leader—a title later changed to Premier. The opposition party, the very nearly all-black Progressive Labour Party, managed to capture only ten out of forty seats, and it has not been able to catch up with the U.B.P. yet. The combination of the fact that the U.B.P. people took the initiative and the fact that they are the successful businessmen of Bermuda—the myth of genius extends in a diffuse way to anyone who is good at accumulating money—has made them unbeatable. Furthermore, they have continued in their original pattern, keeping one step ahead of demands for reform. Often, they have borrowed their programs from attacks by the opposition, thus infuriating the opposition but leaving it disarmed. Although they are predominantly white, they have also managed to become the more integrated party, not only in that they depend upon bi-racial support but in that black politicians have run successfully under the U.B.P. aegis—a bi-racial image that was sealed in 1972, when Sir Henry retired and Sir Edward Richards, a black man, became Government Leader. Since then, the opposition has slowly gained seats. Today, the ratio is twenty-five U.B.P. to fifteen P.L.P. But the P.L.P. has

never been able to achieve the status of an effective, equal competitor. It has never been able to overcome the U.B.P.'s image of being the really smart people, and, even after all these years, is stuck with an image of inexperience and irresponsibility. Frustrated as it watches its own initiatives adopted by the U.B.P., the opposition has ended up saying wild, outlandish things, or, worse, moderate, sensible things in a wild, outlandish tone—thus only entrenching itself more deeply in the role of an impotent, rebellious child, whose purpose in life is to shock its imperious, all-powerful elders. It is easy to sympathize with the opposition's feelings. Given the character of the U.B.P., the P.L.P. can hardly be blamed for feeling that an uncanny hoax has been perpetrated, and that the hoax continues. Entering parliament, a visitor has no trouble picking out the side on which the leadership sits; one can pick it out not because its members look like crusaders for reform, or geniuses, but because, despite the presence of eight black members among them, they look like nothing so much as the somnolent, contented members of a stuffy, rock-ribbed club. But perhaps the cruellest twist of all is that even the aura of hoax works in the leadership's favor. All Bermudians love a hoax, and, it appears, they all love that magnificent master of sleight of hand Sir Henry Tucker. In describing the iniquitous provenance of the leadership, even a disheartened member of the opposition will begin to beam with admiration, amusement, and something rather close to pride when he comes to the wonderful tale of how Sir Henry bullied the Front Street merchants into becoming the vanguard of reform.

In short, it was a hoax that fooled no one. There is a vague effort on the U.B.P. side to pretend that its members care deeply about social justice, but it's really just a gesture to the political conventions of other places: everybody knows that what the white mercantile establishment that dominates the Party cares about is that the economy of Bermuda flourish, and, with it, the mercantile establishment's sizable share



MANIKOFF

in it. The reason the Party has been able to attract both black voters and black politicians is that everybody also knows that it will do almost anything to preserve economic health. If it's a matter of keeping the peace so necessary to that health, then prejudice, innate conservatism, resentment, and suspicion will all go right out the window and liberalism will fly in. It will be no surprise if in the future even such crazy birds as—Lord have mercy!—an income tax and an anti-trust law are seen to alight upon those improbable heads. Nor will there be any doubt about why the leadership has adopted its strange new pets. In the year after the riots, its members turned themselves inside out discussing the causes of the riots—a terrible wrench, because the act of discussing these things seemed to give legitimacy to what in their view was the equivalent of an attempt to poison the only well on an oasis. There were flashes of rebellion, outbursts that revealed what a strain it was for them to entertain the idea that they, rather than a bunch of drug addicts and arsonists, might have done something wrong. One got the impression that to many of them doing this really didn't make any sense at all. But they did it.

CCOURT STREET lies only a few blocks away from Front Street but physically and symbolically is its antithesis. Many of the buildings are shabby, and it is eerily empty—particularly in comparison with the bustle of Front Street. There are a few bare-looking stores and a few rather sinister-looking cafés, but, except for clusters of young black men with drug-glazed eyes, not many people are about. To me, Court Street doesn't look like a slum. I have seen far, far more benighted areas in Harlem, and in Puerto Rico and on other Caribbean islands. Rather than a slum, it suggests a deserted movie set, or a town passed by when the railroad was built—a forgotten place, bereft of activity. When Bermudians speak of "Court Street," however, the connotation is of heated activity. "Court Street" means what

"Watts" and "Columbia" meant to Americans in the sixties. Court Street represents radical ideas and race riots. It means a place beyond the reach of reason—a place formally at war with Front Street, and ready to destroy it, even if that means destroying itself. Specifically, it means the place where riots broke out in December of 1977. The police and the military battled rioters elsewhere, but for three days and nights Court Street was conceded territory.

A few years ago, a visitor walking down Court Street would hear imitations of an American black accent and see the Afro hairstyles that for a period represented militancy here. Especially during the black-power movement in the United States, it was the styles and causes of the American black that captured the young black Bermudians' imagination. But on Court Street nowadays one hears attempts at a West Indian accent, and the voguish hairstyle is the wild-looking coagulated ringlets, or "dreadlocks," of the Jamaican sect Rastafarianism. Jamaica is the big thing now—reggae music, and a combination of vague but raunchy revolution and vaguer mystical religion. The identification with the West Indies is curious, for it is at cross-purposes with a long-standing black-Bermudian prejudice against real West Indians, who are considered inferior, because they come from much poorer places—"jigger-foot" and "jump-up" are common epithets—and also because those who manage to emigrate to Bermuda tend to be goody-goodies. They work too hard, often at jobs that Bermudians wouldn't even take, and some of them, annoyingly, end up better off than some Bermudians. The prejudice is reinforced by the fact that many policemen are West Indian, imported because few black Bermudians want this unpopular job. Thus, a young renegade who at one moment is polishing his Jamaican singsong may at the next find himself being abused with un-Bermudian zealotry by a policeman who has a real Jamaican singsong. One would imagine that in this instance the Ber-

mudian would revert to a strong version of his own native dialect, for the fact is that under the confusion of trends there is a very distinct, solid black-Bermudian identity.

Blacks have lived in Bermuda almost from the start. When, in the first century of settlement, it turned out that there was little use for slaves in Bermuda, many families, unable to support their slaves, let them go to scratch out a living as best they could; other slaves were trained in a variety of trades, becoming sailors or carpenters or farmers for their owners. History thus prompts some of the crustier white Bermudians to confide, with irony, "We never needed them in the first place." Others see this twist of fate as resulting in a much less cruel form of slavery than existed in plantation societies. That may be true, but slavery is slavery. The history books record beatings, executions, and uprisings, which belie the image of friendly coexistence; and the heritage of deep psychological—and also economic—injury through segregation is still apparent. What is undeniably true is that blacks have lived in this tiny place from very nearly the beginning and, like the white natives, have developed traits related to what life has been like there: versatility, pragmatism, and a deep entrepreneurial streak. Several traits that are now considered black traits, such as the Bermudian accent and a rather antic manner punctuated by laughs, were just a little while ago characteristic of both races. It's simply that white Bermudians, prosperous first and hence exposed to the outer world first, have had these indigenous ways washed out of them. In the same vein, the style in the black neighborhood around Court Street—bare earth, peeling paint, little impromptu banana plantations overflowing from back yards—is very like the unself-conscious country style that one sees in old photographs of Bermuda. For centuries, all of Bermuda was, like Court Street, a place passed by, a place where people sat on stoops a lot, didn't think very much about appearances, joked, tried to cook up opportunities. It was also a place where the two

ances that shared this style lived in very close proximity. Black Bermudians tend to be light-skinned, and green or blue eyes are common. You can often tell that a black Bermudian is Bermudian just by what he looks like. Sometimes you can even tell what part of Bermuda he comes from; some Saint David's Islanders, for instance, have blond Negroid hair and green eyes, and others have hook noses and poker-straight hair, which are possibly a legacy of some Mohawk Indians who were imported as slaves. Furthermore, almost all the old Bermudian names cross racial lines: Outerbridge, Tucker, Simmons, Frith, Smith, Pearman, Gibbons, Zuill. So—to make up an example—one might find oneself talking to Mr. Outerbridge, a black homeowner, who is complaining that

Mr. Outerbridge, a white banker, has turned down his mortgage. The shared name could mean that the former's ancestors were slaves of the latter's ancestors. But it could also mean that there was a union between two ancestors. It could mean that the two Mr. Outerbridges are cousins—quite a likely possibility, one thinks as black Mr. Outerbridge looks at you with his blazing blue Anglo-Saxon eyes. Bermudians don't seem to pay much attention to these lines of kinship, but to an outsider, constantly surprised by the names and the black-Bermudian looks, they are striking. They point up how integration in Bermuda has fallen short. They point up how Outerbridges, Tuckers, Simmonses, Friths, Smiths, Pearmans, Gibbonses, and Zuills do not yet fully greet each other as cousins—in spite of the fact that, whether or not they are cousins by blood, they are surely bound by long common association with a minuscule place out in the middle of the North Atlantic.

Skipper Ingham is a black Bermudian of about fifty who owns a karate school and the Zenji Health House, a health-food restaurant and store—both on Court Street. Mr. Ingham is very serious about Japanese martial arts and other personal disciplines, but as far as politics are concerned he is not fussy beyond the general requirement of an anti-establishment tone. He obviously enjoys holding forth to members of the

OUR FRIEND ALGEBRA



foreign press who are eager to find real, live revolutionaries, and since the December riots he has had a field day. I don't believe that Mr. Ingham throws bombs (he doesn't claim to) or does anything close to it. He strikes me, rather, as a born maverick who in his own peculiar way has come to terms with life, an ascetic with a jazzman's cool (picked up during years in New York), a tolerant iconoclast whose real interest is not politics but people. The room behind his shop, where we met, serves as a blowhole through which all sorts of ideas can surge up and splash about freely, without consequence; and, to judge from the tense, pent-up way in which those who wandered in during my visit delivered their views, the provision of such a forum is a valuable social service.

Mr. Ingham introduced me to Doreen Lightbourn, an Englishwoman of middle years, strong voice, and inexhaustible repertoire, who, after what by her own account was an unhappy alcoholic life in English colonies in the Middle East, has found her niche among black Bermudians—has found a way of expressing what seems to be a very personal anger in the black-Bermudian cause. During the first hour or so, as one of three or four people sitting around the table in Mr. Ingham's back room, I heard a full litany of black-Bermudian complaints, which, except for some rococo embellishments, I also heard in more orthodox quarters. I

heard that Front Street manipulated the political and economic life of Bermuda to its own profit. I heard that "they" used their positions as bankers controlling loans and mortgages, and as employers controlling jobs, to favor their political supporters and punish rebels, and to prevent the rise of significant numbers of black Bermudians to positions of power. I heard about the huge number of white British expatriates, who are brought into the Bermudian work force (they constitute seventeen per cent of it), who can vote after three years, and who tend to be conservative, because any offense given to the powers that be can result in immediate expulsion. I heard frustration with Bermuda's dependence on the tourist trade, the only answer to which is that Bermuda should return to fishing and

farming, so that, as Mr. Ingham put it, "we can sustain ourselves." At this point, the conversation became more imaginative, not to mention more vociferous.

"That's what we are—a landless proletariat," said a middle-aged black man who had appeared in the doorway. His manner was formal and dramatic, as though he were in a pulpit. "And they are the imperialist gods."

"The preacher says, 'I believe in capitalism. Communism belongs to the Devil,'" said another, equally respectable-looking newcomer. "Always keep in mind that false religion and false politics go together."

Everybody got into the act now.

"How the British Empire was built: Missionary. Merchants. Military."

"You have an affluent society but one that is sick."

"And they ain't got no future."

"And they got nothing, morally or spiritually, to fight for."

"If you want to knock your brains out to try to get on with this lot, you can, but we are not."

"You are going to have a race war globewise. There's going to be a race war. Baby, it's coming."

"People are sick all over the world."

"The ecclesiastical and political substance of Romanism..."

"They say Bermuda is a little world. Here you can see the sickness that has infected the rest of the world. In the

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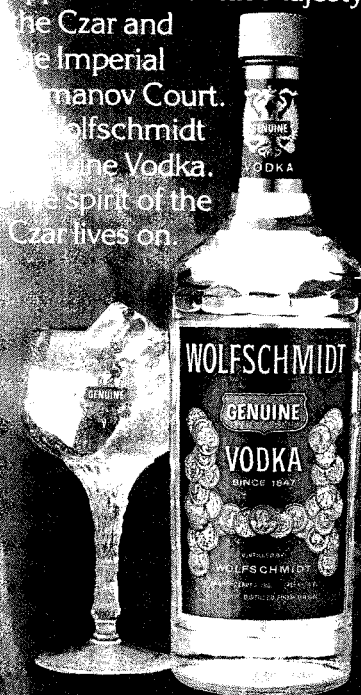
the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood as a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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American suburbs you see a total dedication to materialism."

"James, Chapter 5, Verses 1 through 6..."

"Even today, the wage is way below the cost of living."

"Bermuda labor today is truly fighting for survival."

"I've seen religious hypocrisy in Wales."

"The Catholic Church is old Roman paganism revived under Christian disguise."

"And the Devil is the Pope!"

Laughter, applause, and grins all around: the pleasure of a good bit of jamming. Then, as though prompted by embarrassment, everybody calmed down a bit, and an effort was made to adopt a serious tone.

Sitting next to me was a Rastafarian. Doreen Lightbourn asked him about his beliefs.

"I am an orthodox Christian," the Rastafarian said, temperately. "I believe that Ethiopia is the center of Christianity and that Haile Selassie was a direct descendant of King Solomon." He said that he had never shaved and that he would not work to make a profit. He didn't vote, because "we are in the world but not of the world."

"That's a cop-out," said Mrs. Lightbourn.

"I don't have to wash my face if I don't want to," the Rastafarian said mildly.

Mr. Ingham then served us all a delicious, albeit mysterious, soup.

Afterward, Mr. Ingham and I went out into the pale, warm Bermudian sunlight, and, ever charming, he showed me around the Court Street neighborhood, exchanging words with nearly everyone we passed. In the loft where he teaches karate, I was surprised, after the talk about race war, to see in a photograph that his wife is white, and was also interested in a snapshot of the Rastafarian executing an almost unbelievably high, stylized leap. This young man would not be the only black Bermudian I would come across who had withdrawn into a combination of mysticism and discipline—into what I would call crackpot ideas mixed with intently serious self-development. Mr. Ingham and I went on to the Bermuda Industrial Union headquarters and the Progressive Labour Party headquarters—more orthodox institutions than the Zenji Health House. The Union represents many trades, which include large numbers of white people, but it is clearly a black organization, and it is closely allied with the very black opposition party. The tone of the Union is, on the whole, one

of people learning to apply ideas that they have not yet completely absorbed into their bloodstream. They can still get giddy on the mechanistic concepts of labor versus management, and notions of a devilishly cunning, conspiratorial "capital." Yet the atmosphere is also studiously sober and hardworking. In the Union, one finds a man, tired to the point of irritability, working late on a still unsteady credit union; one finds a reserved, exact man trying, after a day on the job, to make a group of rambunctious public-works employees concentrate on practical matters rather than indulge in more enjoyable improvisatory ideology.

At the Progressive Labour Party headquarters, on the other hand, the style is that of chip-on-the-shoulder militancy, a pointed brusqueness, a mood of "we shall not be compromised," yet the precise sense of purpose one finds at the Union is rather lacking. It is indicative of the opposition's bent that its members have chosen Court Street for their headquarters, even though to succeed they must appeal to a bourgeois black population that is very wary of what Court Street represents. When I asked the Party's public-relations agent why the language in an opposition leaflet was not clearer—was, in fact, at points almost illiterate, though this kind of writing was surely avoidable, given the calibre of talent in the Party—he mumbled something about elitism. A young black man who has successfully launched his own advertising firm explained that if he had written the leaflet it would have been polished in a way that would make Court Street denizens feel excluded and put down. The publicity man added, "Lois [Mrs. Lois Browne-Evans, the Party's leader] does not want to leave these people behind now that she has become important." It seemed a touching fidelity but one of those opposition traits that could be interpreted as self-defeatism, a preference for the position of underdog, a shrinking back from strategies that might actually lead to power. No political movement in Bermuda can succeed without the middle class.

COURT STREET and Front Street regularly face each other across the aisle in parliament. Since party discipline, under the parliamentary system, is strict and the U.B.P. always wins, these meetings are not suspenseful, but they can be entertaining. Last spring, while the members were debating the budget that would inevitably

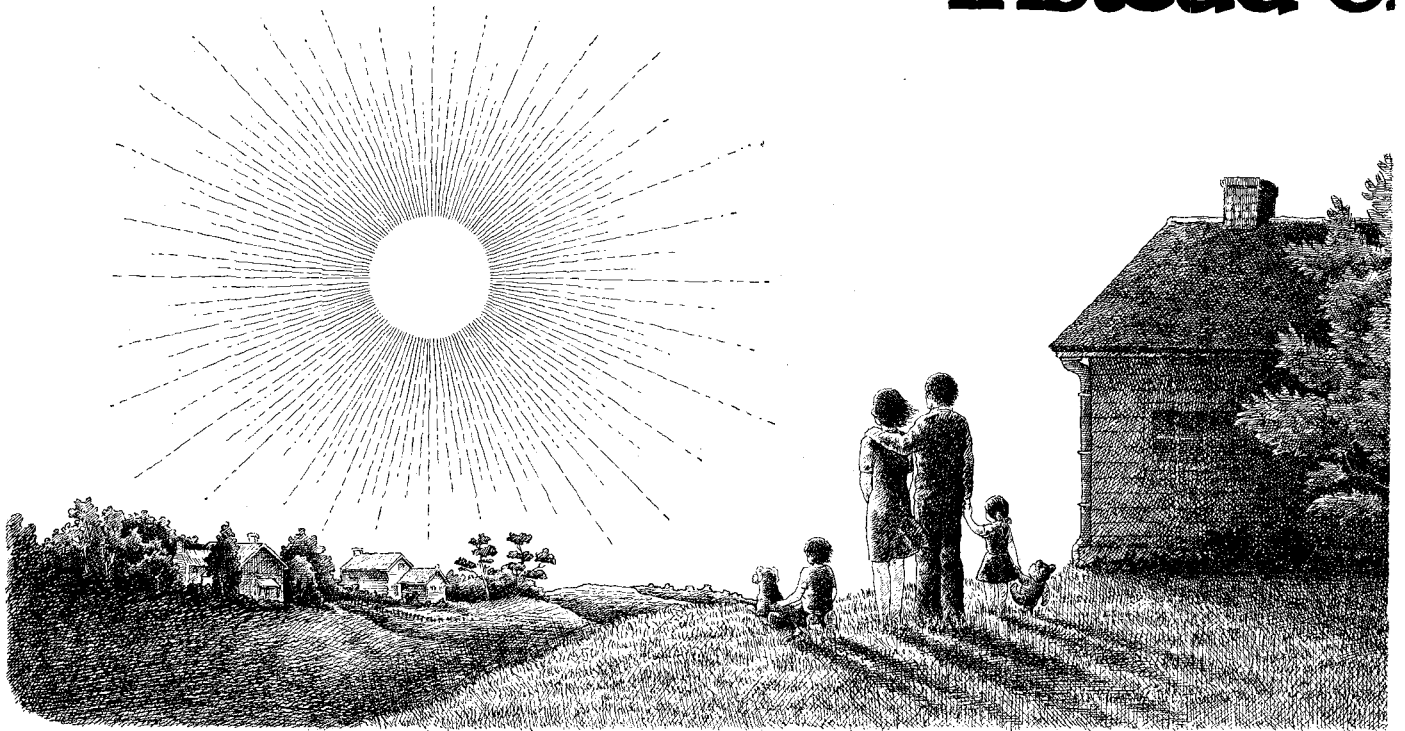
pass, I dropped in to see how they were getting along. The members on the leadership side were in sleepy postures, jackets open, hands in pockets, lounging. A number of eyes were closed. On the opposition side, the style was more buttoned up, and postures were alert, but it was the alertness of the bad boy waiting for a chance to make a sassy remark to the teacher. A grammar-school classroom frequently comes to an observer's mind in parliament. Dr. Barbara Ball was speaking. Dr. Ball, the only white member of the opposition, is a woman in her sixties whose usual subject is statistics. That day, however, she was speaking on a more abstract theme, something to do with the union movement and the Kingdom of Christ; one could not be



sure of more, for the oration was delivered in a quavering, barely audible voice. Over all this, high up at the head of the aisle, before a huge silver-and-gilt mace representing his authority, presided the Speaker, the Honourable L. P. Gutteridge, O.B.E., J.P., M.P. He wore a heavy wig, and he listed to one side, head propped on one arm. Occasionally, he would lift his eyes. At other times, he would list even farther, in order to whisper to one of his cronies passing by on the way to refreshment in the back rooms. Dr. Ball quavered on. Time seemed to have stopped. Parliament seemed to drift into the never-never on clouds of languor—the sort of mood in which one remembers one's childhood and what one had for breakfast. Then—bang!—in came David Gibbons.

David Gibbons is the Premier. He is also Minister of Finance. He was Minister of Finance before he was Premier, and he is still Minister of Finance, because who could equal him as Minister of Finance? David Gibbons, a tense, good-looking middle-aged man, owns a number of flourishing businesses, including the Bermuda Shop in New York. His father started all this by selling shoes and notions in Hamilton, and, far from going soft with wealth, David Gibbons moved on to bigger and better things. David Gibbons enjoys a myth of genius. He has the manner of never-a-moment-lost, of having the answer on the tip of his tongue before the question has been fully asked. Today, he is wearing the hat of Minister of Finance, and you can tell from the way he rattles the papers in his briefcase that he has done his homework. He pulls little notes out of his pocket, writes others, and puts them in his pocket. He is all

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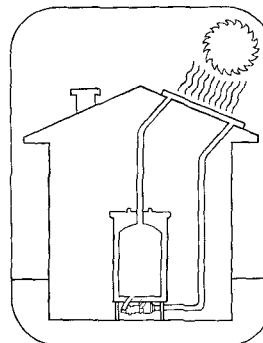
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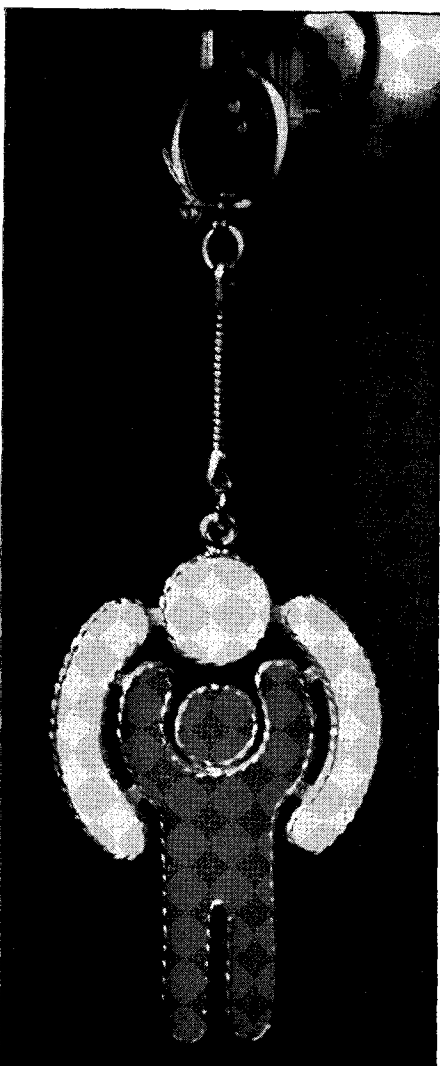
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sharp, muscular motion, and when Dr. Ball at last completes what she has to say about the union movement and the Kingdom of Christ he is on his feet in a trice. Head in butting position, he lets loose machine-gun volleys of facts and figures. (Unlike most of the Forty Thieves, David Gibbons has a Bermudian accent.) Postures in the room have undergone a transformation. The Honourable L. P. Gutteridge, O.B.E., J.P., M.P., no longer lists—although he still props his head—and the members on the leadership side are now sitting up straight, looking at the opposition as if to say "Take that." The members of the opposition, on the other hand, have adopted conspicuously bored and insolent postures. And now—how timely—in walks their leader, Mrs. Lois Browne-Evans.

Mrs. Browne-Evans, an agreeable-looking, slightly plump woman in her mid-forties, walks down the aisle to her seat slowly, swinging her hips. She sashays. It is not a long distance, but she makes the most of it, looking around in a leisurely way, speaking audibly to colleagues as she passes, and laughing with a note of syrupy delight. David Gibbons pauses, shuffles his feet, writes notes to himself. It is no secret that David Gibbons cares little for Mrs. Browne-Evans. He is not one to show emotion—his manner is flat and factual—but when he spoke to me of Mrs. Browne-Evans one day, he clutched his desk, and his eyes blazed. "She actually told her people to go out and fornicate in the bushes!" he roared. This is an oft-quoted Browne-Evans line, delivered some years ago when she was offering an alternative to marijuana. It is typical of the way the opposition resorts to shock as an instrument of debate; and just as typical is the compliant response of incredulous outrage. On this occasion, however, only a hint of that blaze flashes out from David Gibbons' eyes. He is visibly impatient but under control. Mrs. Browne-Evans finally reaches her seat, where she slides down, one arm slung over the back, and makes a challenging remark to David Gibbons, who is trying to resume his volley.

The Honourable L. P. Gutteridge, O.B.E., J.P., M.P., in a terrifying display of mobility, slams down his gavel. "You are speaking out of turn!" he says.

Mrs. Browne-Evans throws out another remark.

SLAM! "If you will not be quiet, I will have to take action," the Speaker says.

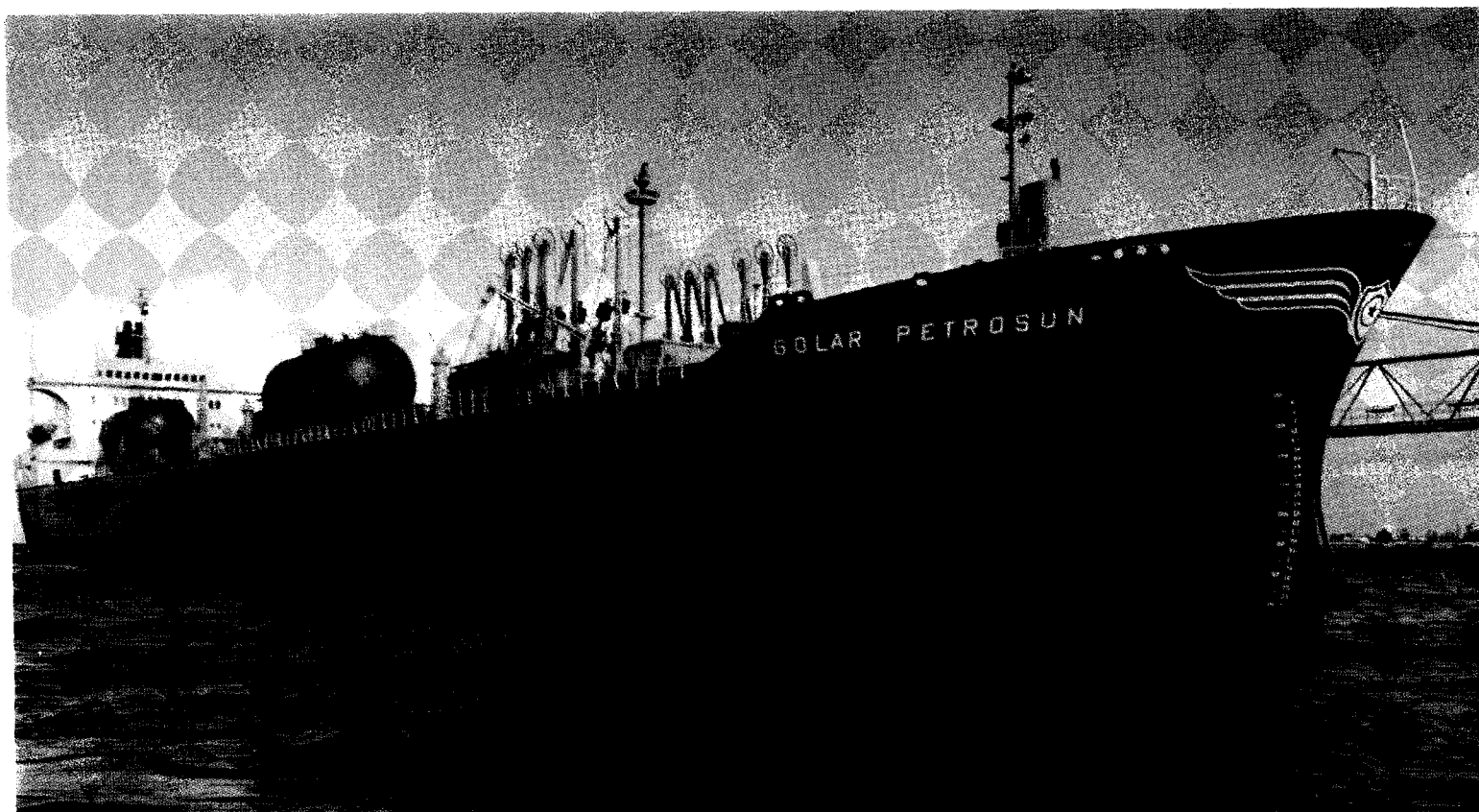
"I don't have to be quiet if I don't want to," says Mrs. Browne-Evans.

Her colleagues titter. The Sergeant-at-Arms, an ancient, birdlike black man, looks at his feet. Mrs. Browne-Evans starts up once more. The Honourable L. P. Gutteridge, O.B.E., J.P., M.P., slams the gavel again. David Gibbons looks right at Mrs. Browne-Evans and answers her sally with facts. Rat-a-tat-tat. Mrs. Browne-Evans looks amused. David Gibbons continues.

BETWEEN the poles of Court Street and Front Street is the large, bi-racial Bermudian middle class—is, one might say, Bermuda. This is not to say that Court Street and Front Street are unimportant but to say that they represent small portions of the population. The Bermuda that exists between the two is actually almost apolitical. Like middle-class people everywhere, most Bermudians tend to be wrapped up in their own lives—and that may be why Court Street and Front Street are the main players in the political arena. Even at the extremes, however, political postures nearly always seem to be slightly ill-fitting on Bermudians, like rented tuxedos—somehow unconvincing, somehow not of the person—and often it seems as though the participants themselves acknowledged this, adopting the sporting air of amateur actors in costume. But most of the people in the middle class just don't bother with such things. Among those people, I was recurrently struck by two attitudes that seem truly elemental to the Bermudian makeup—whether one is thinking in terms of politics or culture or economics or race—and that relate only obliquely to the classical opposition of Front Street and Court Street, of rich and poor, of white and black.

One attitude is a rough-and-ready optimism—a quality that I associate specifically with North America. I see it as a latter-day version of the force that carried the settlers to the New World, sustained them through hardship and disappointment, and kept alive the appetite that built the New World. In some cases, it was a religious kind of optimism, but in most it was the optimism of people seeking their fortunes—and nowhere was this more true than in Bermuda. It's a quality that Europeans often perceive as naïve: a belief that life is a process of change for the better. It's an outward-bound, forward-looking quality—a capacity for being excited by the future. And though it lies behind communal ideas like progress, it is usually quite selfish—an excitement about *your* future, not anybody else's. The second attitude is

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115 watts (20 Hz ~ 20 kHz)	0.007%	96 dB (5mV)
100 watts (5 Hz ~ 100 kHz)	0.05%	

ST-8077

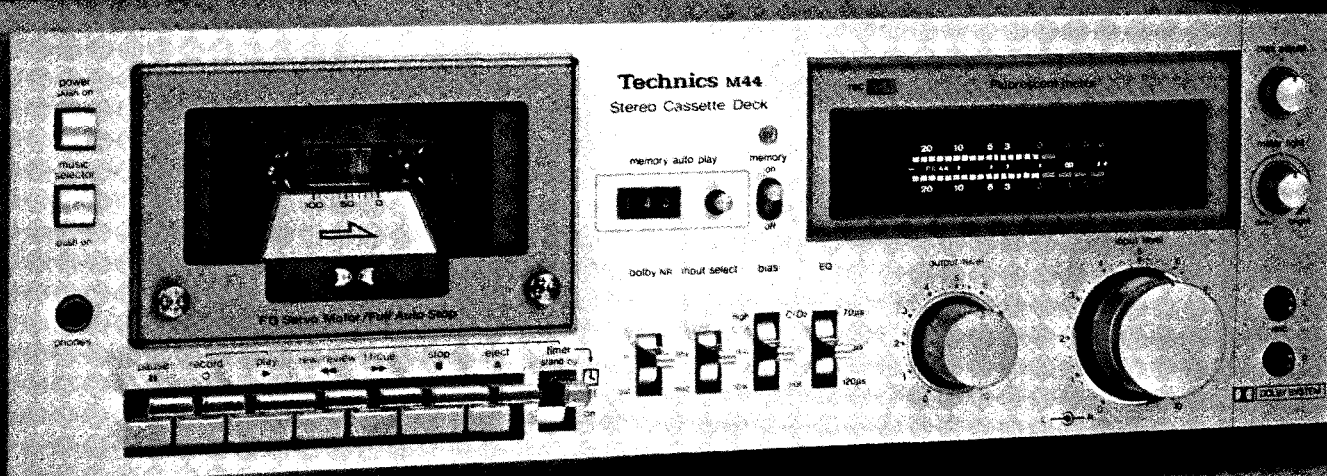
FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/ 10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
37.2 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

RS-M44

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	30 Hz ~ 17 kHz (FeCr, CrO ₂)	67 dB Dolby* in

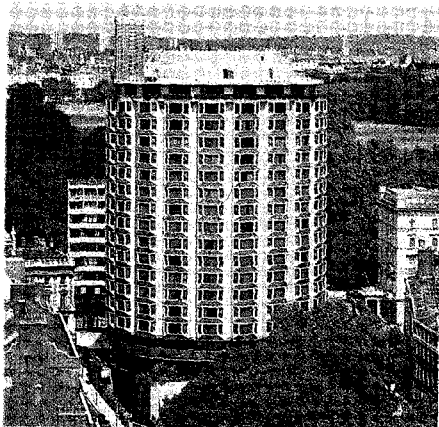
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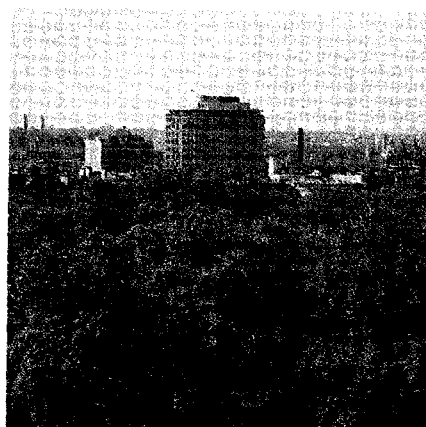


Technics SILVER EDITION

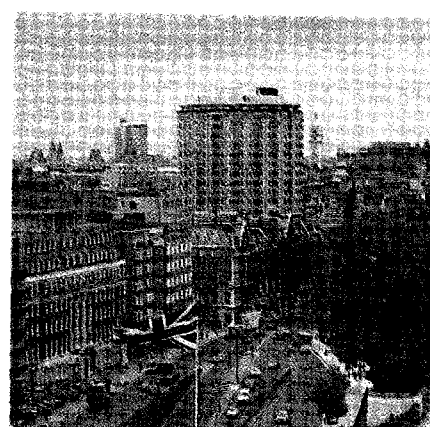




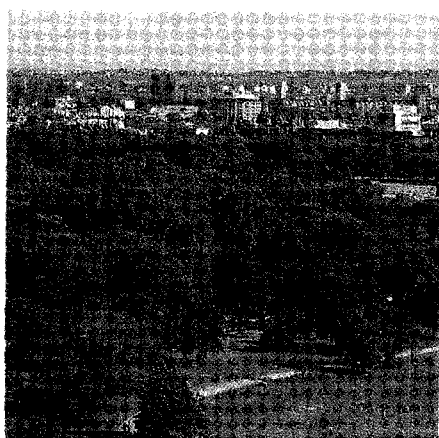
View from the Carlton Tower.



View from the Dorchester.



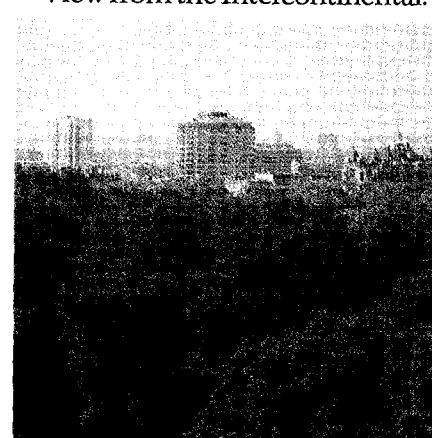
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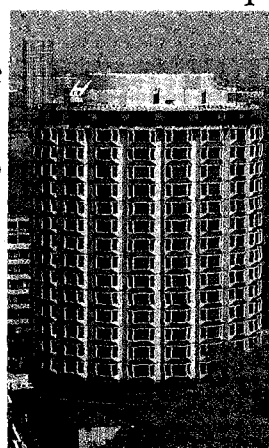
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a personal attachment to Bermuda. Over the generations, the various parts of North America became not just a land of opportunity but home. The New World became in its own way old—became the ground of native identity, an object of the feelings of commitment and need which from the beginning of time have marked the relationship of people to the place they live in. The notions of opportunistic optimism and attachment to home are in a sense contradictory: one has to do with the new, the other with the old; one with the unknown, the other with the known; one with the future, the other with the past; one with adventure, the other with the hearth; one with individualism, the other with community; one with ambition, the other with satisfaction. Yet it is also true that an optimistic philosophy was an integral part of the New World home—an element that people would miss when they went away to other places. Perhaps one could even say that the friction between home and opportunity in itself became a quality of the home, defining what it is like to live here—here in the old New World. This is a home in which one automatically feels restless. It's the only place on the globe where its inhabitants feel they belong, and yet are agitated, never sure of just where in the home they belong—because the home itself engenders an outward-bound attitude. In some ways, the United States seems to be developing a more limited, settled outlook, although on the whole it seems to me to be still a very hopeful, restless country. But, whatever is the case here, in Bermuda the dynamic, nervously balanced blend of optimism and attachment is the very stuff of the place.

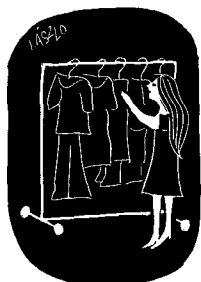
Considering the size of Bermuda, and considering the fact that a great many Bermudians, both black and white, have been educated abroad and have travelled widely, the hold that Bermuda has on her people is extraordinary. One would expect islanders—especially the more sophisticated ones—to view Bermuda as a province, but in fact for most of them the world is arranged around the islands. For them, Bermuda is the first choice by far. It is not technically a nation, but it exercises on its inhabitants the magnetism of a nation. Bermudians feel a special closeness both to the United States and to England, but there is no place that can even remotely compete for the affection they feel for their tiny home. There

are exceptions, of course. Young people, in particular, are apt to feel chafed by the smallness of the place—the constant vigilance of gossips—and to long to stretch their legs in larger arenas, as many do. And people who have worked in the fields of social service can enumerate strains and discontents throughout the population which are probably attributable to the size and density of Bermuda. For all who can afford it, a yearly trip off the islands is considered normal. But, on balance, most Bermudians would consider permanent relocation a form of exile, with all the sorrows of homesickness which that word connotes. Far from feeling stranded on a periphery, they believe, not without reason, that in Bermuda a way of life has been worked out which is superior to its models. They feel lucky to be Bermudian. In

their view, Bermuda is an unmatched, irreplaceable gift of inheritance.

A lifelong attachment to Bermuda, however, does not mean an acceptance or a love of limitation. It does not entail contented security in a well-defined niche, as it might in the Hebrides or the Azores. Quite the opposite: it entails a view of one's position in life as extremely volatile—full of possibilities behind which lurks that fascinating, hypnotizing chance of hitting the jackpot. Bermuda is the most merrily, nakedly capitalistic place I have ever been in. Whether or not a Bermudian actively strives to advance himself, he lives in a world dominated by the idea of opportunity. It's a world whose buoyancy depends on the optimistic idea that opportunity exists. The staple of that optimism is a belief that if you choose to work hard you will automatically get ahead, but the yeast, the magic element, is the idea that through a combination of smart moves and luck—and anybody can have luck—you may leap over the boring process of incremental advance and land at the top of the heap. Bermudians may be deeply committed to their tiny, densely populated home, but, instead of an acceptance of stasis, their idea of that home includes a metaphorical Wild West in which the adventurer can strike gold. They talk about the possibility all the time. Schemes to get rich quick are the favorite theme of the continuous chatter with which Bermudians weave the textile of their daily life.

There is very little difference between the two races as far as these basic attitudes are concerned, but there

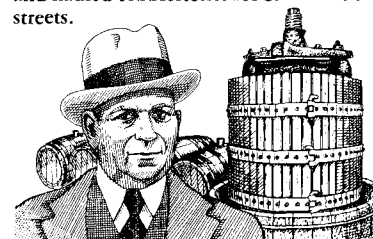


Samuele



Winemaking began in our family with my grandfather Samuele Sebastiani. Inspired by his father's love of good wine, he learned his art as a boy from the monks of a monastery near his home in Farnetta, near Lucca in Northern Italy.

In 1895, 21 year old Samuele left the vineyards of Italy and came to the United States, settling here in Northern California. He worked many years with the dream of owning his own winery. First as a laborer in the vegetable fields of Colma, south of San Francisco, where he earned the money to buy a wagon and a team of horses. Then to the quarries of Schocken Hill, overlooking Sonoma, where he cut and hauled cobblestones for San Francisco streets.



By 1904, enough was saved to purchase the original vineyard of the Mission de Sonoma, established in 1825, and the stone cellars that once housed the wines of General M. G. Vallejo. Samuele Sebastiani had his winery.

Married that same year, he and my grandmother Elvira began working together to build the family enterprise. She took in washing to help meet expenses while her husband made his deliveries, filling the barrels of local merchants from a small vat on the back of his wagon. His reputation as a creator of fine wines was beginning.

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Sam J. Sebastiani

Sam J. Sebastiani

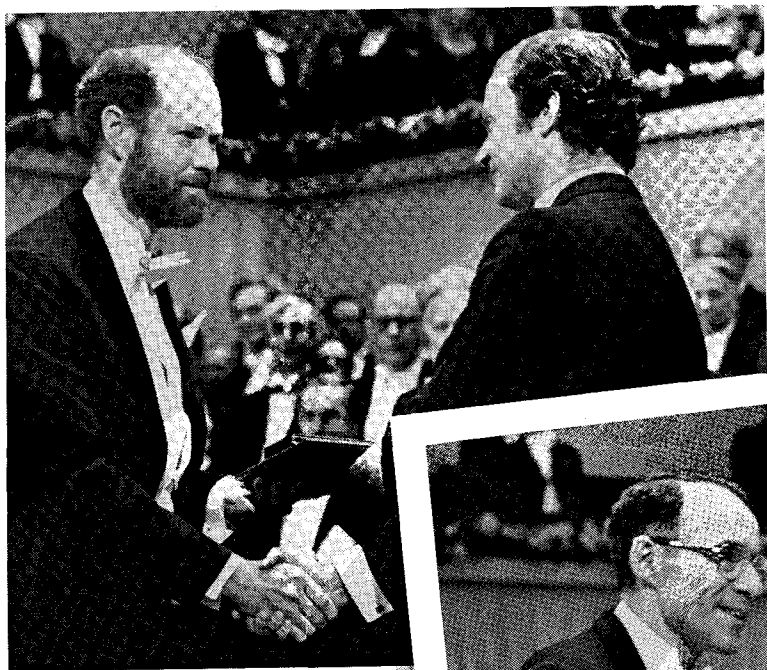
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King Carl XVI Gustav of Sweden—on the right in these photos—presents the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to Bell Laboratories scientists Robert Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

What does the Nobel Prize have to do with your telephone?

The two scientists on the opposite page are receiving the highest honor a scientist can earn—the Nobel Prize. They are the sixth and seventh laureates who did their prize-winning research at Bell Telephone Laboratories. These scientists shared a common goal—the search for new knowledge to further advance the art of telecommunications.

Clinton Davisson shared the Nobel Prize in 1937 for demonstrating the wave nature of matter. In 1956, John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley were honored for their invention of the transistor. Philip Anderson's theoretical work on amorphous materials (such as glass) and on magnetism led to a Nobel Prize in 1977. And in 1978, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson received the Prize for detecting the faint radiation from the "big bang" explosion that gave birth to the universe some 18 billion years ago.

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time and again the value of investment in research—not only for telecommunications but for society in general. The transistor, for example, revolutionized communications and brought into being entire new industries—indeed, a new industrial society—based on solid-state electronics.

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are variations in perspective. The white Bermudians' attachment to the islands is love of home pure and simple; they love it as their cradle and their grave, the spot where they have forged an independent identity that lies somewhere between England and America, the garden in which they have flourished. Reinforcing this attachment is pride of authorship: the satisfying sense that as a group they have made Bermuda a place in which it is possible to lead a fairly full, modern life—a place where, for example, people like Henry Tucker and David Gibbons, who would surely have done very well in New York or London, can choose to live without also choosing a stunted life. For its size, Bermuda is an almost unbelievably cosmopolitan place, with an economy sophisticated enough to employ high levels of talent, and on the whole this has been accomplished by the hand of the white community—for the simple reason that during most of the period that the new Bermuda was in the making the black population was not in a position to contribute. For the white community, all this adds up to a deep, unqualified loyalty to Bermuda and a strong instinct of aggression toward anyone who endangers her welfare.

Black Bermudians are equally attached to the islands, if not more so, for there are few societies in the Western world that are both as integrated and as prosperous as Bermuda. Like the white natives, most of them prefer the islands to other places on the merits, but, unlike their white counterparts, without the haven of Bermuda they would face a not altogether welcoming world.

Thus, one could say that their bond with the islands has a more necessary, final quality than does that of the whites. They have less choice in the matter, and hence more of a stake in Bermuda's welfare. But the loyalty of black Bermudians does not have the same singularity as that of whites. It is complicated by a second loyalty, based on the experience of exclusion within their home. The situation has been greatly improved, but it is still ambiguous. Because Bermuda is a volatile, upwardly mobile society, no Bermudian is really certain *where* in the society he belongs—this is part of the Bermudian way of life—but for the black Bermudian there is another level of ambiguity, which is that he is uncertain not just where he belongs but *whether* he belongs. The worst thing about this second level of ambiguity is that it intersects with the first. A black Bermudian who has not done well can

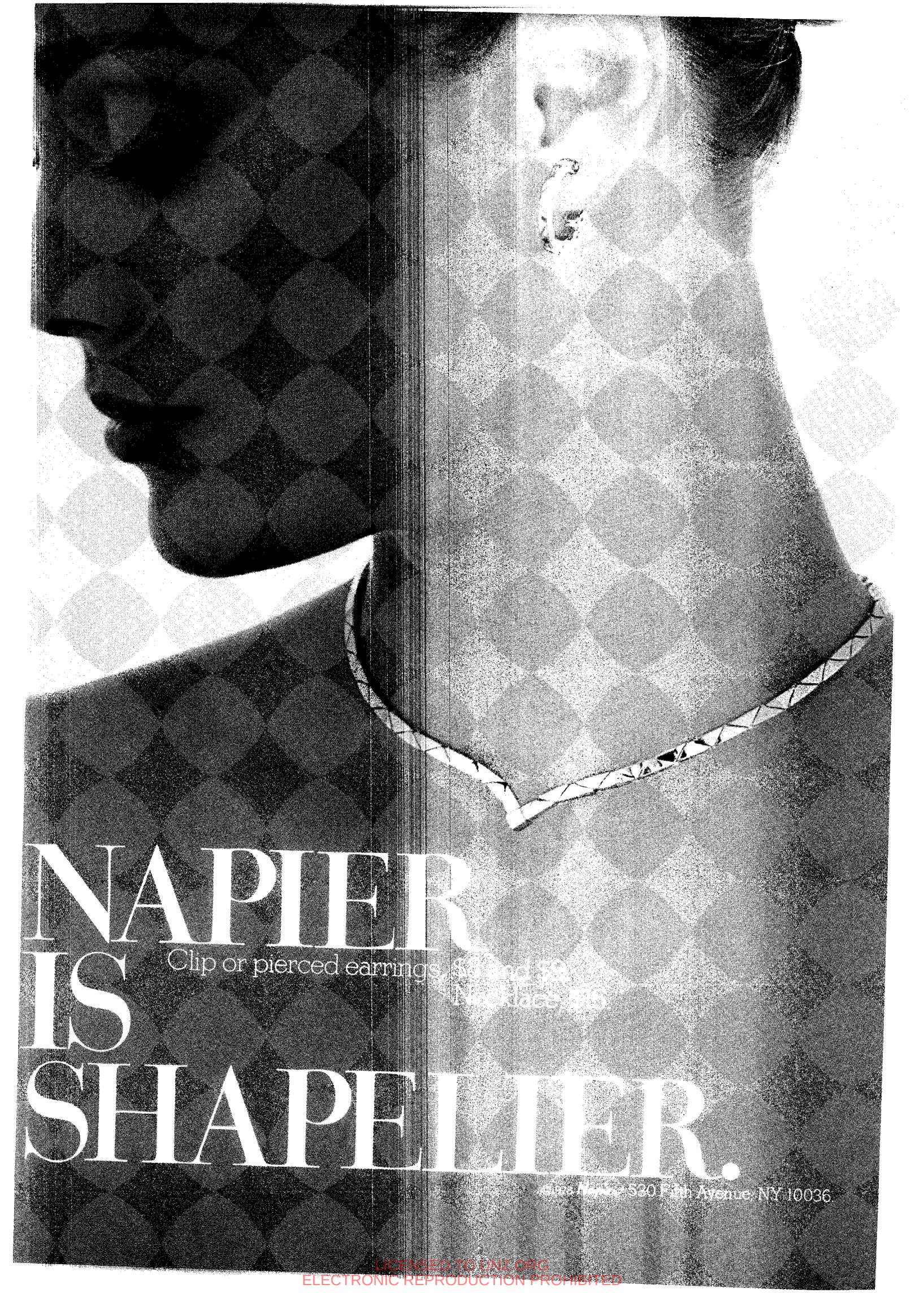
never be really sure whether his failure is due to the color of his skin, to innate inadequacy, to plain bad luck, or to a combination of these.

Generally speaking, integration is well along but still incomplete. When the schools were desegregated, there was a flight of whites to private academies, but that trend has halted. Whites are returning to the public schools, and blacks are attending the private academies. A system of government aid enables almost any Bermudian who can get himself accepted by a foreign college or university to go overseas for advanced training, and this means that blacks will be qualified to move into upper-level jobs in increasing numbers. Though there are still nodes of resistance, the Civil Service—which grew enormously during the boom—is already on the whole integrated from top to bottom. All employers are required to advertise openings and to hire qualified Bermudians over foreigners. However, the conviction that white foreigners are superior to black Bermudians is still strong, and employers often devise ways of skirting this law. Marriages between the two races, while not exactly common, are far from extraordinary nowadays. The change started with islanders marrying off-islanders of another race. Now islanders of different races are marrying each other. Yet private social events still tend to be predominantly black or white. They are more mixed on the middle and upper-middle levels of society than on the top and the lower levels; but one could not say that as a rule social mixing of races



is a natural and spontaneous habit in any large group. Mixed couples tend to be absorbed by one racial group or the other. Private clubs, which abound on all economic levels, tend to be clearly either black or white

in over-all character. Sports tend to be black or white: in general, croquet and yachting are white, cricket and soccer are black. Boxing is mostly black but a little bit mixed. The political parties really represent one race or the other in terms of leadership, although the U.B.P. depends heavily on black votes. (The blackness of the opposition is a matter of its own choice, not of others' prejudice.) Yet the economic class structure, which is roughly the same as that in the United States, is, except for the very top and the very bottom, completely bi-racial. There are lots of working-class whites, and there are plenty of very prosperous, successful blacks. Most neighborhoods are inte-



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grated; again, the primary exceptions are the richest and the poorest, although there are also some staunchly white working-class neighborhoods. And the texture of daily life—in the shops and restaurants, and on the streets—is integrated without a trace of self-consciousness or resistance; or, at least, so it seems. Certainly I have never, ever, seen the kind of licensed bigotry on the part of white Bermudians which, for example, caused one black Bermudian to stop hiring himself out for deep-sea fishing expeditions because occasionally his customers would be American Southerners. It's likely that rank prejudice is still shared sotto voce between older whites in private, but any open expression of bigotry would be a shocking, unacceptable aberration. This is the less tangible aspect of the situation: somewhere between 1959 and the present, a historical divide was crossed which left the notion of racial superiority irrevocably behind. The process of integration is incomplete, but the day of racism is over. One knows this in Bermuda the way one knows that the day of royalty is over. Its vestiges may die slowly, but they can only die. It still exists, perhaps even flourishes in some quarters, but it has no future. The death of racism, however, does not automatically result in integration.

Had reforms not been instituted, Bermudian society would by now have probably collapsed into chaos, but it is also possibly true that reforms, until they are completed, in some ways create situations that are more uncomfortable than the unreformed society was. In some ways, it may be less of a strain to be locked outside than to have one's right to access be changeable and unclear. In terms of history, the process of reform has been extremely rapid, but in terms of a person's life twenty years is a long, long time. For many it is the whole of life so far—a life spent in a capricious, alternately rewarding and frustrating situation that is not set off by memories of how much worse things were in the old days. The overwhelming instinct of the black population of Bermuda is to endure this strain in the belief that eventually it will be relieved and the cycle of reform completed. But the strain is there, and it is the common bond that creates that second loyalty: that second cause, which says, "We can endure, but not forever." In my experience, white Bermudians don't



seem to comprehend, in a human way, either the strain or the bond that these intersecting ambiguities generate. They don't make the leap of imagination which would enable them to understand that a black Bermudian's attachment to Bermudian society is far more emotionally complicated than their own. Looking at the general picture of integration in Bermuda, one concludes that there is a growing harmony between the races and a deep rift. Both statements are true, but only together. What is untrue is what is seen when one is spotlighted without the other. But to the extent that there is a rift it seems to me that its second most dangerous aspect is this failure of imagination.

The most dangerous aspect is that Bermudian blacks have been, by and large, excluded from the main stage of Bermudian authorship. Capitalistic enterprise, the glowing core of Bermudian ambition, is the area in which integration has been the poorest. There are lots of reasons for this. The time for growing business was before integration. Most of the existing firms are family affairs—white family affairs. Blacks, because of history, have no supporting network of successful advisers and backers, and the lack makes them more prone to failure. And, in connection with the last point, it is widely and plausibly claimed that blacks have not received the same treatment as whites at the banks; certainly they have not in the past found black bankers on the other side of the desk. Until very recently, it has been difficult for blacks to rise to managerial and executive levels in existing firms, but what is more significant is that, outside of services that cater to the black community, very few black Bermudians have been able to establish flourishing businesses—and it is this alone that would bring them fully into the deep capitalistic heart of Bermudian life. One can see very clearly in Bermuda that in order for a group to fully belong to a capitalistic society it not only must have a stake in the capitalistic action but must be able to contribute to it, must be an originating part of it.

One might think that since black Bermudians have had neither long nor happy experience in the field their capitalistic instincts would be undeveloped. But the opposite is true. A gay entrepreneurial taste for the gamble—an appetite well mixed with notions of wit and fun, of winning, of creativity,



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of daring, of foxiness, of having the last laugh—is a staple of black-Bermudian ambition. Frank Manning, an American sociologist, who wrote a book called "Black Clubs in Bermuda," in which he examined this trait at length, was so struck by the opportunistic outlook of black Bermudians that he concluded that it was a quality special to black Bermudians. In his book, he puts forward a theory that black opportunism has its source in the fundamentalist religious tradition, wherein religious "success" consists of intense, episodic experiences for which one has to wait but which, when they occur, achieve the desired goal of salvation all at once. He contrasts this with the Anglican tradition, which stresses methodical, plodding progress toward a salvation that lies at the end of the road. There is a difference between white and black attitudes toward opportunity. Among blacks, there is more of an emphasis upon inspiration and chance, more zest, while whites as a group are more sober, more conservative—more complacent. As it happens, some of the less subtle members of the establishment echo the liberal Mr. Manning's theory by making speeches about how they acquired fortunes through the virtue of hard work—implying that black Bermudians never get anywhere, because they do not possess this virtue. But the difference of emphasis, I believe, has less to do with religious influences than with the fact that as a group whites have achieved success—which they now look to husband—while blacks, having started from far behind, are still pursuing it. Speaking of churches, there is a story in Bermudian history that one Sunday, long ago, an entire Anglican congregation summarily raced out of church in the middle of the sermon, propelled by the message that a ship had been wrecked on the reefs. The worshippers did not go to save the victims. They went to loot the wreck. Such opportunities were known as "turtles in the net"—an uncharitable phrase, perhaps, but a frank one. I do not agree with Mr. Manning that opportunism is a peculiarly black trait in Bermuda. Throughout Bermudian history, it has been almost a requirement for survival; and an aptitude for seizing and exploiting chances was certainly a key ingredient in the stupendous success of the Forty Thieves. Opportunism is rarely a theme in the retrospectives of capitalists, where "character" usually plays the leading role—a stress on virtue and its rewards which is one of the little lies of Western capitalism. It is a small vanity that, from a human point of view, is quite under-

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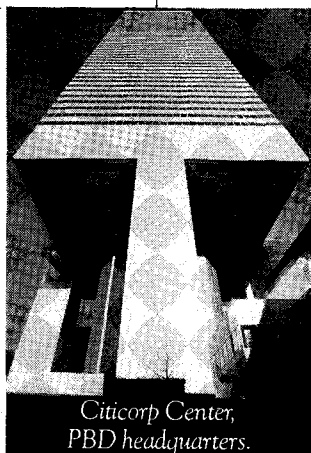
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standable, but when an economic situation changes in such a way that opportunity actually becomes drastically reduced, then that little lie becomes big, and that small vanity cruel.

If the Bermudian economy could continue to grow as fast as it has grown in the recent past, then almost certainly black Bermudians would move in significant numbers into the fields of enterprise. They already have a much better chance than they have ever had before to be hired for positions in existing businesses; and even in the field of entrepreneurship the territorial but wily establishment has seen the importance of supporting black ambitions. Such support is now a part of the U.B.P. platform. However, the Bermudian economy is not going to continue to grow at past rates. You can see that from your airplane seat. Most areas of opportunity, and hence many aspects of integration, will be affected by the slowdown, but business will be the field where the change will have the most direct effect. It will take you longer to rise in a firm, regardless of your race, because the firm will not be expanding and there will be fewer openings. Though there is room for new small businesses in Bermuda, the odds will be against them, and the possibility of turning a small business into a big business will be well-nigh nonexistent. Neither black nor white Bermudians want to face this. It's a prospect that threatens the basic, essential belief that opportunity exists. Of course, opportunity will continue to exist, but will it exist to such a degree that the fundamental outlines of the society can be altered, as they have been altered in the past?

Bermuda is way behind the United States in that the spirit of the robber baron is still alive, but in another respect she has leaped ahead to a situation that we are not likely to face so directly until well into the next century, if then. The situation poses the question of what happens in a capitalistic democracy when growth slows to a snail's pace. What happens when the upward mobility that justifies the social order of such systems is nearly halted? What happens when, furthermore, the stratifications thus settled are highlighted by the fact that, while the huge middle levels are occupied by a mixture of people, most of the people at the top are white and most of those at the bottom black? Bermuda is actually not facing this question; she is doing her best to avoid it. Both races far prefer to focus on race prejudice—a problem that by comparison is

straightforward and soluble. But the question is an unyielding one, which is pressing in at the corners of awareness—particularly black awareness. If things should go on as they have been going, integration in most areas, incomplete though it is today, would almost certainly be achieved in another generation. But if in the back of your head the consciousness is seeping in that things are not going to go on as they have been going, not because of a reversal of policy but because they *cannot*, then the future takes on a different cast. If that change originates in the capitalistic heart of the society, then those who are not already represented there are confronted with the likelihood of permanent unsureness about whether or not they truly belong in their own homeland.

WHEN I went to keep an appointment at the office of the National Trust, which is concerned with Bermuda's history and natural environment, I did not know that when Miss Elsie Gosling's distant cousins had sold their fine old house to the Trust, she had arranged to live there. So, hurrying through a light rain, I walked directly up the front steps, climbed over a low railing that confined a bevy of ducks on the porch, and, my knocks going unanswered, opened the wide screen door and went in, expecting an office of some sort. Instead, in a room off the front hall I found the elderly Miss Gosling and a friend. They were having their tea. They were quite ruffled by my entrance. A few moments of confused paralysis ensued, during which they remained frozen in postures of surprise. A broken sentence faded. The air was warm and damp, the light was gray. The silver tea service before them gleamed. More silver shone darkly from old polished sideboards—pieces of furniture that were both refined and cozy, in the Bermudian tradition, just as the room, comfortable and uncluttered, was both rustic and genteel. Wood and silver. Rain. Soft conversation in the late afternoon. The old Bermuda. Miss Gosling, recovering from the initial shock, became agitated. I tried to explain. Her alarm gave way to politeness. In a skewed manner, we communicated. I took myself away quickly, as such an apparition should, and, wading once more through the ducks, who were proprietary and made me ankle-nervous, I could hear the dreamy harmony relapse in the rooms behind. The broken sentence resumed. When you stumble upon the lost-to-the-world stillness sequestered here and

there amid Bermudian busyness, your ears pop with the change of atmosphere, deafening you on the usual level, opening your hearing to a wholly other rhythm.

The National Trust, I had managed to gather, had an office around the back. Under large trees, I found my way, discovering more ducks—these on a flagstone terrace abutting immediately on the water of the harbor, which was turquoise even in this weather. The office was a very small room, its door open to the terrace, the ducks, and the rain. Inside, quite crowded, sat William Zuill (pronounced Zool) at one desk and, at another, his assistant. William Zuill is a man in his late forties with deep-set blue eyes and an expression that is a combination of whimsy and intentness. For many years, he was the editor of the *Royal Gazette*, Bermuda's daily newspaper, and that day, sitting at an overlaid desk in rolled-up shirtsleeves and chain-smoking Senior Service cigarettes, he looked very much like a newspaperman. He is currently the director of the National Trust, but he spoke to me not in an official capacity but as a private citizen—as the devoted, knowledgeable, and sometimes startlingly original Bermudian that I have known as a friend for some years.

William Zuill is not one of the Forty Thieves, but, as heir to a large, beautiful piece of land—a rarity these days—he has a special prominence, and it is reinforced by a strong, unquestionably genuine sense of noblesse oblige. Underneath his classic newspaperman qualities—a habit of holding judgment in abeyance, a dislike of abstractions, a belief in the significance of small facts and details—there is a streak in him that one would take for sentimentality if it were not so manifestly passionate. Though he and his wife, Joyce, both work for a living, and though his land could be turned into a fortune that would keep him and his children very well indeed for some time to come, William Zuill will never sell. For him, the land is a treasure he is privileged to guard—a touchstone of Bermuda's true nature, which in his view has become endangered by the ascendancy of alien values. In the same vein, he treasures Bermudian tradition, seeing in it a redemptive power that is greater than imported forms of idealism. On the subject of race, he has engaged in a rigorous self-scrutiny that has forced him to concede against all his natural instincts that the development of Bermuda has been on the whole a beneficial process, but he stub-



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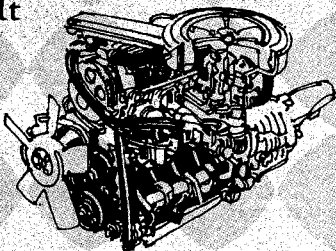
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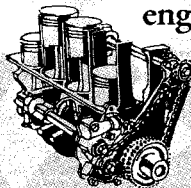
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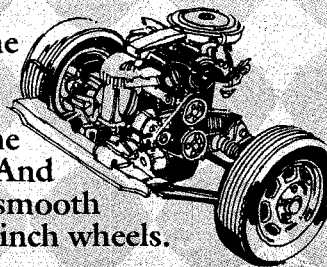
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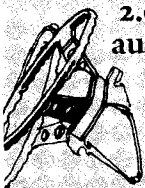
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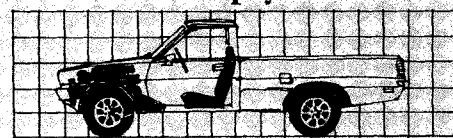


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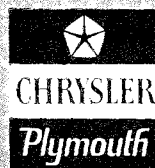
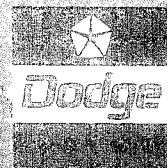
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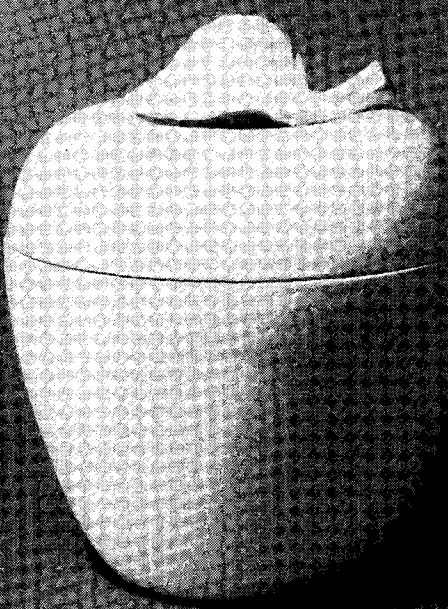
bornly refuses to accept whole hog, without qualification, the values of development, just as he refuses to throw out, whole hog, all his own values, however peculiarly old-fashioned and however problematically intertwined with the prejudices of the past they may be.

"I have thought quite a bit about what you are writing," he said to me that day in his office. "And I have come up with one angle that I think is worthwhile." He paused, tapping out a cigarette. "Undertakers." He paused again. "For example, when I went to old Wilkinson's funeral the other day, I noticed that Perinchief was the undertaker. You will find that he tends to do the old families. I always look for that. Perhaps it comes from my days on the paper, when people would call in death notices. And then I go to a lot of funerals, owing to extensive roots." An indirect approach to ideas is a Bermudian characteristic that Mr. Zuill sometimes carries to an extreme. He went on, "Now, there's the white undertaker, Bulley-Graham. Mr. Bulley was an Englishman, and the other people who have arrived comparatively recently tend to go to his firm. They wouldn't think of using a black undertaker. But with the older families it will be Albert Perinchief. Cecil W. Frith gets most of the posh black business, though Perinchief gets some of that, too. Mr. Augustus is the poor man's undertaker. He used to appear at the *Gazette* with the longest list of relatives." Slowly, a historical theory emerged from this peregrination. "Relations between the races have not been a smooth progress from slavery to the present," Mr. Zuill said, a little pained that I had to have things spelled out for me. He went on to speculate that a severe setback that had taken place in this century was caused by the arrival of rich Americans in the twenties, who brought with them a kind of prejudice that was alien to Bermuda and created a distance that hadn't been there before. The new attitude was adopted by Bermudians—particularly those who became wealthy upon the arrival of the Americans—because, having no upper class of their own to model themselves on, they tended to emulate the styles and values of the visitors. (Perhaps that is one reason so many of them are strongly reminiscent of this type.) The trend was reinforced by English people who settled in Bermuda when it became prosperous, also bringing with them foreign attitudes toward race. Not all such attitudes were adopted by Bermudians,

though, as one can see in the telltale choice of undertaker—the test that separates the true from the ersatz Bermudian. “My father mingled freely with black boys in his youth,” said Mr. Zuill, to illustrate this wavering historical course. “These friendships waned as he became older, but in my youth such liaisons were utterly unthinkable. By the thirties and forties, a much stricter code of segregation had set in. My son, however, has gone to integrated schools, and has many black friends, just as his grandfather did. The difference is that these friendships have a chance of enduring. Education used to be the great divider.”

William Zuill resists the myopia induced by the urgent problems of the present. He resents the narrow vocabulary that their formulation imposes, and tries to view them in the context of Bermudian history. It's an attitude that was given a hard test a year ago last December. Of the days before the riots broke out, Mr. Zuill said that the mood became thick, dark, and heavy, like the weather before a storm. Ordinary interchanges with black Bermudians became pointedly cordial, as though it were necessary for members of each race to signal to the other a recollection of terms other than those of the tightening siege of the present. But it was almost impossible not to be affected by the two-dimensional outlooks that diverging emotions created as they intensified into hysteria. “On principle, I am against capital punishment,” said Mr. Zuill. “But when they seemed to be saying the executions had better be called off *or else*, that tended to put me in a hanging mood.” As the crisis neared, the two races of Bermuda automatically began to refer to each other as “they.” For Mr. Zuill, this was the most harrowing period. By comparison, the riots themselves were a relief.

The riots, which consisted of arson and general mayhem, broke out shortly after nine o'clock on a Thursday night, when the last legal hope of stopping the executions was lost. The executions were scheduled for the early hours of the following morning, and they were carried out. The riots continued through Friday and Saturday. The most serious damage was the destruction by fire of a supermarket, a liquor warehouse, and several other businesses, most of them white-owned. The damage was wreaked in various parts of the island, but the major part of the rioting took place on Court Street. Most of the people arrested during these events were young and black, with previous arrest records. A man



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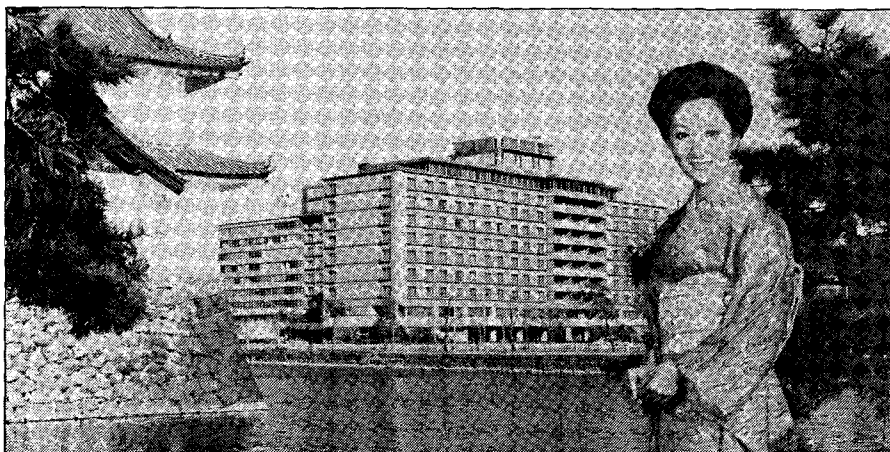
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who was present at the command headquarters of the Bermuda Regiment concluded that the riots were not in any significant way planned; if they had been, he said, the police and the troops would not have had a hope of containing them, and by and large they did contain them. By Sunday morning, order had been completely restored. On Sunday afternoon, a British regiment that had been on exercise in British Honduras arrived, at the request of the Bermudian government. This was a typically Bermudian use of the colony's relationship with England. She did not use England in the pinch. She used England after the pinch. Those in authority relied on their own resources to deal with the actual problem, and then, when it had been solved, brought in British troops as a symbol to reinforce their authority. It is typical of the relationship, too, that—unless the circumstances had been truly catastrophic—England wouldn't have come in without a firm request from the Bermudian government, and that the government paid England in hard money for the full cost of the airlift.

By themselves, the riots were a cathartic tantrum, acted out by a small, youthful portion of the population. A far graver sign than the burning of the warehouse or the supermarket was the reaction of solid black citizens to the riots and to the executions that precipitated them. Opposition to the executions was far more extensive in the black community than the government seems to have thought, and, having been ignored, this feeling turned into bridled but deep anger. For example, on the day after the executions, at one of the schools, the black teachers turned up dressed in mourning. This was quite an extraordinary act, considering the conservatism of middle-class Bermudians in general, the naturally cautious bent of teachers in particular where this sort of thing is concerned, and also the fact that by what they did they were in a way allying themselves with the actual rioters—who at this point were far from finished—against the government. It was this sort of mood which forced the establishment to eventually view the riots as a sign of something more serious than a spree by some contemptible hoodlums—as something more, even, than a reaction to the executions alone.

Not all black Bermudians wore mourning that day, but months afterward the same spirit burned in the most unexpected quarters. It burned on the fuel of the black Bermudians' frustration over their ambiguous condition—a feeling that had been focussed by the

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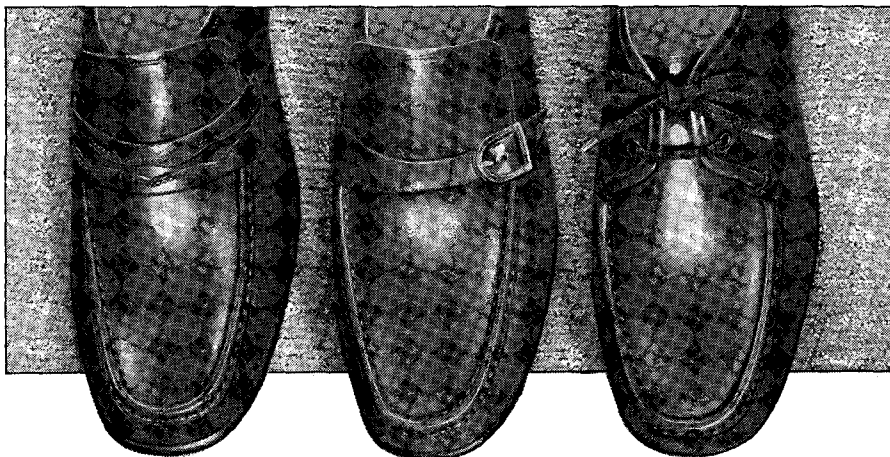
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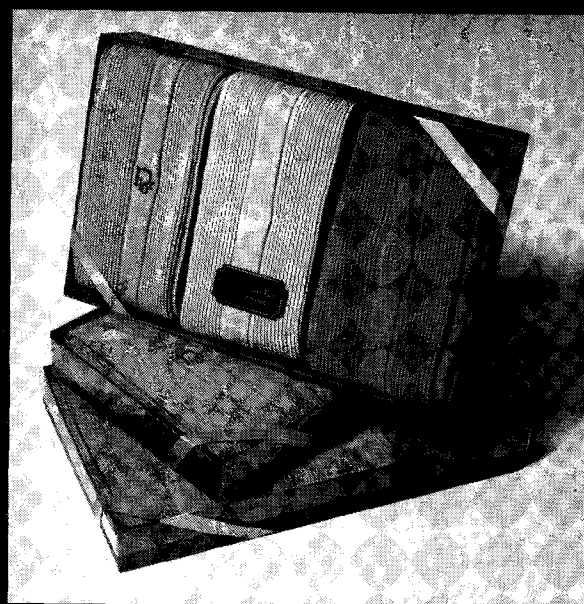


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carrying out of the death sentences. After each of the murders five years earlier, the islanders, black and white, had recoiled in shock. Bermuda is so small that a violent event of this sort seems to have happened in one's back-yard. There is no muffling, abstracting effect of distance. Had the assassins been caught and executed within a few weeks or months, probably nothing would have happened. But time muffles, too, and five years later the shocking reality was that two black men were to be executed not at a vague institution in some indeterminate place but at Casemates Prison, on Somerset, that long arm of land you can see curving out to sea from many different points of Bermuda—unless, that is, you happen to be on Somerset. It was also true, however, that five years later the shock of the brutal murders of the police chief, Governor Sharples, his aide, and the two white people in the supermarket was in general *less* muffled for the white population, which still had a strong thirst for justice, than it was for the black population; that is to say, the murders were more enduringly real for the white population. And so the punitive element of the proceedings grew, widening what had initially been only a racial nuance into a racial confrontation. A tone developed in which it seemed that Bermudian whites were bent on pushing the death sentences through, no matter what, in order to teach Bermudian blacks a lesson; and as blacks reacted to that tone, and whites reacted to the reaction, the pitch rose. The leadership made the grave mistake of not recognizing respectable, legitimate aspects of protest—objections to capital punishment, for example, or to the trying of clearly unbalanced men as though they had been fully responsible for their actions. (Bermudian justice is in several ways quite far behind both English and American, and the idea of insanity as cause for mercy is still rudimentary.) The leadership made the mistake of treating all protest as defiance, as implicit support of the assassinations, as the sort of sentiment that could be held only by the kind of outcasts who will throw Molotov cocktails without provocation. It also made the mistake of being too clever in the use of its relationship to England. Technically, either Bermuda's Crown-appointed governor, Sir Peter Ramsbotham, or the Queen, through her Foreign Secretary, could have stayed the executions, but in practical political terms this could not have been done without the Bermudian government's *asking* for it—any more than a detachment of the British Army

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could have come in without an invitation. But the Bermudian Committee for the Prerogative of Mercy, which advised the Governor, who, in turn, advised the British Foreign Secretary, David Owen, decided firmly against clemency. On the other hand, the Bermudian government used the largely theoretical British authority by allowing it to seem that the Governor's and Owen's inaction represented positive support for their own decision—thus, in a way, attempting both to reinforce their decision and to transfer final responsibility onto other shoulders. This maneuver backfired. It associated the sentence of death and the authorities responsible for carrying it out with an image of white imperialism. It conveyed the impression that not only white Bermudians but powerful white Britain as well were out to teach black Bermudians a lesson. In the light of the well-known liberal views of both Governor Ramsbotham and Dr. Owen, it seems likely that either man would have been more than happy to intervene if it had been politically possible. Whether or not this is so, members of the Labour Party in England made strong statements in Parliament in favor of clemency as the execution date neared. In an incident quite revealing of the Bermudian government's attitude by this time, a Reuters report of these speeches was censored by the *Royal Gazette* at the government's request. The government's excuse was that it could not believe that the report was true. This justification is not as lame as it sounds. Given the pitch of emotions by this time, it is perfectly possible that the government leaders were unable to believe that respectable English politicians could desert them, because, in the leaders' view, to have stopped the executions at this point would have been to capitulate to a violent, lawless element in the society. So in the end the position of the government was punitive. In the end, the opinion of the government concerning the last-minute appeals was that a stay of execution would be a far graver blow to lawful authority than the disorderly activity that was foreseen if the executions went forward. The leaders of the government took this position not knowing how bad the riots would be, but, more important, not realizing how far into the black community anger at their actions had spread. For them it had become a matter of taking a firm stand against what was seen as a

blackmailing threat of riot. For a large section of the black community, however, it had become a matter of whites in general imposing their will on blacks in general. The feeling of racial polarization blinded both sides to facts—such as the true position of English authority in the matter, such as the presence of black Bermudians both in the government and on the Committee for the Prerogative of Mercy, such as the strong advocacy by some blacks of execution, and such as the equally strong feeling against it on the part of many solid citizens, black and white. In this sense, the feeling of polarization was a distortion of reality. But in a deeper sense it was not a distortion. What had happened during this period in Bermuda was that through a series of errors and

misunderstandings a dormant knowledge that lay between the two races like a seismic fault had been activated. It was the knowledge that the two races had not yet learned to care deeply about each other—deeply enough so that in matters of life and death they viewed each other's existence as equally precious. The whites had learned that to many blacks the senseless death of a white man did not have the enduring horror that it had for them. And the blacks had learned that a black man who killed a white man was for many whites not really an individual, who would die an individual death. He was beyond the reach of compassion. He was an abstraction.

ON a Friday evening, in the Longtail, a pleasant Front Street bar, a group of young black men, all successful—either holding good jobs or embarked on professional careers—relax around a table in the faintly stilted manner of up-and-coming young men everywhere. They keep the conversation lighthearted, Bermudian-style, and the rest of us in the bar, Bermudian-style, listen and join in. They are discussing décor—in particular, the wonders of *Architectural Digest*. *Architectural Digest* is a glossy American magazine full of photographs of the often preposterous interiors of the homes of the very rich. *Architectural Digest* is a fantasy magazine. In the Longtail group, a subscription to it is a big status symbol, not only because the magazine is heavy, and hence expensive to have mailed to Bermuda, but also because a taste for adventurous décor is a highly respected quality. Black Bermudians— young, up-and-coming black Bermu-



dians in particular—do not have eyes for the demure, cozy architectural tradition of the island; nor are they much attracted to the reserved style that goes with it. These qualities bore them—seem timid, stifling, even unfriendly.

"Now, the difference between white folks and black folks is that when white folks build a house they hide it away behind trees and bushes, so that you hardly even know it's there," says a civil servant, whose knowledge of décor seems to be held in awe by the others. "Even if you are invited to one of them, you never really see it. All you see is bits and pieces. Now, if a black man builds a house he cuts down all the trees and puts in a big picture window, so that everybody can look right in and see how well he's doing."

This observation is greeted with hilarity. His use of the American black vernacular "folks" is in itself a statement of sorts.

"You know what annoys me?" says a doctor who is just starting out in practice. "I don't like the way they imply that American things are inferior to British things."

"Do you mean styles in interior decoration?" I ask.

"Well, that, but other matters as well," the doctor replies. "There's this snobbish feeling about American education, for example. Most black Bermudians go to America, because it's closer and cheaper. But that doesn't mean it's inferior. American medical schools are far more advanced than English schools, but there is still this feeling that they are second-rate."

His pals respond with a chorus of assent.

"You know what else annoys me?" he says. "People—black Bermudians—who imply that just because you have done well you have sold out. They assume that just because I'm making money I belong to the U.B.P. Well, the truth is I haven't made up my mind. But I get this cold shoulder. I resent that. It hurts me."

All around the table, he has struck a chord. Everyone is embarrassed. Bermudians are embarrassed by seriousness.

An older, quite prominent black Bermudian relieves the situation by returning to an earlier joke about white stinginess versus black generosity. "The difference between a white dinner party and a black dinner party is that at a black dinner party they serve food that people like to eat, and as much as they want to eat," he says. "At a white dinner party, you find yourself sitting in front of a plate and

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can accent: "Bah-bee-lahn." It means bad things—the evil ways of non-Rastafarians, perhaps, and the terrible retribution that must inevitably befall them. It can also mean the police. For example, during the riots the television cameras picked up crazy-coiffed, oracular Rastas shouting "Bah-bee-lahn! Bah-bee-lahn!"

The following was overheard on a Hamilton street corner. Two policemen, one black, one white, both Bermudians born, were passing the time of day.

"I guess you'll be going out for bowling practice soon," said the white policeman. "Bowling" is a cricket term, for the equivalent of pitching.

"Yes," said the black policeman.

"The police team looks pretty good this year," said the white man.

"Yes, it does," said the black policeman. "But you won't see me on the police team."

"Not going to play on the police team! Why on earth not?"

"I wouldn't like to be seen playing with policemen."

"But you *are* a policeman. Everybody knows that."

"That's true. I am a policeman, and everybody knows it. But playing on the police team, that's just too much Bah-bee-lahn for me."

PORTUGUESE people make up a fourth ethnic group in Bermuda. Many of them come from the Azores, on contract to do stoop labor in the fields or to work in the hotel kitchens—jobs that Bermudians won't take. Like the West Indians, they are looked down on by Bermudians for being poor and for being willing to do such lowly work, and, at the same time, are resented because some of them, through enormous perseverance, manage to stay on and move up in the society. The Portuguese and the West Indians are the ones who actually fit that virtuous picture that the Anglo-Saxon Forty Thieves like to draw of themselves, although in all but a few cases their successes are considerably more modest. After a generation or two, people from both groups are absorbed into the population without distinction. Politically speaking, however, the Portuguese tend to the right, and thus continue to be at odds with some black Bermudians. Harry Viera, for example, a member of parliament, manages all by himself to be a conservative counterpart of the orators at the Zenji Health House. An example of the sort of immigrant zeal that annoys black Bermudians is a family of Azoreans who the morning

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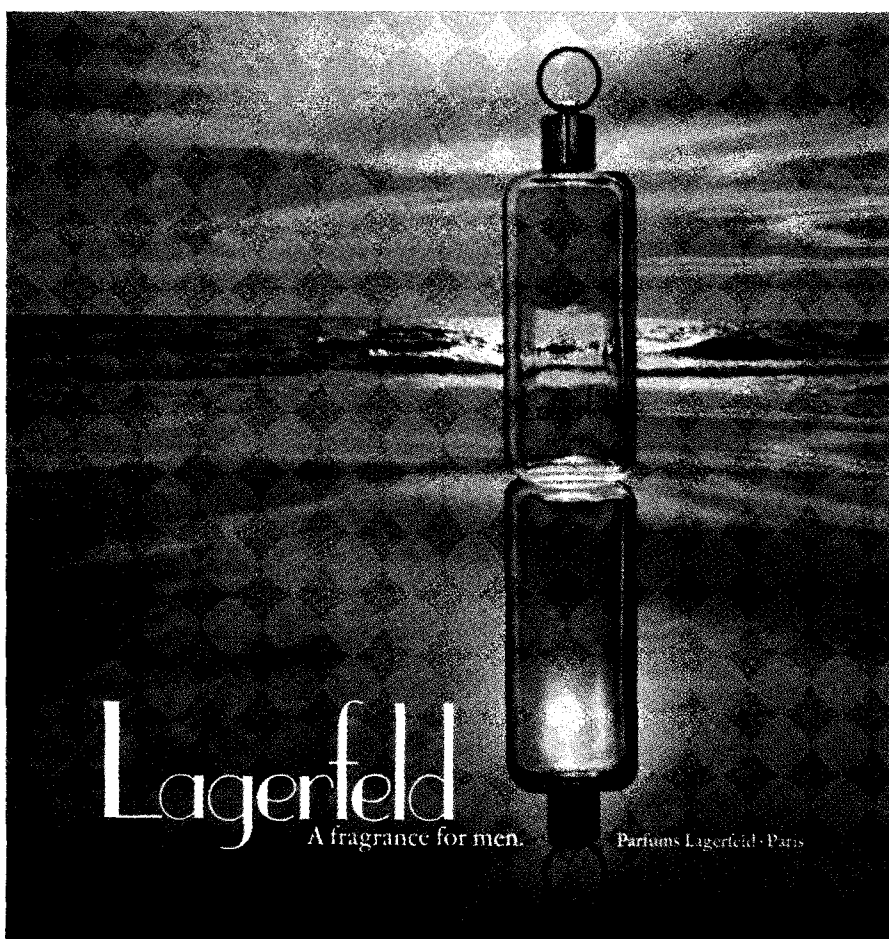


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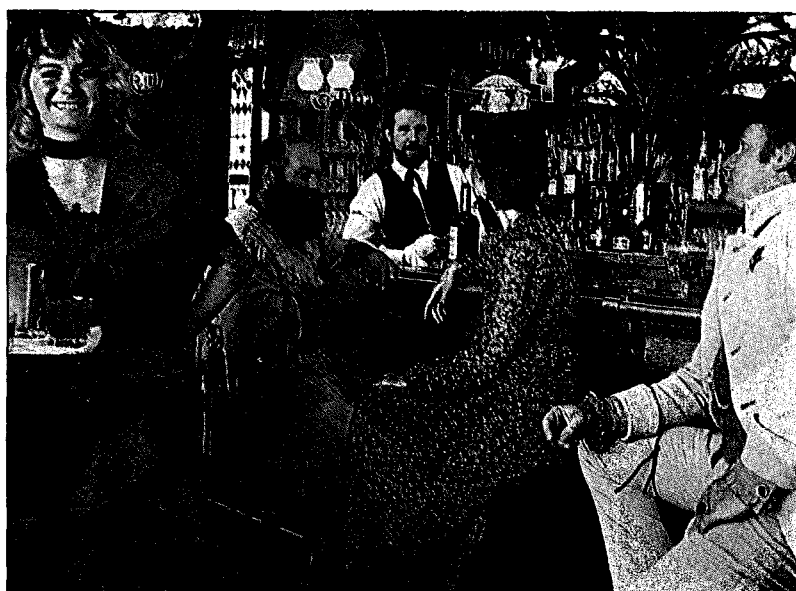
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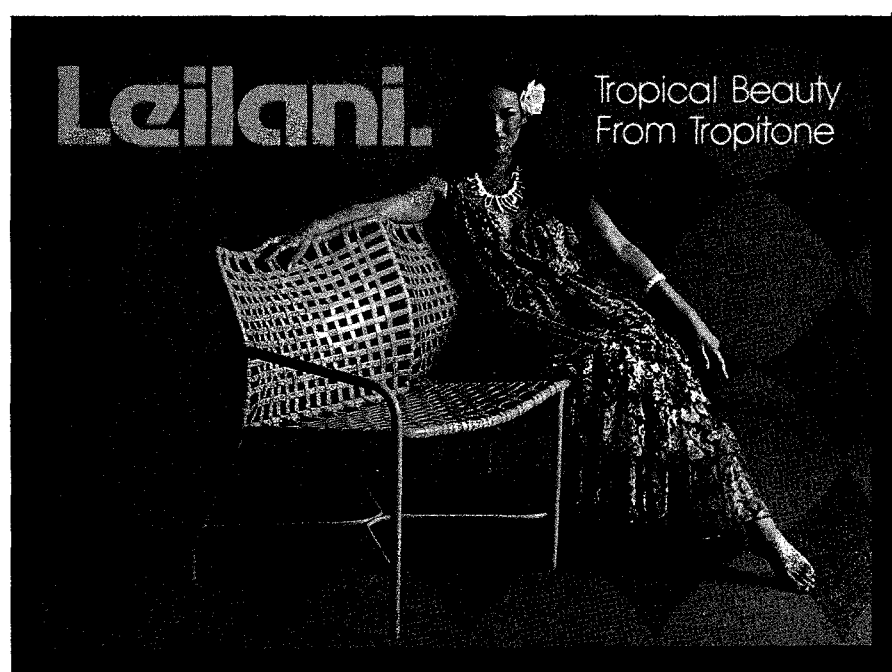


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after they had arrived rushed out and washed the street in front of their house. Evidently, this is something done by good citizens in the Azores. It was quite new to Bermuda.

FENTON TRIMINGHAM is the president of Trimingham Brothers, Bermuda's largest department store. On the way to visit him in his office, I passed through a zone of polished cedar and brass where well-bred matrons and tactful gentlemen stood ready to help customers choose items from piles of sumptuous woollen goods. Like much of the surface appeal of Bermuda, the attractiveness of Trimingham's is a quite British form of attractiveness. Compared to the looting-party atmosphere of many of our own stores, Trimingham's is like a church. But Fenton Trimingham himself, a white-haired, boyishly affable man in his early sixties, has a strong American accent and a frank, athletic manner. He would fit right in in Darien, Connecticut, or a summer colony on Martha's Vineyard. Indeed, he did just that for one period of his life, and he still has many American friends, whom he enjoys entertaining at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club when they put into Hamilton Harbor in their yachts or fly down for a holiday. Unlike his brother deForest (Shorty) Trimingham, who sits in parliament—and unlike a number of the Front Street people—Fenton is not a politician, and so he is rather less guarded in his speech and manner. He was openly distraught when I introduced the subject of what are euphemistically known in his set as "the disturbances." For some reason, he had got the impression that I intended to write an article about Trimingham Brothers. Since I was fresh from one of the more embroiled black political circles, I at first found this misunderstanding unbelievable. But it was actually quite logical in the establishment view of things; that is, that the most important and interesting thing about Bermuda is Bermudian business, and in that category Trimingham's is certainly a prominent subject. In Mr. Trimingham's view, it was I who was arbitrary in my focus, for I was choosing to look at a sensational aberration in Bermudian life rather than at the enduring substance. This hurt him. It was an affront to a very personal loyalty and pride. "One of the greatest scandals of our time is the way the newspapers scavenge for the unfortunate incidents and then blow them up and distort them," he said. "Even big newspapers, like the New York Times.

They don't seem to have any interest in the good news. There is plenty of good news."

I got an idea of what Mr. Trimmingham meant by good news when, as I was leaving, he gave me a copy of a supplement that the *Royal Gazette* had published in 1959. The document looked in every way like a newspaper. It bore the *Royal Gazette's* logo, it had headlines of varying size, and it was broken up by photographs. But the "news" in it consisted entirely of the history of the Trimmingham family and of Trimmingham's. The most important news was on the front page: "JAMES HARVEY TRIMMINGHAM SET UP ESTABLISHMENT 1842."

TOP VALU was a large supermarket in the Court Street area, but the shelves were sparsely filled and there were very few customers—none, in fact, most of the time, so the one checkout girl could gossip undisturbed with the boys who dropped by. Upstairs in a barren office, Lee Tucker tried to explain why his business had not been a success. The goods on his shelves, he explained, were higher-priced than those at Piggly Wiggly, the island's principal market, because Piggly Wiggly had five stores and could ship goods in by the containerload. There might have been a way of getting around that, but he could not arrange the kind of long-term financing he needed from a bank. Had the banks discriminated against him, I asked. Lee Tucker's brow became knit—a black-Bermudian expression I came to be familiar with. He did not seem to be sure how much of his troubles were due to unfairness and how much to his own mistakes. An older man had just arrived in the office. He had white hair, very light skin, and large blue eyes, and was wearing Bermuda shorts and knee socks—a rare outfit for a Bermudian black. In startling contrast to his proper appearance, he was eager to tell, in true, free-wheeling Court Street style, of a conspiracy among the banks to make all black businesses fail. But this embarrassed Lee Tucker. Mr. Tucker did not want to associate himself with this attitude, and he cut off the jeremiad just as it was getting rolling. He had got to know one of the officers at the bank, he said, and this officer spoke frankly to him, man to man—told him plainly when he considered a proposition to be unsound. Lee Tucker cherished this evidence of acceptance. Quite possibly, a cause of Top Valu's failure was a lack of trust by a white bank in a black businessman. Quite possibly, also,



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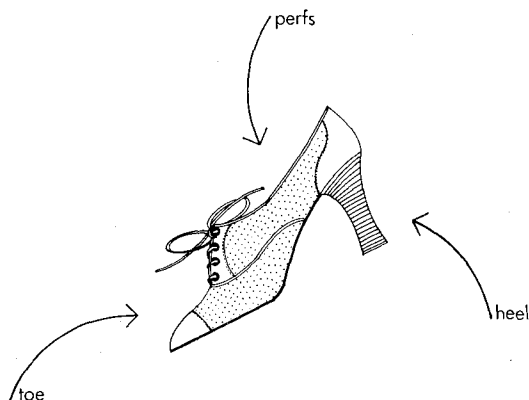
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the inexperienced businessman made mistakes. More than likely, however, the major factors were that the existing competition was, because of its size, close to unbeatable, and that there was no real need for another supermarket. More than likely, it would have taken not just competence and decent financing but a stroke of genius to launch a supermarket under these circumstances. During our conversation, however, Lee Tucker resisted this possibility more strongly than the possibility that he had failed through discrimination or mismanagement. The conversation ended with Lee Tucker saying forcefully that if the black people in the neighborhood would only patronize him despite the higher prices, as an act of solidarity, as a way of creating jobs in the neighborhood, he could succeed. Because everything must be imported, food prices in any store in Bermuda are very high. This was not the neighborhood in which to ask people to pay prices higher than necessary, for whatever reason. When I spoke to Lee Tucker, he still had a last-ditch plan to put Top Valu back on its feet. Some months later, the supermarket closed for the last time.

STANLEY THOMAS is a successful black businessman. He has a tourist-oriented shop in a good spot on Front Street. He and his wife—who, incidentally, is white—have the combined air of anxious pride and deep exhaustion which is the hallmark of small, aborning proprietorships. Mr. Thomas is a friend of Lee Tucker's; both of them are officers of the National Businessmen's Association, an organization of black businessmen, and they were kind enough to gather together a number of their colleagues for my benefit. Mr. Thomas has been expanding his shop toward the rear, and I met the group in a small, cluttered back room amid half-finished construction. A happy, forward-looking scene, but in fact the keynote of the atmosphere in the room was the knit brow. Mr. Thomas, it became clear, was in a tough spot. There was a conflict between his own success and his allegiance to his colleagues. His success was, in a way, a rebuff to their complaints, so in order to make clear whose side he was on he had to adopt an air of depression and frustration. For example, when a colleague of his from Saint George's (the other town in Bermuda) complained that the tourist office was routing cruise ships into Saint George's first and Hamilton second—tourists buy more heavily toward the end of a trip—Mr. Thomas nodded gravely, even though this pattern benefitted

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him. "That's very good for Stan, here," said this colleague. "But it favors Front Street, where you find most of the white-establishment businesses." Mr. Thomas could evidently take little pleasure in the fact that he had pulled off a great coup by getting a spot on Front Street. He couldn't laugh and slap his knee—the normal Bermudian reaction—because, in an insidious way, success has become a controversial matter for young black Bermudians. It's tinged with betrayal. In mournful tones, Mr. Thomas launched into

a story about how, after he improved the premises, his white landlord had raised the rent. Now, that is a bitter experience, but it is also the way of landlords of all races, everywhere.

FROM his rather different perspective, Sir James Pearman is also inclined to see forces allied against him. Sitting in the air-conditioned, carpeted offices of Conyers, Dill & Pearman, one of the two law firms that have managed to corner the profitable custom of companies for which Bermuda is a tax haven, Sir James has a British air about him, though he comes of old Bermudian stock. Brittle, unsmiling, he made it very clear that he had granted an interview because he thought he ought to, but that he did not intend to be forthcoming. If a foreign journalist comes to Bermuda, word gets around fast. If the journalist, for no other reason than orderliness, decides to work from the bottom levels of the society up, it is automatically assumed in some quarters that the journalist is anti-establishment. For the duration of the interview, Sir James sat with his body pressed forcefully into the back of his chair, his expression that of endurance.

How might the social effects of the economic slowdown be handled?

"I don't know," said Sir James.

Did he have any thoughts about the future of Bermuda?

"I don't know," said Sir James.

"Thank you," I said at last, rising to go.

"I can't imagine what for," said Sir James, letting escape his first hint of friendliness as he showed me to the door.

THOUGHTFUL Sir Peter Ramsbotham, the Governor of Bermuda, is rather inclined to the long view, perhaps because of the semi-detachment of his position; perhaps, too, because the long perspective comes naturally as

one nears the end of a diplomatic career that has taken one through many historical changes in many parts of the world. Sir Peter's term as British Ambassador to Washington was the apex of his career. He was disappointed when, in the summer of 1977, he was replaced by Peter Jay—not because of his performance, which was considered exceptional, but merely because of a personal preference on the part of a new Foreign Secretary. There were, however, compensations. He was made governor of Bermuda—an appointment

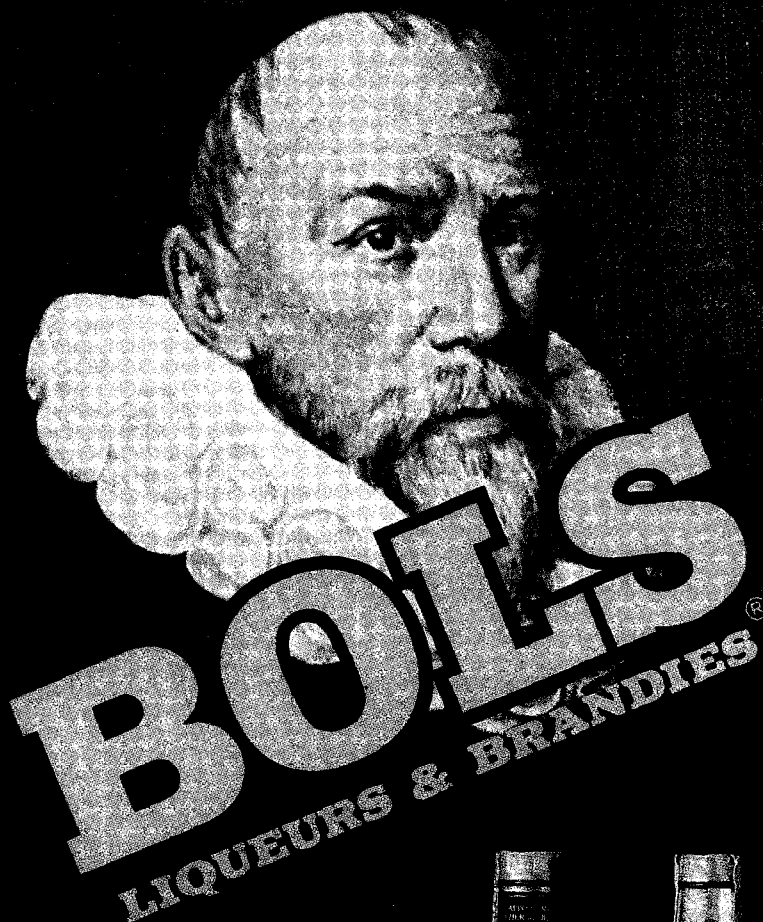
of considerable prestige and to a lovely place in which his official duties would be comparatively light and he could look forward to having time for retrospection, for writing, and for his avocational passion, which is bird-watching. It did not work out quite that way. Almost immediately after his arrival, he was thrust into the middle of the tension that reached its climax in the executions and the riots. It is possible that if he had known Bermuda better he might have argued more forcefully for a stay of execution, and remotely possible, though unlikely, that he might have used his power of clemency in spite of the advice of the Bermudian leadership. Because he was a newcomer, however, his chief role was to try to bring the various factions together—to try, for example, to get David Gibbons and Lois Browne-Evans to sit down with each other and discuss issues in a cordial, reasonable way. This was not a success. Through a fleeting sparkle in his politely evasive eyes, Sir Peter lets it be known that the vain efforts of his suave, global-minded self to mediate the squabbles between a provocative Mrs. Browne-Evans and an outraged Mr. Gibbons did at least have a humorous side. In the end, he threw up his hands and conferred with them separately, insisting that he alone report to the press.

Several months after the riots, Sir Peter was still embroiled with problems such as whom to appoint to the Royal Commission that was inevitably called for to study the causes of the riots. He was still speaking with the air of a man whose attention has been wrenched away from its desired object but who is resigned to this, who intends without question to subordinate his own wishes to his duty. Such is the thankless sunset honor of the British Empire: one must try to do one's best by the ungrateful children; one must try to act responsibly toward those no longer rewarding dependencies incurred by other genera-

tions (while one's own years are lengthening); one must not shirk; one must be *good*. Sir Peter's position is very far from that of a symbol of colonial power. The self-interest of the country he represents is minimal. Bermuda provides jobs for a number of English people, and British Airways enjoys an exclusive right to air transportation between Europe and Bermuda. That's about it. As an appointee of the British Labour Party, Peter Ramsbotham stands for a philosophy that is considerably to the left of the Bermudian establishment's, and in some ways even to the left of the opposition's; at the very least, it is a philosophy that is a great deal more sophisticated in its understanding of leftist principles and paradoxes than is that of the Bermudian left wing. On the other hand, the colony he governs is more prosperous than the colonial power he represents. His role is to wisely shepherd Bermuda into a future that is rosier than that of Britain. To find oneself in a spot like Sir Peter's must be to find oneself pinched between two historical periods: cramped by both the consequences of the past and responsibilities to the future, with little feeling of space for one's own generation—only the space afforded by a country that is going through the trauma of rapidly shrinking in importance.

An interview with a foreign journalist is just one more of those unexpected duties imposed by a period of turmoil, although courtesy prohibits Sir Peter from showing this. A tall man who knows how to use his height so that it is pleasant rather than imposing, an elegant man who is not vain, a knowledgeable man whose eloquence is giving rather than impregnable, he imbues the interview with his charm. "I rather sympathize with the idea of Bermuda for Bermudians," he says. "If I were a young black, I would not have any feeling of connection with England. I don't know what my heritage would be. African, I suppose. Britain is associated with the slave trade. Britain is a very, very long way away. Why should blacks identify with it? Yet can a place this small really be a nation? I wouldn't have thought so a few years ago. But since then a number of micro-nations have emerged, such as Seychelles. It's a fashion, I think. I expect in twenty years or so the fashion will change." The conversation turns to economic matters. "I don't know of any other place in the world where you have to start planning for a satiated, surfeited economy," he says. "This is the place for

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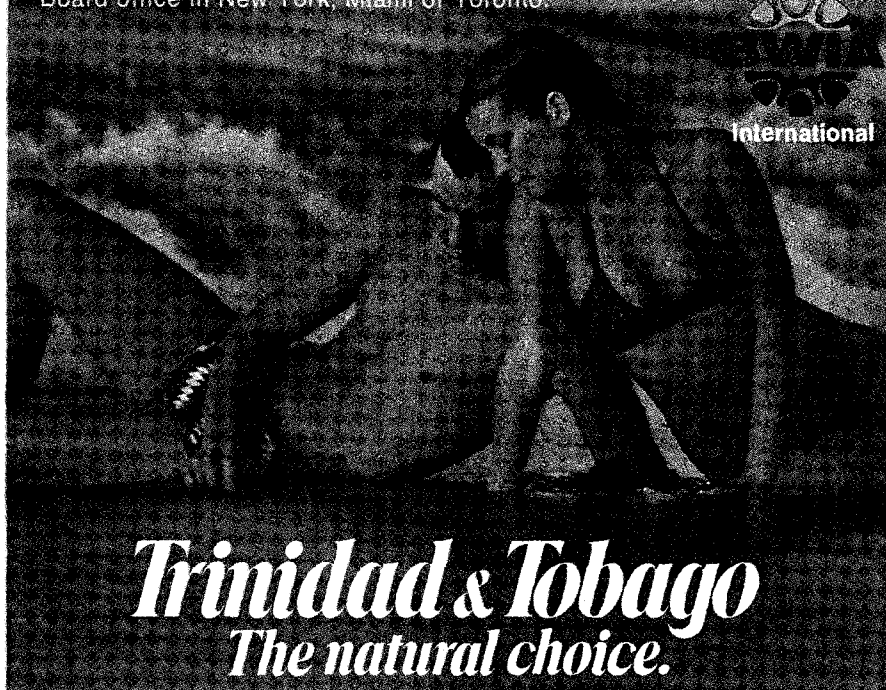
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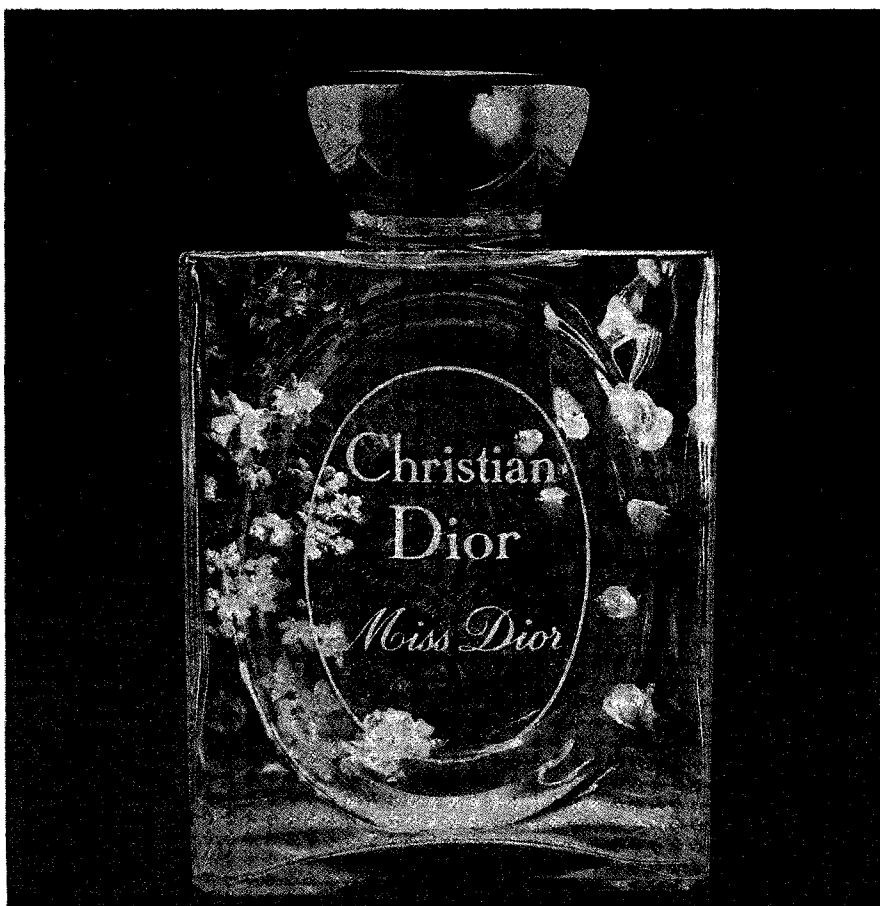
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the economists of the future to look. How do you keep up a high standard of living? Bermuda could be a model for the world—in terms of race relations as well as economics. Supposing everything were fair—and it will be, over time, for no platform says no to that, even if it doesn't mean it—then Bermuda could go out into the world with a metaphysical colonialism, exporting its expertise in doing it right: the way Greece did in the fifth century B.C., forming little colonies in which Greece was started all over again. I can see tiny Bermuda doing this. Otherwise, why be a model? What's the point?"

He delivers these observations with relaxed zest—the perfect note. But there is a whole stratum of Peter Ramsbotham that is not engaged here: a level of intellectual interest and worldly shrewdness which came out, for example, in an earlier, totally informal conversation about Jimmy Carter, with whom he got on very well; about the United States; about the problems of world power—the sort of subjects, perhaps, that he would like to write about. He has concentrated on Bermuda, as is his duty, but it is a detached concentration, a little too selfless, a little too long in perspective to catch firmly on the humanity of the situation. And yet the detachment has been useful, too. He *can* mediate better than anyone else, because there can be little reasonable doubt of his fundamental impartiality. Since my visit, Bermuda has returned to normal, and the demands on his time have lessened. There has been time for writing, and for bird-watching, too, although even this uncontroversial activity is not without a jarring note. Eric Amos, a professional bird painter, whom Sir Peter likes to accompany, always insists that they use his own battered car. The Governor's Daimler, explains Mr. Amos, is too conspicuously the Governor's car. Who knows that there isn't some lunatic skulking about waiting to take a potshot? Governor Sharples, after all, was shot while walking his dog in the company of an aide, who was also shot, along with the dog. The risk is small, he admits, but he doesn't care to take it. The Governor is accommodating, although, like all leaders who run this sort of risk, he himself simply cannot afford to think about it. One can't help noting, however, that it is one thing to take such risks if you are a President, or if you are helping to build a great empire, and quite another if you are only attempting to honorably conclude a period of his-

tory in a place in which you yourself have no stake whatever. Meanwhile, Peter Ramsbotham's dearly loved but hitherto rarely enjoyed English country home patiently awaits the return of its owner.

The position of governor of Bermuda—tentative yet inescapable—is the reverse side of a black Bermudian's position. Both navigate the uncertainties of a period of transition. The governor is overentitled. His problem is to hold himself back as the outsider that he really is, even though his position at the pinnacle of Bermudian authority places him, symbolically, on a mountaintop at the very center of Bermudian society. Black Bermudians are underentitled. Their foothold on the social slopes is slippery, and their authority—their authorship—is still elusive. It's possible that if the movement for independence—which has been brewing for some time—is a success, the space created by the governor's withdrawal will make room for black Bermudians to consolidate their position. In a psychological sense, the eradication of the ambiguous British authority might also resolve some of the ambiguities of the black position. However vestigial his powers, the governor's presence is a reference to imperialism, although in Bermuda the significance of that reference lies not in a suggestion of subjugation by a foreign state but in a suggestion of a social system. In New World places, the gentlemanly style of the British diplomat conveys a distinct feeling of a society stratified by class. It is a reference to an Old World aristocracy, to unchallengeable exclusion. It conveys a sense of a fixed superiority that is somehow genetically based, somehow God-given. White Bermudians depend to some degree on this reference. They use it. It gives them a respectability—in the eyes of the rest of the world as well as at home—that they otherwise might not have. It lends them an extra stature that they would not have if they were face to face alone with their black compatriots. It was not clear to me that Peter Ramsbotham, for one, completely understands this. He seemed to assume a bond between white Bermudians and England which is deeper and truer than what actually exists. In the same way, in talking with a spokesman in the British Foreign Office about the politics of clemency I got the impression that London has an inflated view of the importance of the governor. It's an impression that induces the curious speculation that perhaps the rather magnificent selflessness of En-

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gland in relation to the vestiges of her
empire—a finer passage in her history
than the building of that empire—stems
from an illusion of her importance
which is based on memories of the less
morally glorious period; and this illu-
sion, in turn, is used in colonies as a
tool of resistance to the kind of progress
that her honorable sense of responsibili-
ty dictates that she promote.

ONE evening, I arrived early for an
appointment at the Bermuda In-
dustrial Union headquarters, a large
stone building on Dundonald Street,
just off Court. The street was dark,
and also empty, except for a group
of men on the Union steps who were
smoking marijuana and drinking hard
liquor from a shared bottle. Across
a parking lot, a few lone customers
could be seen wending their way
among the sparsely stocked shelves of
Lee Tucker's supermarket. So in-
congruous was the sight of a white
woman, all dressed up—suit, purse,
heels—in this part of town at this
hour that the bunch on the steps,
after a moment of hesitation, decided
that I was invisible. Inside, the lobby of
the Union was deserted. As I sat read-
ing my newspaper—faintly uneasy—the
murmuring conversation from the
group outside floated in through the
doorway, and occasionally laughter,
like a flock of startled birds, took sud-
den flight.

After a while, a figure shuffled
through the doorway. It was an old
man, skinny, bent, with loosely hang-
ing, faded clothes. Seeing me, he
stopped dead. "May I come in?" he
asked.

I explained that I was only a visi-
tor—which must have been obvious—
and was in no position to prevent his
entry.

"But may I come in?" he insisted.

"Yes, please do," I replied.

"Thank you, thank you," he said.

He edged toward a cigarette ma-
chine and took a book of matches which
was lying on top. Looking over his
shoulder, he said, "May I take these?"

"I'm just a visitor," I said. "It's no
business of mine."

"Yes. But may I take these?"

"Help yourself," I said.

We went through the same routine
over some fliers lying on the desk,
which were clearly there to be picked
up by passersby. They concerned Un-
ion activities—announcements printed
by a black-Bermudian organization for
black Bermudians—and yet he did not
feel safe taking one without permission
from me, a white woman, and a for-

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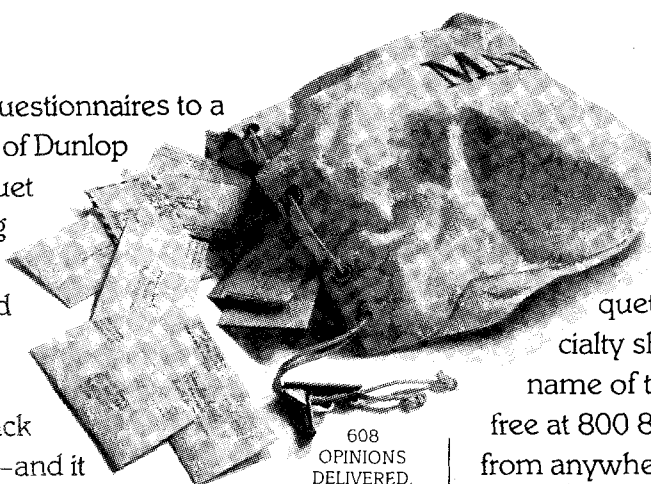
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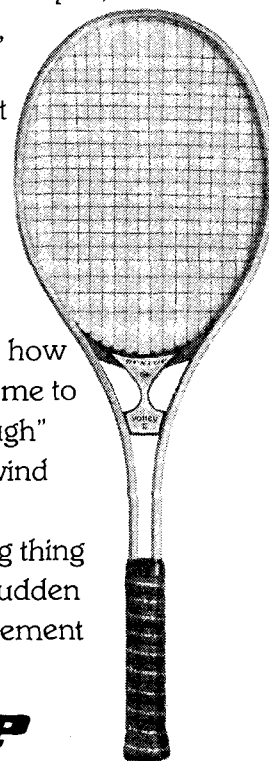
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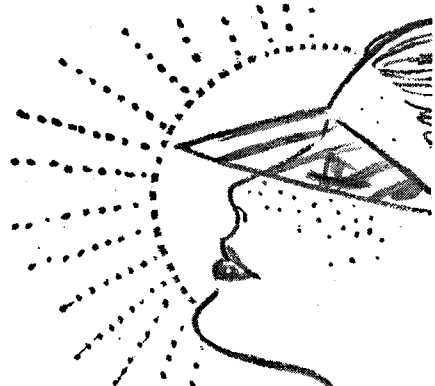


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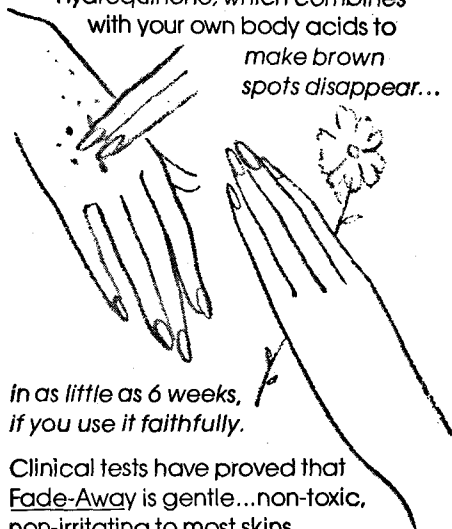


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eigner as well, although he may not have known that.

"Good evening," I said as he shuffled toward the door.

He seemed startled to hear my voice again. "Good evening. Good evening," he replied.

This, no less than Elsie Gosling's tea party, is the old Bermuda.

Outside, on the steps, someone struck up a tune on a guitar, joined by a strange, disordered singing, part reggae, part calypso—a medley of fragmentary musical thoughts as they occurred independently to the participants.

SOMEONE who is deeply involved with present-day Bermuda is Sammy Wilson. He is a black Bermudian who runs the Pembroke Youth Center, an athletic organization in an old church near Court Street. In appearance, he is a trim, sneaker-bouncy man, but when I went to see him at a youth-program office in a government building I came away with the impression of a person tense to the point of incoherence. Like wave after wave of an inexhaustible army coming over the ridge, a free-associative, fast-paced barrage, consisting of everything from recitations of awards received to confessions of his wayward youth and avowals of conversion which gave him strength in adversity ("I know what love is. I know what annihilation is"), finally left a visitor no choice but to edge toward the door, nodding in agreement, waiting for the slightest break in order to escape, and finally, seeing it would never come, departing in mid-stream. Later, when I went down to the Pembroke Youth Center one evening, Sammy Wilson was a different man. Amid the echoing cacophony that is the hallmark of all gyms, he was playing badminton with a group of tiny children, helping them cope with the large racquets, adjusting grips, explaining, patting heads, lithely stretching forward to lob a shuttlecock so that it fell right for a shakily held racquet on the other side of the net. Sammy Wilson was happy. Up on a kind of stage, teen-age boys bobbed around practicing their boxing. Boxing has been the most successful and popular project of the club, and Sammy Wilson has turned out some winners, including Clarence Hill, a black Bermudian who won a bronze medal at the Olympics in Montreal. In a back room, Leon Raynor, a diminutive man of Indian descent, and a postman by day, explained the problem of the young men who continue to hang around the club after they have grown up, depleting the

sense of purpose and setting a bad example. Some of these were lounging about on run-down furniture, looking large and uncontrollable. "We don't like to kick them out though," Mr. Raynor said. "It's a problem." I wandered back out to the main room. Sammy Wilson was—in the middle of a badminton game—giving pointers to the boxers. He didn't have time to talk. As I left, he waved his racquet gaily.

DURING the Christmas season that came hard on the heels of the riots, the Governor and his wife gave a dance. The dance was in honor of the young daughters of Lady Ramsbotham's secretary, and about two-thirds of the guests were teen-agers. Of these, only a few were black, but, while an outsider might have initially been shocked by this disproportionate ratio and inclined to make much of it, in fact it reflected the incompleteness of a new administration's guest list. The real significance of the ratio was that a predominantly white guest list was far more available than a mixed one to a new governor who was putting together a party in a hurry. Still, there it was: a smart party in the Governor's mansion, presided over by the charming, vividly British Sir Peter and Lady Ramsbotham, the leading, albeit transient, figures of Bermudian society, and not many black children were present. All the children were a bit stiff at the beginning, but after supper the rock music loosened them up and gradations of insecurity became apparent. The white children were able eventually to make it their party, but the few black children remained guarded, a little too consciously on their best behavior to have a really good time. At one point in the evening, a white boy of thirteen, home on holiday from his English school, was dancing with a white girl near a black couple about the same age. The white boy was well dressed, but with a touch of casualness; by now his sports jacket was open, his blond hair a little tousled, his movements free within the limits of the style in which he was being trained. The black boy also carried the unmistakable mark of the English school—which stands out so clearly in teen-agers, almost as though one could actually see a huge mechanism of restraints working upon the raw and opposite material of adolescent impulses. In fact, the mechanism was even more apparent in the black boy, whose well-tailored gray suit had remained buttoned, and whose manner was almost rigidly polite and reserved even in the context of rock and roll. Although, as often hap-

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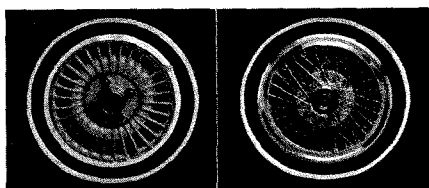
Top right: Frank D. Green, 23, commutes to New York by private jet from his home in Palm Beach. Robert Pascoe, 39, of Toronto is one of Canada's leading film directors.

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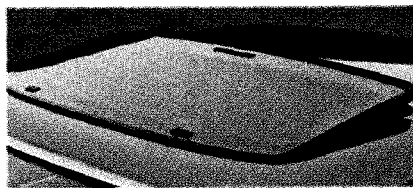


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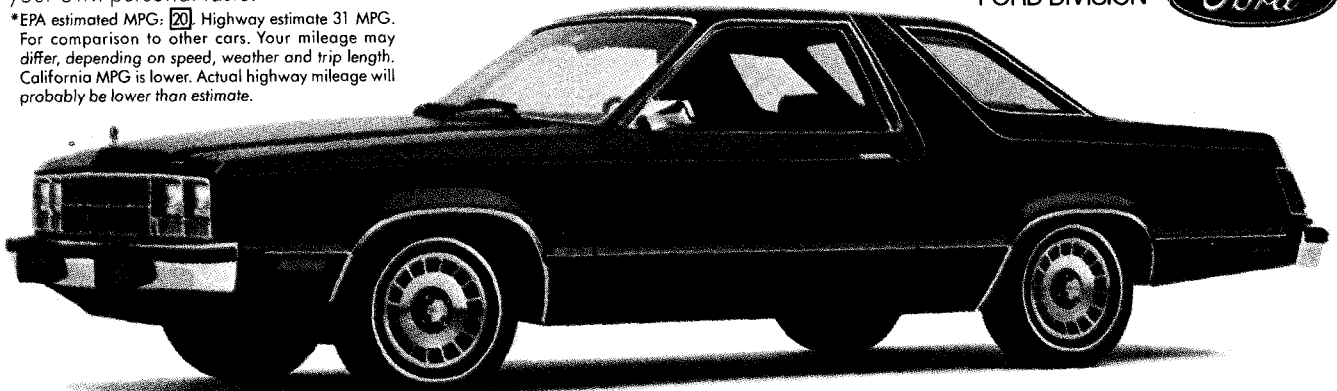
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pens at that age, both boys were smaller than their partners, the black boy was also smaller than the white boy; he had not yet gone over the divide into spurting adolescent growth, and this made the transaction that followed even more elusive of analysis than it might have been. What happened was that after a spell the white boy initiated a double cut. He did this with authority—a necessary authority, because the black boy was hesitant about what to do. The white boy had to make it clear to the black boy that the natural thing, the very point of the transaction, was that they switch partners. He acted, I believe, at least partly out of a sense of responsibility—a sense that it would be a good thing to have integrated partners on the dance floor. All this was accomplished with admirable grace. The white boy could not have been more easygoing, could not have been gentler or more friendly in the way he took this initiative. The fact that he was the one who controlled the situation could easily have been due to his being a little older than the black boy and hence the one to guide. Yet the fact remained that the white boy had complete control of the transaction, and that as a result of this control the black boy found himself dancing with a white girl larger than he was. While dancing with a black girl larger than he was, he had been quite able to manfully keep his end up, but this was too much for him. He could not meet the white girl's eyes. She was friendly enough, but was she really pleased? Eyes down, eyes aside, eyes everywhere but on his partner's face, he continued to dance in his perfect gray suit to the thumping, Dionysian music: music with black origins, music that might be said to be the opposite of the old Anglo-Saxon ways, music that had been developed largely by young white people and was a symbol for them of rebellion against those old white ways—those same ways that this boy, propelled by other historical forces, was striving so hard to incorporate into his personality.

LOOKING at the Bermudian situation, one gets a strange sense of an era past, not just for Bermuda but for the whole world—an era whose furniture has not yet been replaced but whose occupying spirit is gone. Looking at Bermudian problems, one finds certain solutions coming immediately to mind—independence, for example, or a socialistic system. The ideas are so ready to hand that they almost seem to materialize. Yet one finds oneself greeting them with a kind of listless-

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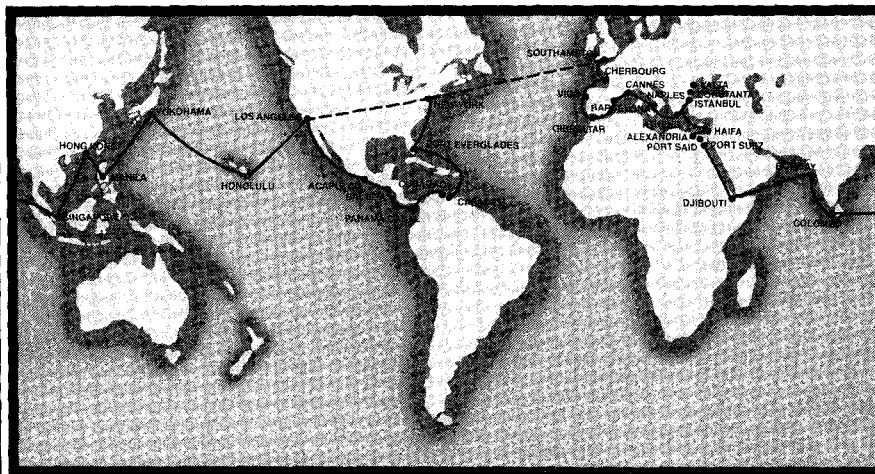
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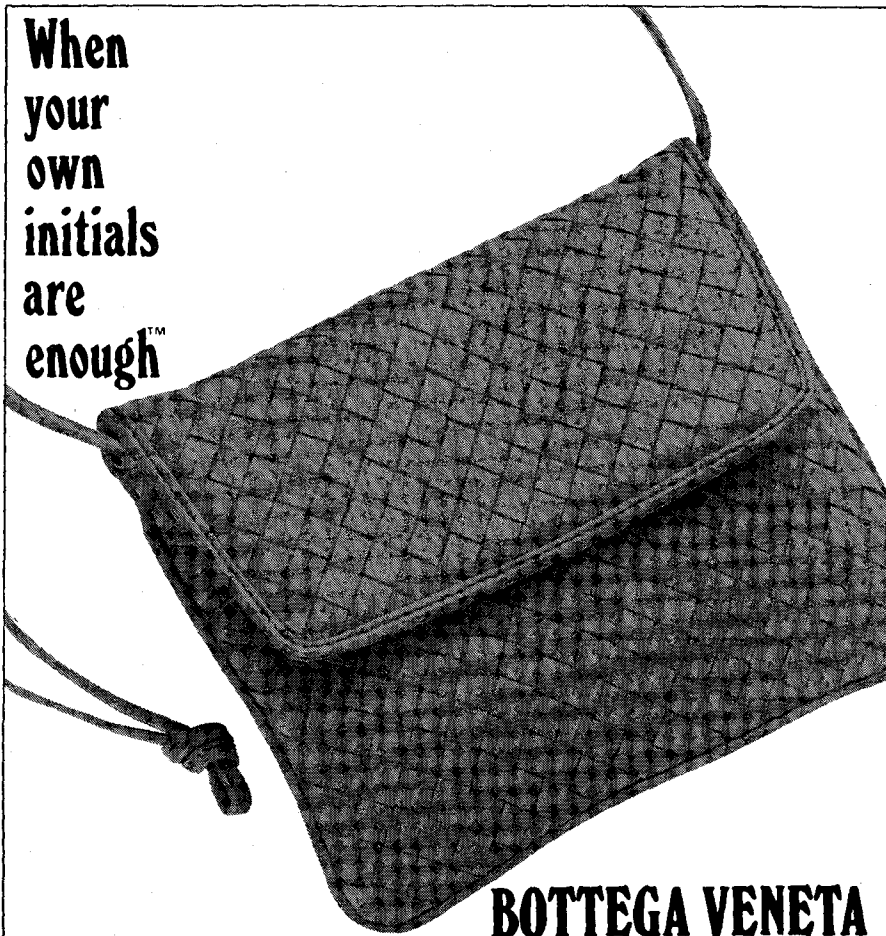
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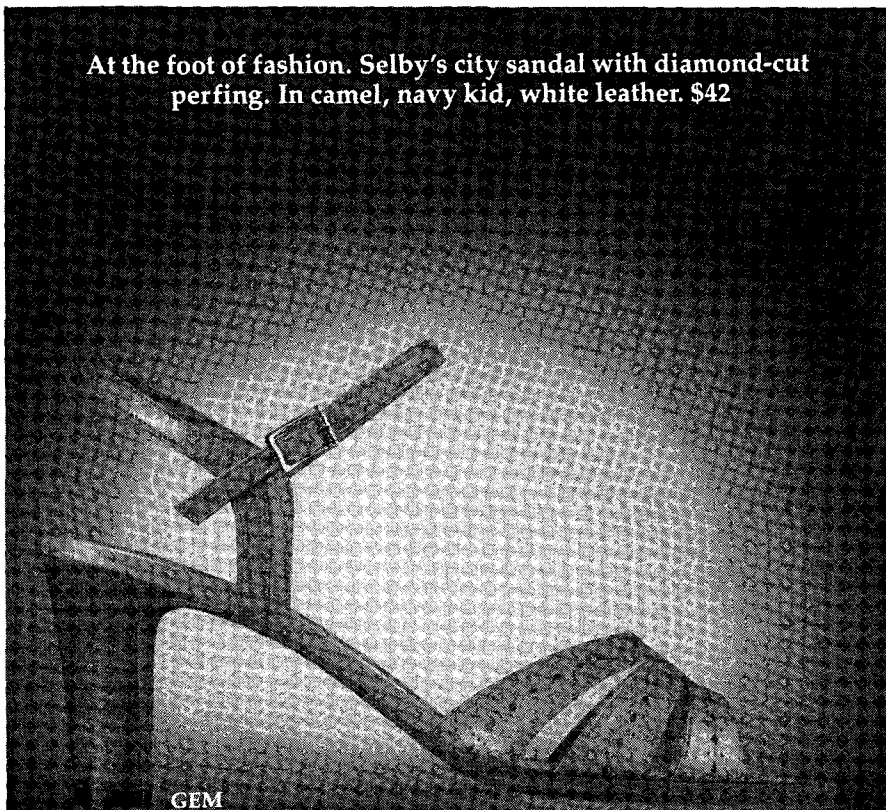


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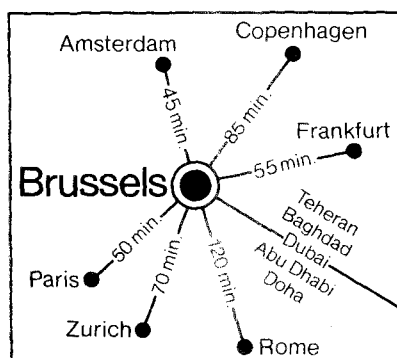
ness, a kind of mechanical deference. Ideas like socialism and independence, which once set people on fire—which once seemed to presage revolutionary change—now seem curiously irrelevant. Bermuda will probably become independent, but aside from causing a psychological shift independence really won't make much difference. This is partly because Bermuda has, in effect, ruled herself for some time, but it's also because being a nation doesn't seem to mean much anymore. In the case of Bermuda, independence is really little more than one card that the establishment holds and with which it can temporarily palliate the blacks' frustration. The establishment will probably play it—reluctantly—and it will be a concession of sorts, but whatever national enthusiasm follows the move will, I predict, have a lame quality. Ten years ago, this might not have been so. Now it's just too late. The same is true of socialism. Socialistic reform might eliminate the very top and the very bottom layers of the society, but for the majority it would only be a way of precipitating the constriction that they are already beginning to feel and dread. It would be the end of upward mobility, the end of big opportunities, the end of the gambling life. Bermuda is beyond solutions like socialism—although you'd never know it from listening to parliament, where, for shock value, an espousal of socialism is almost as good as exhortations to go fornicate in the bushes. To the white establishment, "socialism" evidently means something crazy, the end of civilization as we know it. When the opposition, as it loves to do, starts bandying the word about, a number of members on the U.B.P. side can be counted on to rear up in their chairs, as if to say, "Now you have really gone too far. Now you have proved yourselves to be completely outside the pale." Yet the truth beyond this rather naïve ritual of debate is that socialism, like independence, just doesn't seem to apply to the situation. Some sort of mild socialistic reform will probably come about—there is no excuse for any neglect of social needs in prosperous Bermuda—but it won't change things very much. The idea of socialism doesn't address the problems. It is off to one side. It is itself fraught with problems, which are the same problems that Bermuda, on her capitalist route, is headed for.

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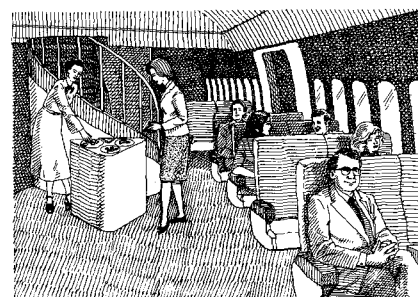
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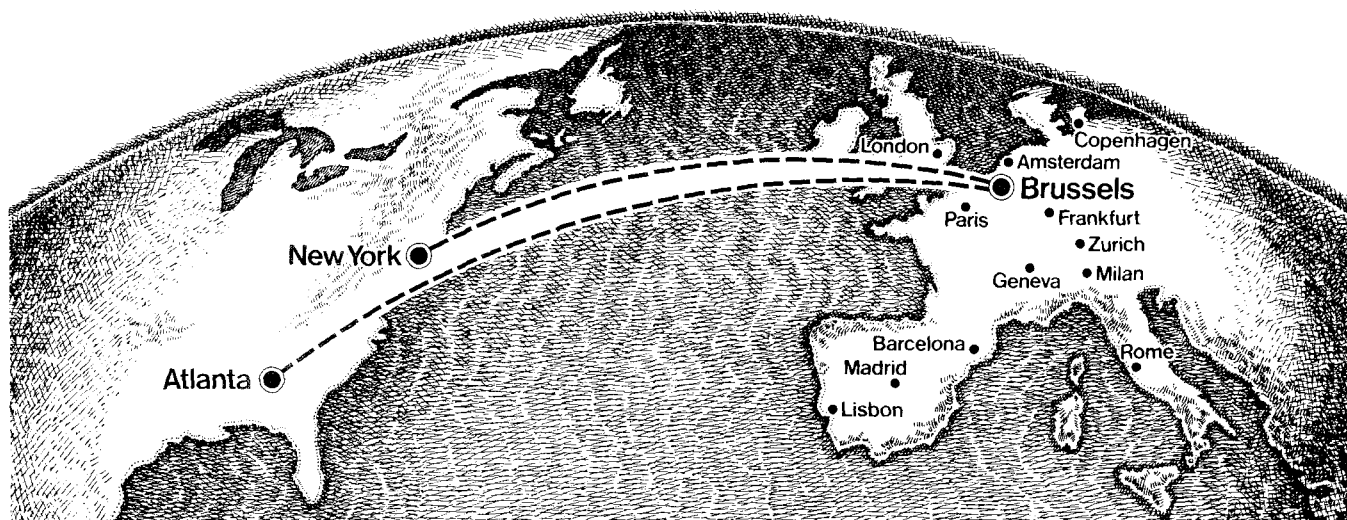
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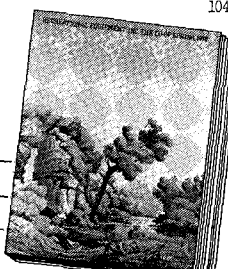
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than are available at home. They are known as the expatriates—or expats—and they constitute one-sixth of the work force. They stand out distinctly in the Bermudian population: ruddy, cream-fed farm girls from the North of England; melancholy aging young men who laze in a fading aroma of Oxford, or perhaps some lesser institution; modern, citified young women living their lives as a kind of public psychodrama, about as un-Bermudian a mode as can be found; cerebral men and women, the clergy of the social sciences, to whose earnest beliefs has been added a strong undertow of thwartedness. The expatriates help staff the schools, hospitals, and social services—such as they are—and the businesses and hotels as well. In one way or another, most of them seem depressed. They are there on contract, and their visas can be revoked at a whim. They have no stake in Bermuda. They need her, but they feel superior to Bermudians. Among the more educated expatriates, there is sometimes a genuine effort to be positive, to make the best of things, to contribute—a difficult thing to do, because Bermudians resent them—but a large group doesn't bother. There seems to be a whole army of waif-like young men and women with the smoggy pallor of inland industrial towns, unblossomed, docile, stunningly incurious. Speaking to them, one feels that one has come up against a wall that has become so thick that it fills whatever private space it might once have enclosed. They hold jobs as clerks, bank tellers, secretaries. They appear to have no interest whatever in Bermuda, and rely mainly on each other for company: gathered together at a party, they generate a very faint glow of comfort. They are people who are evidently completely resigned to severe limitations—people who expect little of their lives, and who recoil from even a conversational spark, as though that might perilously raise expectations. Beside the expatriates—all of them, but these in particular—Bermudians seem almost absurdly sanguine: gigantic, overblossomed, bursting with childlike, egotistical, innocent, dynamic qualities. They feel that expatriates hold jobs that should be filled by natives, yet few Bermudians are willing to put in several years of training for a dead-end job, as the expatriates are. Bermudians would think of investing that kind of effort only in a great future. If they are not going to aim for the jackpot, they choose an easy route, such as flying off to the United States or to Canada for a six-week course—often, unfortunately, at

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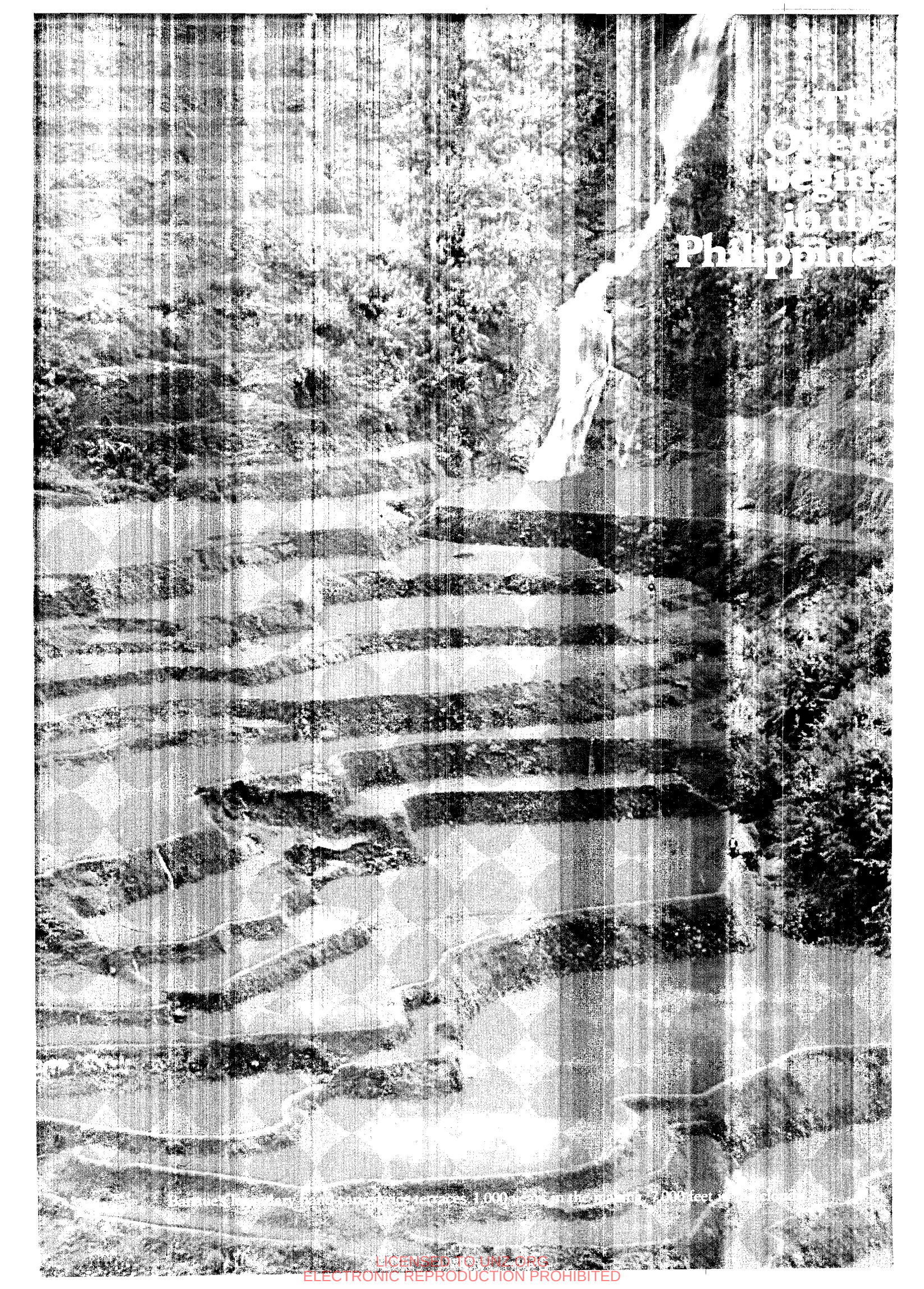


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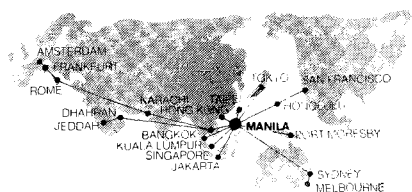
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what are called "sucker schools," the result being that they can't compete with the thoroughly trained foreigners. The expatriates, in the sense that they can be cut back and their jobs turned over to natives, are one of the hidden resources with which Bermuda might counter the slowing of growth. They are also significant in another way. Perhaps their state of mind has to do with being away from home, but it seems likely that it also has to do with the conditions of reduced opportunity at home which they have been forced to accept. Something seems to die in modern Western people when there is nowhere to go in life. They can accept it, but only at great cost. Bermudians are a long way from acceptance.

LAST spring, three months after the riots, I went to a Saturday-evening boxing match billed as "International." The mood was rowdy, masculine, heartily communal. Perhaps the sassy, flamboyant black youths and the pink-cheeked young men with the Rotarian manner, the pompously prosperous-looking black gentlemen of middle age—known as the "B.B.s," for "black bourgeoisie"—and the rough-looking white laborers would not mix well at a dinner party, but here they were all swept up, first in the same loud anticipatory mood, then in the hush that fell as the matches began. The opening period consisted of fights between Bermudians, of increasing age and weight. In each one, a boy from Sammy Wilson's club was represented, and all were watched with a keen eye for budding talent. To me, one match was horrifying. It was between middleweights—a big black youth who looked like a wild man, and a slender white policeman with creamy skin, small blue eyes, and an imperious expression. The types in themselves conjured up race war, as did the fight, which was furious, lasted only seconds, had terrible sound effects, and ended abruptly with blood pouring from above the policeman's right eye. It was not a race war. To the audience, it was just a fight in which one boxer knew that his only chance was to surprise the other and get him disqualified on medical grounds right away. The audience was with the policeman.

In the intermission, Skipper Ingham entertained by performing a ritualistic dance that appeared to belong to the Samurai tradition, or perhaps had something to do with karate. He wore a black robe and held a long sword, with which he executed many movements. The dance was slow, formal, and very

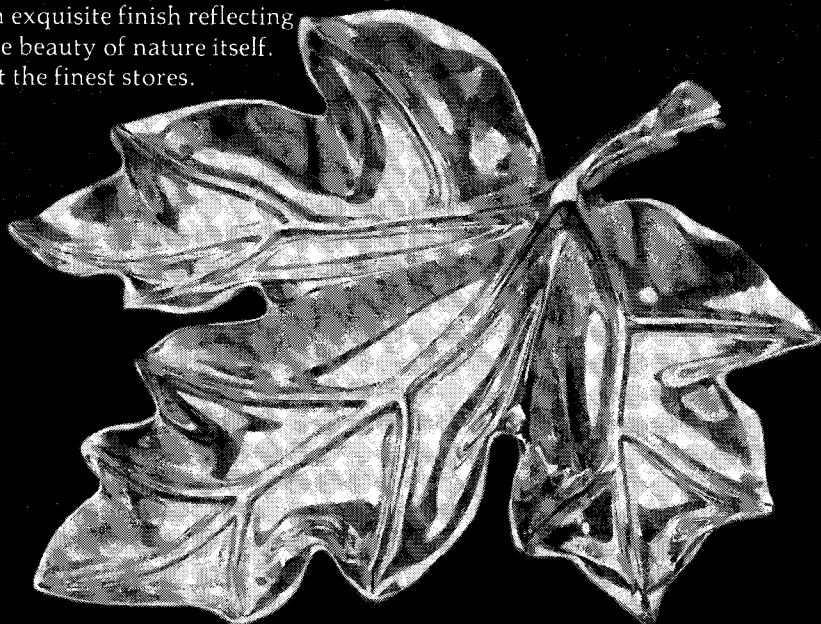
long. Toward the middle, the audience got restless. Remarks began to be thrown out suggesting that people had had quite enough, and toward the end the remarks were mixed with boos, catcalls, and loud, irreverent laughter. Skipper Ingham paid no attention. He appeared to be in a heaven of pride and happiness. When he had finished, he and Sammy Wilson embraced.

Then came the international card. The international athletes consisted of a Bronx club, managed by a Mrs. Rafaela Rosario, who was introduced as the first female manager in boxing. Two of the boxers were Mrs. Rosario's sons. They all seemed desperate to win, and before going into the first round each one made the sign of the Cross. This floored the Bermudians. "It's the wooman," explained some Portuguese gentlemen who were sitting behind me. One of Mrs. Rosario's boxers was so disappointed when the attending doctor took him out of a match that he wept. This also astounded the Bermudians. "It's the wooman," said the Portuguese gentlemen, with growing conviction. Fiercely egged on by Mrs. Rosario, some of the Bronx boys did well, but when they lost, the Portuguese gentlemen knew why. "It's the wooman," they said, with certitude. The evening ended well, with a young white Bermudian heavyweight winning handily. The Portuguese gentlemen did not say of the loser that "it's the wooman." They said of the winner that he was a wonderful boxer. Everybody thought he was a wonderful boxer.

A mood like that cannot be codified in legislation. It cannot be fabricated by social workers. It cannot be preached. Either it is there or it isn't. In Bermuda, it is there—not all the time, in all places, but it is there. The other is there, too: the rift—the anxiety about the lid closing on the future, the knowledge that blacks and whites do not yet care as deeply for each other as they do for themselves. What is going on in Bermuda is a race between the steadily growing black-white harmony—which must, however, go at its own pace—and economic changes that threaten to retard the merging. It will be interesting to see what Bermuda does with herself in the next ten years or so: to see whether she genuinely transcends the racial antagonisms that seem to be characteristic of places of Anglo-Saxon origin; to see whether the dinosaurs of the white establishment continue to display unexpected agility, miraculously without rupturing their antediluvian hides; to see whether the black leaders will overcome their

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sense of having been cheated by history of emotional satisfaction—more than three hundred years of degradation having been wiped out with an ease that seems almost to belittle the suffering—and move as mature leaders to power, which is certainly within their grasp if they choose to assume it. This last would be a far greater advance for black Bermudians than independence, but it would also cost them something. They would, in a way, have to give up their blackness—just as whites, by accepting their leadership, would have to give up their whiteness. In short, both would be left with the common qualities of Bermudians, and this would afford the most interesting prospect of all. It will be interesting to see what sort of match those qualities, so oddly mirroring our own—an exaggeration here, an omission there—are for the crisis of slowing growth. It will be interesting to see just how this snippet of a place answers the vast questions that face the whole Western world.

WHEN the sun came up on the morning after the boxing match, the waters in the curve of the fishhook were streaked with cobalt and sapphire, though toward the horizon they were a hot, frothy color, the color that strawberry ice cream would be if strawberry ice cream were blue. At Horse-shoe Bay, the sea, unbroken by reefs, crashed against the fantastically eroded limestone, dropped in curtains of sunlit spray, and surged into secretive coves. Later, in some of the coves, tourists took sunbaths. Churchgoers went to church, warmly dressed. Some heard sermons by fiery black preachers. Others listened to the pale, earnest young Anglican priest, recently arrived from England, who was still uncertain of how to convey his social ideals without causing disruptions in his mixed congregation. Perhaps the young black boy who had danced at Government House was there. If so, he was impeccably dressed. David Gibbons probably spent time poring over statistics of some sort. Lois Browne-Evans, on the other hand, probably spent a lot of time on the telephone talking politics—though only after church, for she is a devout Catholic. The up-and-coming young men who like to have a drink or two at the Longtail on Friday evenings probably did whatever up-and-coming young men do on their Sundays—a little self-consciously, a little proudly, but, in any event, in newly bought clothes of the sort that are called casual but are too neat and blindingly clean to be really casual. Perhaps Henry Tucker, after a late morning “pop”—



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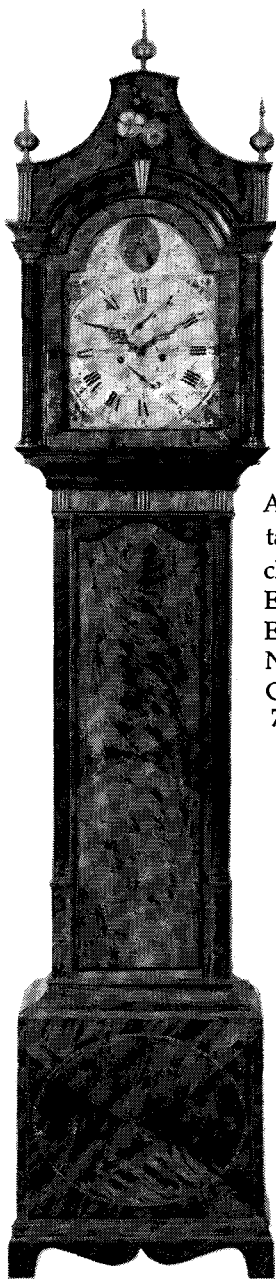
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Scotch-and-soda—strolled down to visit his hippie grandchildren, who have adapted one of the houses on his compound to a casual style quite competitive with anything one might find on Court Street. Perhaps his hippie grandchildren, with their Rasta friends, caused Sir Henry Tucker to reflect on the amusing twists of history. From the high promontory at the far end of Saint George's one can look down into the lagoon called Tobacco Bay—untenanted that day, because it is a beach used by natives, and Bermudians swim only in summer, no matter how warm it is in other seasons. On the other side of the lagoon is a fortress that was built by the English. It is militaristic, jealous, determined—all in all, decidedly un-Bermudian. From it a large gun points out to sea, and that morning, beside the gun, also looking out to sea, was a man on a motorbike. He wore a white helmet and a yellow slicker. They—the man and the gun—were in sunlight, but the turquoise sea that framed them was in shade and, toward the horizon, met low black clouds in a strange, murky darkness. The wind was strong, and the whitecaps against the darkness were a dazzling white, as, once, were the imperial sails that tore across the passage, propelled by the same kind of stormy warm weather, on purposes of great urgency. The Governor probably went bird-watching that day with his cautious companion in the battered car. William Zuill, after church, after codfish and potatoes, probably attended to some chore on his land. Perhaps the chore recalled to him his reply when I told him that, according to Skipper Ingham, Bermuda was going to return to fishing and farming. "I have a boat," said Mr. Zuill. "I have a hoe." I don't have to guess what Mr. Ingham did that day, because I saw him. He was sitting on a chair outside his shop on Court Street. He looked that day like an old man. He looked both transported and spent. He looked like an Oriental sage. He was wearing the robes he had danced in the night before. He was basking in the sun.

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

Victor Carilli, son of Mr. and Mrs. Santo Carilli of Standish Drive, was married to the dean's list at Fairfield University for the fall semester. Mr. Carilli is a freshman business major and a 1978 graduate of Ridgefield High School.

—Ridgefield (Conn.) Press.

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In Sunny Italy

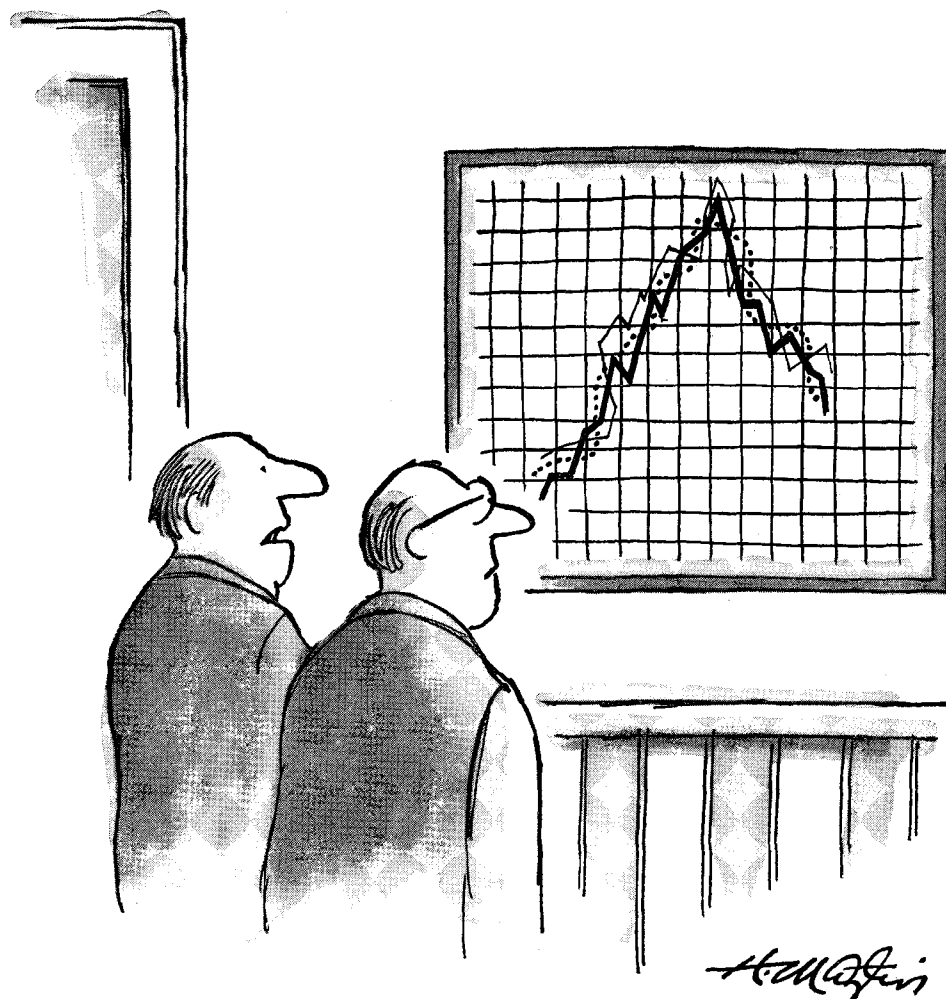
THE opening scene of "Carmelina," the new musical at the St. James, is a church square in the little town of San Forino, somewhere not far from Naples. The sun is shining down on all the happy-go-lucky folk there—nuns, priests, pretty girls, and high-spirited young men—and though the time is said to be 1961, it might just as well be 1921, and the place might just as well be Heidelberg, or even Graustark. Sets, costumes, lighting, dialogue, music, and dancing are so much those of our grandparents' youthful days that at first we suspect a highly sophisticated prank. Is this perhaps a Mel Brooks-like parody of some original musical comedy now lost to history? But no—except for the ingenuities of Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics, which are often welcomingly tongue-in-cheek, we appear to be in the presence of a work calculatedly retrograde in form and spirit and therefore wrapped in mystery. For the more I think about "Carmelina"—and "Caramelina" might have proved a better title—the more puzzled I become. What did the co-authors of the book (Mr. Lerner and Joseph Stein) find so interesting about the situation upon which they have erected their complicated, tiresome little plot? In part, this plot hinges upon Carmelina's being unsure which of three G.I.s she made love to during the Second World War is the father of her daughter; it also hinges upon the love that a local café owner feels for her and that she ignores. Not a word uttered in the course of the performance can make us believe that any real emotion lies behind Carmelina's multifarious deceptions of her lovers, her daughter, her maid, her admirer, and her fellow-citizens. Her deceptions are piffle, and the songs that are set at intervals in the midst of the piffle (Burton Lane has written the music for Mr. Lerner's lyrics) appear to have, by intention, the prospect of a life of their own. Some of them are likely to become standards, and they bear such convenient, all-purpose titles as "It's Time for a Love Song," "Love Before Breakfast," and "One More Walk Around the Garden." (As depicted, the café owner would never think of making love before breakfast; as depicted, the three aging ex-G.I.s would never employ the metaphor of a garden for the decline of their amorous appetites.)

The two stars of the show are Geor-

gia Brown and Cesare Siepi. By energy and sheer pleasingness, Miss Brown makes Carmelina a more sympathetic character than she deserves to be; moreover, Miss Brown belts out a couple of songs—"Why Him?" and "I'm a Woman"—with a professional brio that brings down the house. As for Mr. Siepi, he is charming but distinctly at sea in the role of the café owner. He is being used simultaneously for comic relief and for romantic interest. He is not at ease as a comedian, and when he bursts into song his voice is so much bigger than anyone else's and has such formidable authority that we respond with bewilderment: why are these majestic organ sounds emerging from the throat of a man who humbly potters about waiting on tables? The three ex-G.I.s are played by John Michael King, Gordon Ramsey, and Howard Ross, and the daughter is played by Jossie de Guzman. The prettily colored sets are by Oliver Smith, the costumes are by Donald Brooks, the light-

ing is by Feder, the choreography is by Peter Gennaro, and the direction is by José Ferrer.

PEOPLE who complain of the scarcity in contemporary theatre of plays that are well written and well made had reason to be grateful last week for the arrival, at the Longacre, of Brian Friel's "Faith Healer." Mr. Friel is by no means a stranger to Broadway—his "Philadelphia, Here I Come!" was a big hit here in the sixties, and a later play, "Lovers," was also well received—and I'm sure that he is aware of how unconventional he threatens to become when he pursues conventions that many of his younger colleagues have long since scornfully abandoned. In the arts, it is always a risky business to seem comfortably at home in the past, and it's true that Mr. Friel is sometimes a trifle too literary for his own good; a distinguished short-story writer as well as a playwright, he tells the intricate, curious tale of "Faith Healer" by means of three voices, but we are never unaware that the voices are his and that the suspense he creates is a result of the cleverest possible con-



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trivance. His plot is more that of a novella than that of a play; it looks back to the Henry James of "A Bundle of Letters" rather than forward to, say, the Sam Shepard of "Buried Child."

There are but three characters in "Faith Healer"—Frank, an itinerant, hard-drinking Irishman, who possesses a gift for healing the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and who doesn't understand the nature of his gift; Grace, his patient mistress; and Teddy, his Cockney manager, who books Frank into seedy small-town theatres and halls as if he were a vaudeville act. Everything we learn about the three of them emerges in the course of four long soliloquies, delivered in sequence by Frank, Grace, Teddy, and Frank again. Each appears on the stage alone, and as much dramatic conflict as the play contains is related and not represented. Little by little, we discover that Frank is to meet a terrifying end, in the courtyard of a pub somewhere in Ireland; so artful is Mr. Friel that we cannot be sure what has befallen Frank until the last two words of the last soliloquy are spoken.

A play like "Faith Healer" can be brought to life only by actors who speak their lines superbly. James Mason as Frank, Clarissa Kaye as Grace, and Donal Donnelly as Teddy so delighted me that I could have gone on listening to them all night. Only one thing lessened my pleasure in them: the fact that their exquisite voices are miked, in a theatre where actors have gone unmiked for half a century. Moreover, the miserable sound system picks up the sound of their feet pacing the stage—squeak, squeak, squeak in the midst of Mr. Friel's eloquence. The spooky scenery is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Marilyn Rennagel, and the direction is by José Quintero, who should have given Miss Rennagel much less work to do. Lights going mistily on and off are not a very subtle way of conveying emotion on a stage.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY *Check and Mate*

BIOGRAPHY: A GAME," by the Swiss dramatist Max Frisch (a production of the Chelsea Theatre Center which will run at the Westside through April 29th), is a comedy about a professor of behavioral psychology who is given the chance to relive—replay, so to speak—important, determining segments of his past, in order

to test his belief that if he had made different decisions, the last seven years of his life would have turned out differently. The game of this ironic work is presided over by a character called the Recorder, in the person of Paul Sparer, who is present throughout, holding open the professor's dossier and turning its pages. The action begins with the professor's first meeting with the woman who will become his second wife. The Recorder stands at stage right, and she, in a short evening gown, sits smoking in a chair at stage left, as a party at the professor's house to celebrate some achievement of his is coming to a close. The professor wanders in, looking rather puzzled: the woman is obviously almost a stranger to him, and she seems in no hurry to go, even though it is almost two in the morning and he is making no effort to conceal his fatigue. She lights another cigarette and asks for another drink. Obviously, several possibilities lie ahead. They begin a scene together; then he stops and asks the Recorder for permission to try it in a different way, which they do. (At one point, the professor says, "We shall be grateful to one another for seven years if you now let me ring for a taxi.") This opening segment is the first of many, but it is the pivotal one. The others deal with the professor's family and with his politics—his joining the Communist Party, for instance, which put his academic career in jeopardy: if he had not spent the night with the woman and driven off to the country with her the next day, he would have been able to attend a meeting at the university and perhaps prevent the election of a right-wing colleague as rector. And so it goes, time after time after time. "Is that how it was?" he asks the Recorder. "Exactly like that," the Recorder says. The heart of the joke is the professor's illusion, from beginning to end, that it was his conscious decision, rather than his innate character, that in every instance determined his future—his illusion, for example, that it was his decision to start the affair that eventually led to marriage with this strong, independent woman, who behaves according to her own nature, continuing her work as a translator and eventually taking a lover. A further irony, unintended by the playwright, is that these characters in a play about freedom of choice never for one moment break free from their author to give the audience any illusion of their reality.

"Biography: A Game" is not a particularly profound play, but it is theatrical, and the question it poses and an-

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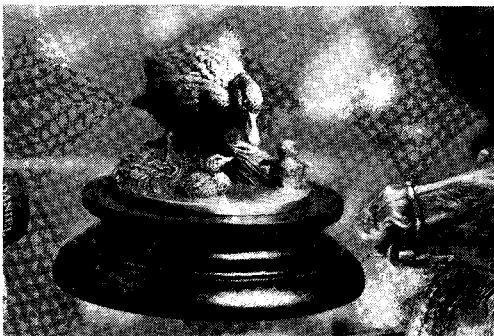


The Curator, Mr. G. Preston, and "Screech Owl and Mice", by Dr. Wm. Turner \$250. From the Chilmark collection at Bailey, Banks and Biddle, Atlanta, Georgia

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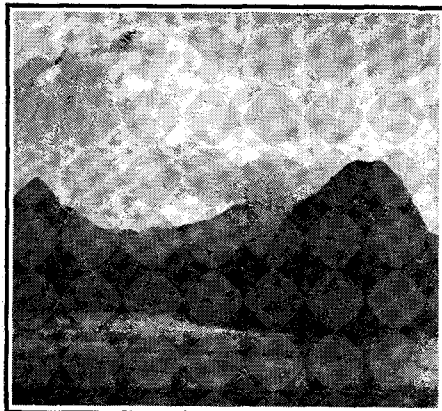
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ST. LUCIA

swers is a universally tantalizing one. In dramatizing it, Mr. Frisch, an experienced writer, knows what he is up to—perhaps too well, for there is a certain complacency about this exercise that becomes trying after a while. I have no reservations about the performance, though. Under Arne Zasllove's direction, the play is performed with all the deftness appropriate to a game—and, incidentally, with all the polish one has come to expect from a Chelsea production. As the Recorder, Mr. Sparer has a role that makes use of his considerable ability and intelligence; as the professor whose life is examined and then reexamined, and as the woman who agrees, at times with exasperation, to replay the scenes with him, George Morfogen and Pamela Burrell are good, too. Also commendable are Roger DeKoven, Charles White, Claudia Albetta, and Evan Handler, among other actors. But the important news is that the invaluable Chelsea, having left Brooklyn and taken a year off, is now reestablished, in an attractive theatre in Manhattan, and is still under the guidance of its founder, the invaluable Robert Kalfin.

"BIG AND LITTLE," by Botho Strauss (at the Marymount through April 15th), is a fragmented work about a lonely woman, rejected by her husband and on her own, who tries in episode after episode to connect with anyone at all and meets only indifference. The play, for all its modernist, expressionist pretensions, is so plaintive and wistful at heart that even Barbara Barrie's fine performance in the leading role and the generally interesting production by the Phoenix prove an inadequate camouflage for its sentimentality. Daniel Freudenberger, competent director though he is, could not rescue a script that is essentially undramatic.

—EDITH OLIVER

W. C. Hatfield, vice chairman of Republic of Texas Corp., a bank-holding company based in Dallas, agrees. "Some of the loans we have competed against foreign banks for were at rates we weren't willing to lend at," he says.

—Wall Street Journal.

Case of a proposition killed off by prepositions.

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—Butler (Pa.) Eagle.

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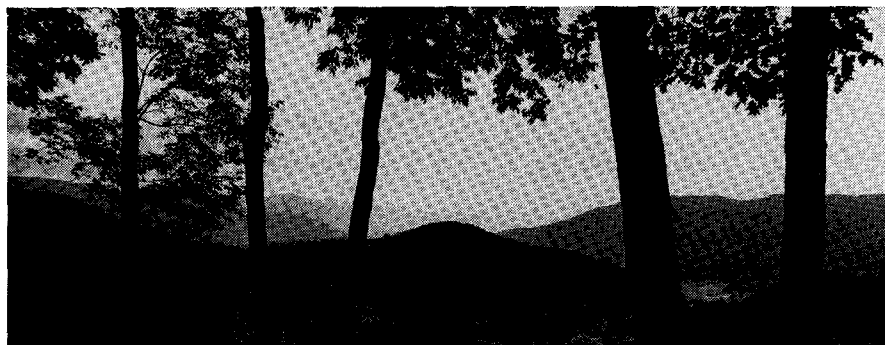
DEMAND EXPECTED TO DOUBLE.

And it's a good thing. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And other demands on the forest are intensifying.

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The Mid-Atlantic, though the nation's most densely populated region, is still heavily forested.

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So there's progress in the Mid-Atlantic. And in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

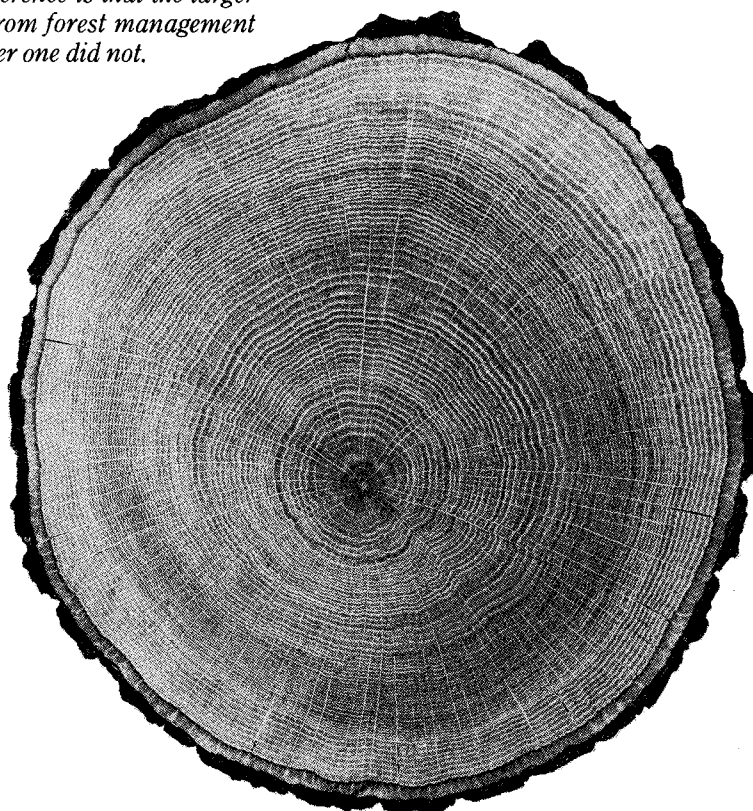
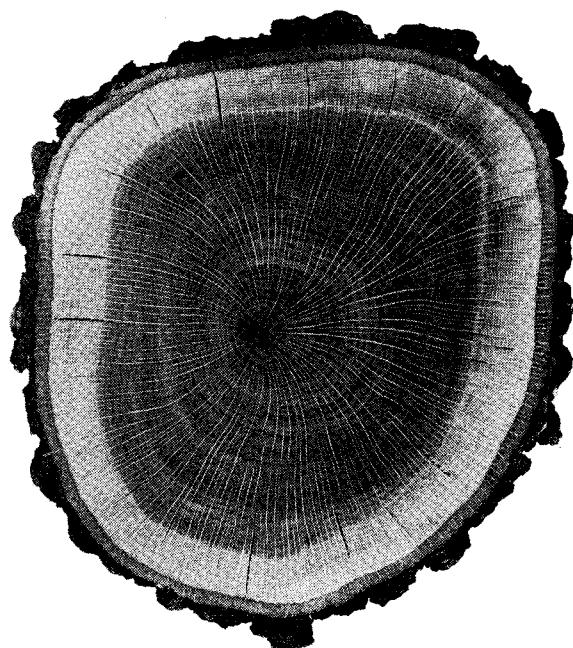
For more information, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

*Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.



American Forest Institute

These two red oak slices are shown here 42 percent of actual size. Both are the same age. And both grew in Pennsylvania. The difference is that the larger one benefited from forest management while the smaller one did not.



THE SPORTING SCENE

FOUR-MINUTE MAN REVISITED

IT is hard to believe that in a few weeks—on May 6th, to be exact—a quarter of a century will have passed since Roger Bannister, a young English medical student, stunned the sports world by becoming the first man ever to run a mile in less than four minutes. His time was three minutes fifty-nine and four-tenths seconds. The news that Bannister had broken the four-minute barrier made a permanent incision in the wax tablet of the minds of millions of people who follow sport. It was one of those rare athletic feats that have had this effect, like Bobby Thomson's last-gasp home run that won the 1951 pennant for the Giants. I remember clearly how I first learned about Bannister's mile. I had returned home from work on a bright spring evening, and, turning on the radio, heard the story on the evening news. I was knocked over. I wasn't prepared for such a historic accomplishment, and, furthermore, I didn't think that Bannister, whom I knew a little about, would be the one who would pull it off. The odds favored Wes Santee, of

Kansas, or John Landy, of Australia. In June, 1953, Santee had run a mile in 4:2.4, and since he was a streak runner, there was no knowing when he might recapture his best form, shatter the existing mile record of 4:1.4, which Gunder Hägg, of Sweden, had set in 1945, and possibly break four minutes. In December, 1953, Landy, a quiet Melburnian, had run a mile on a grass track in 4:2. By April, 1954, Landy had bettered 4:3 in six races. As for Bannister, his lowest official time previously for the mile had been 4:3.6, which he did in May, 1953.

There was one particular aspect of Bannister's sub-four-minute mile in May, 1954, that caught the imagination of both the sports public and the public at large. Realizing that his best chance of breaking four minutes depended on maintaining the proper pace from start to finish, he had asked two middle-distance runners who were friends of his to assist him—Chris Brasher, a former Cambridge star, and Chris Chataway, who had been two

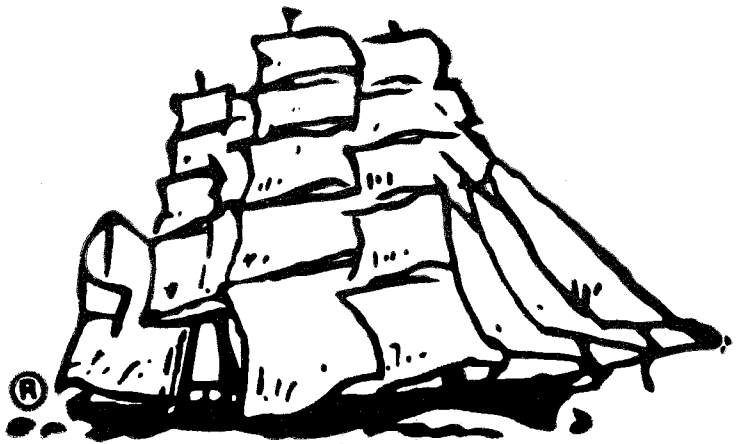
years behind Bannister at Oxford. Brasher, who had great natural speed, was to set the pace over the first half mile. At that point, Chataway, who was a good miler but a better three-miler, was to take over the pace. On May 6th, the three friends made their joint effort in a dual meet between Oxford and the Amateur Athletic Association at the Iffley Road track, in Oxford. Brasher, with Bannister at his heels, ran the first quarter in 57.5. The time at the half mile was 1:58. Chataway thereupon moved out in front and took Bannister to the three-quarters-of-a-mile mark in 3:0.7. Now it was up to Bannister to run the last quarter in fifty-nine seconds. With three hundred yards to go, he flashed by Chataway and drove himself around the final turn of the oval track and down the straightaway to the tape. When the official announcement of the time was made, Bannister grabbed his two rabbits, and the three of them began to bound around the track in a frenzy of joy. There are not many times when life provides moments that match or surpass the inspiring idylls of friendship, coöperation, and achievement that we all grow up on, and the selfless contributions of Brasher and Chataway made Bannister's achievement all the more heartwarming and memorable.

That summer, as it happened, the Empire Games were scheduled to be held in Vancouver, and since the various British Commonwealth nations entered teams, this set up a "dream mile": on August 7th, Bannister and Landy opposed each other in perhaps the most dramatic confrontation in foot-racing since the classic sprint in which Hippomenes, making excellent strategic use of the three golden apples that Aphrodite had given him, defeated Atalanta. Only forty-six days after Bannister had shattered the four-minute mark, Landy had broken Bannister's record. His time was 3:58, and he did it on the well-known track in Turku, Finland, aided considerably by the competition provided by Chataway. Chataway had decided to go to Turku because he thought he might possibly defeat Landy, who did not have a powerful finishing kick such as Bannister did. At Vancouver, Landy was highly favored—he had looked far more impressive than Bannister during the period of preparation. Bannister, however, ran a perfect race, overhaul-



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ing and passing Landy as they came out of the final turn and then bursting down the stretch to finish five yards in front. He broke four minutes again: 3:58.8. (The race was televised, and while those were the days when the medium was in its relative infancy, the duel could not have been covered better, nor can I remember any later televised race that matched this one in the quality of its camera work.) Some three weeks later, on August 29th, Bannister won the fifteen-hundred-metre event in the European Championships, held in Bern, in the respectable time of 3:43.8. This was his last formal race. He was only twenty-five then, but he felt that this was the right moment to retire: first, he was at the top, and, second, he did not wish to lead the kind of life that being in the limelight would inevitably lock him into. Few young athletic heroes have possessed a comparable wisdom. In fact, I can think of only one other—Bobby Jones, who, after he had completed his "Grand Slam" of the four major championships, in 1930, gave up competitive golf, although he was only twenty-eight.

PEOPLE got to know quite a bit more about Roger Gilbert Bannister after his retirement. Some of this came from interviews he gave—he is extremely intelligent and articulate—but unquestionably his admirers learned the most from the book he wrote, "The Four Minute Mile," which was published in 1955. I think it is one of the finest books on sports ever written, for in addition to Bannister's careful and candid descriptions of the big races he was involved in, there are many fascinating passages in which he explores the psychology of running: What makes a person want to run? What does he or she get out of it? And so on. In 1955, the astounding boom in jogging and running (and the endless attendant investigation of every aspect of running) was many years away, and when I recently reread Bannister's book it struck me that he might well be regarded as the prophet of the movement. For example, this is how the book begins:

What are the moments that stand out clearly when we look back on childhood and youth?

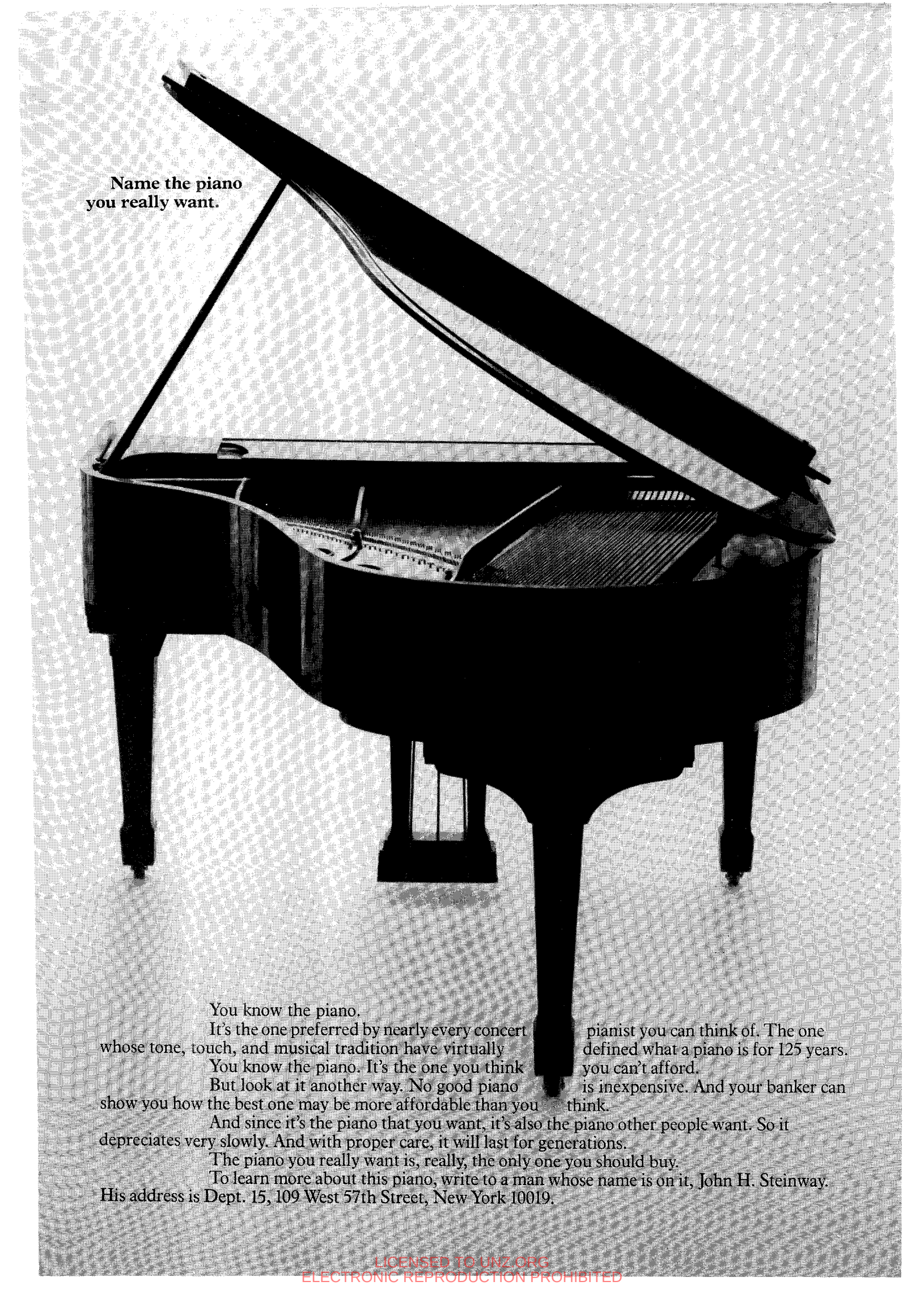
I remember a moment when I stood barefoot on firm dry sand by the sea. The air had a special quality as if it had a life of its own. The sound of breakers on the shore shut out all others. I looked up at the clouds, like great white-sailed galleons, chasing proudly inland. I looked down at the regular ripples on the sand, and could not absorb so much beauty. I was taken aback—each of the myriad particles of sand was perfect in its way.

I looked more closely, hoping perhaps that my eyes might detect some flaw. But for once there was nothing to detract from all this beauty.

In this supreme moment I leapt in sheer joy. I was startled, and frightened, by the tremendous excitement that so few steps could create. I glanced round uneasily to see if anyone was watching. A few more steps—self-consciously now and firmly gripping the original excitement. The earth seemed almost to move with me. I was running now, and a fresh rhythm entered my body. No longer conscious of my movement I discovered a new unity with nature. I had found a new source of power and beauty, a source I never dreamt existed.

From intense moments like this, love of running can grow. This attempt at explanation is of course inadequate, just like any analysis of the things we enjoy—like the description of a rose to someone who has never seen one.

Once when Bannister was asked where and when the scene described in this excerpt took place, he explained that he had taken pains not to mention any specific date or place, inasmuch as the sensations were ones that he had often experienced in boyhood and that no single occasion stood out in his mind above the others. Bannister was born on March 23, 1929, in Harrow, north of London, the son of Alice Duckworth Bannister and Ralph Bannister, an accountant. The elder Bannister, the youngest of eleven children, had grown up in the town of Colne, in Lancashire. He had won the mile run at his grammar school, and continued to maintain an interest in track and field. When Roger was ten, he was one of the hundreds of thousands of schoolchildren from the London area who were evacuated during the Battle of Britain to safer parts of the country. His family moved to Bath, and he made his debut as a runner there at the age of eleven in the City of Bath Boys' School junior cross-country race. He finished eighteenth. This was a very good showing, considering that he had done no training whatever. The following year, after preparing for the race by running two and a half miles at top speed twice a week, he won it—the youngest boy ever to do so. In 1944, with the threat of heavy German bombing past, Bannister returned to the London area and spent the next two years at University College School in Hampstead. He did a little informal running on Hampstead Heath, and since they were two of the school's big sports, played some Rugby and did some rowing. He was fair at them. In October, 1946, when he was seventeen—a young, high-strung, imaginative seventeen—he entered Exeter College, Oxford. His field of study was medicine. Soon after his arrival at the



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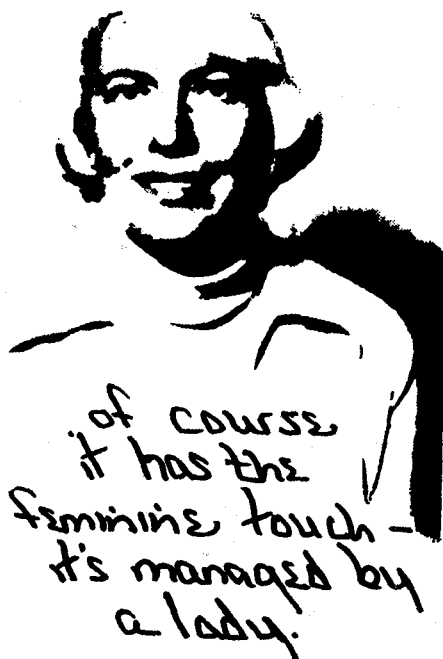
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university, he went out for the track team. Deep down inside, he felt he might have the stuff to be a pretty fair runner. In the winter of his first year, he was fortunate enough to be chosen as the third man of the three who would represent Oxford in the mile run in the annual meet with Cambridge in late March at White City Stadium, in London. He had done nothing noteworthy up to then, and nothing much was expected of him. "When the gun fired, the Cambridge runners shot into the lead, so I stayed back at a respectful distance and remained there until the middle of the back straight after the bell," Bannister later recalled. "I was as tired as everyone else, but suddenly for the first time I felt a crazy desire to overtake the whole field. I raced through into the lead and a feeling of great mental and physical excitement swept over me. I forgot my tiredness. I suddenly tapped that hidden source of energy I always suspected I possessed. I won by twenty yards in a time of four minutes, thirty and eight-tenths seconds."

From that race on, Bannister was a runner. In the period directly after the Second World War, undergraduate medical students spent four years at the university—three years and two additional terms, to be exact—and Bannister's sure improvement can be charted by his performances in the Oxford-Cambridge meets. In 1948, he won the mile in 4:23.4, the next year in 4:16.2, and in 1950, in his last appearance against Cambridge, in 4:14.8. However, in the summer of 1949, when a combined Oxford-Cambridge team visited America for dual meets with Princeton-Cornell and Harvard-Yale, he had run two faster times than that last one: 4:11.1 at Princeton and 4:11.9 at Harvard. (As the president of the University Athletic Club at Oxford—in Britain the term "athletics" refers most of the time specifically to running, jumping, and other track events and not, as it does in this country, to sports in general—Bannister had been a prime mover in setting up this American tour, and also in the building of a modern facility for Oxford at the Iffley Road grounds, where the old, tilted third-of-a-mile track was replaced by a six-lane quarter-mile track that met international specifications.) His running continued to improve. In December, 1950, he ran a 4:9.9 mile in the Centennial Games in New Zealand; in April, 1951, a 4:8.3 mile against Fred Wilt and Don Gehrman in Philadelphia; and, in the summer of 1951, a 4:7.8 mile at White City in the Amateur Athletic Associa-

tion Championships. It should be noted that Bannister, having completed his undergraduate premedical studies in 1950, was appointed to a research scholarship at Merton College, Oxford, and spent the academic year of 1950-51 doing work on respiratory physiology, with emphasis on the factors that control breathing during exercise. In his book, describing these experiments, he wrote:

The middle distance runner's problem is the transfer of sufficient oxygen to the muscles so that he does not have to fall back until the last stages of the race on the less efficient mechanism of energy liberation which produces lactic acid. Two systems needed to be studied—the lungs, which bring oxygen to the blood, and the circulatory system, which carries the oxygen from lung to muscle. Breathing and circulatory measurements could be made while I ran. I used the motor-driven treadmill in the laboratory on which the speed and gradient could be altered so as to exhaust the toughest athlete in a few minutes. In time I learnt to repeat my performance on the treadmill so that I could study the effect on my performance of changes in body temperature, in the acidity of the blood, and in the composition of the air breathed in.

Because of the quality of his work at Merton, Bannister was encouraged to stay on and pursue his investigations. This would not have been the worst of lives, but he turned it down in favor of going to medical school. In England, a medical student, upon the completion of his undergraduate studies, becomes a doctor by working three years with the staff of a hospital and, along the way, passing certain examinations. Bannister chose to do his training at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, which is situated in London in the Paddington Station area. There were two main reasons for his choice: first, St. Mary's offered him a scholarship that covered clinical training; second, St. Mary's had a reputation for being especially interested in medical students who also happened to be superior athletes. For example, Jack Lovelock, the great miler from New Zealand who won the fifteen-hundred-metre run in the 1936 Olympics, had, after graduating from Oxford—like Bannister, he had been at Exeter College—trained at St. Mary's to become a doctor. (On the other hand, there is no information available that would lead one to believe that two other famous men closely connected with St. Mary's, Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, and Lord Moran, whose patients included Winston Churchill, were in any way outstanding at sports.) For Bannister, going on to medical school was a very natural step. "From the age of eight,

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when people asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I used to say, 'A doctor,'" he told a friend not long ago. "I don't know why I did. After a while, I got in the habit of thinking that I *was* going to be a doctor. I suppose that the fact that three cousins of mine were doctors—they were all rather older than I was—might have had something to do with it."

WHILE he was working in the hospital wards and attending lectures at St. Mary's, Bannister was also looking ahead to the 1952 Olympics, scheduled for Helsinki the coming summer. Only too well aware that British track fans considered him a possible winner of the "metric mile," the fifteen-hundred-metre run, he concluded that the best way for him to prepare for the big event was to avoid the tension that would pile up if he entered a number of trial races in the spring and early summer, and, instead, he chose to get in shape through informal workouts. As a person who liked to think of running as a means of self-expression and not drudgery, he had become in 1950 a disciple of the Swedish method that Gunder Hägg had used—*fartlek*, or speed play—which calls for the individual to do most of his training on grass, alternating bursts of speed running with intervals of relaxed, easy running. He also began to concentrate on fast half miles, and in the few meets he entered he ran the half mile and not the mile. The pace was faster in the half mile, of course, and ever since his all-out tear down the stretch had made him the surprise winner of the mile in his first Oxford-Cambridge meet, he had been aiming at producing "a finishing top gear which I could sustain and which no one else could 'live with.'"

Up to this time, Bannister's career had gone very smoothly, but now the British sports press, which has never been known for its reticence, made it explicitly clear that Bannister's policy of not running the mile in the major meets was, in its opinion, totally wrong for a man supposedly getting himself ready for the stern competition of the Olympics. In addition, the press hopped on him hard for training in secret and not having a coach to guide him. These attacks put a good deal of pressure on Bannister, but he felt he was bringing himself to a peak effectively, and particularly after he had run a terrifically fast three-quarters of a mile in his last informal tune-up on July 16th, ten days before the final of the fifteen hundred metres was scheduled to take place at Helsinki. (Fifteen hundred

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The Traveler replied. "Of course there has to be a certain chemistry and geometry to a great hotel that makes me immediately want to stay. But a lot of quite ordinary hotels have achieved this feat through exceptional architecture and artful mimicry. But this certainly does not make them great hotels."

"Then it must be the facilities?" his friend questioned.

The traveler answered, "I do expect an *over abundance* of facilities. After all, I do want to be able to indulge my whims regardless of whatever mood I'm in. But facilities have never made a great hotel."

"The service, it must be the service," his friend exclaimed.

The traveler smiled and said, "Ah, the service. Yes, the service has to be just so. And indeed, of everything we've talked about, service is the most important. But a number of hotels have great service and they're still not great hotels."

Then, in anticipation of his friend's next question, the traveler continued, "Well, what is it, then?... Very simply, it is an attitude the great hotels have that the others don't.

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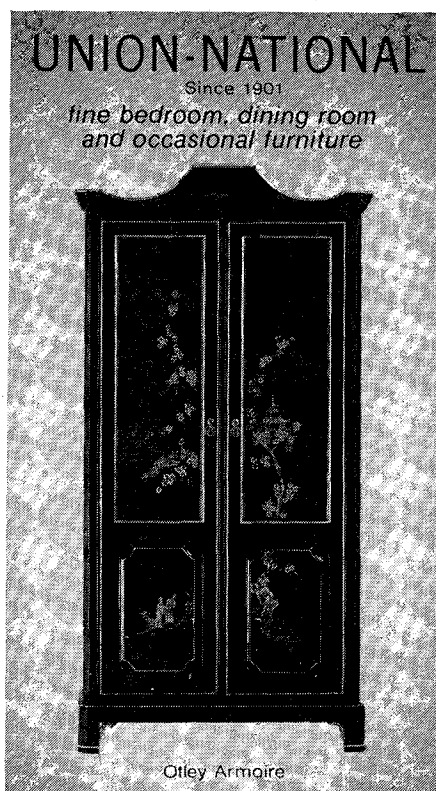
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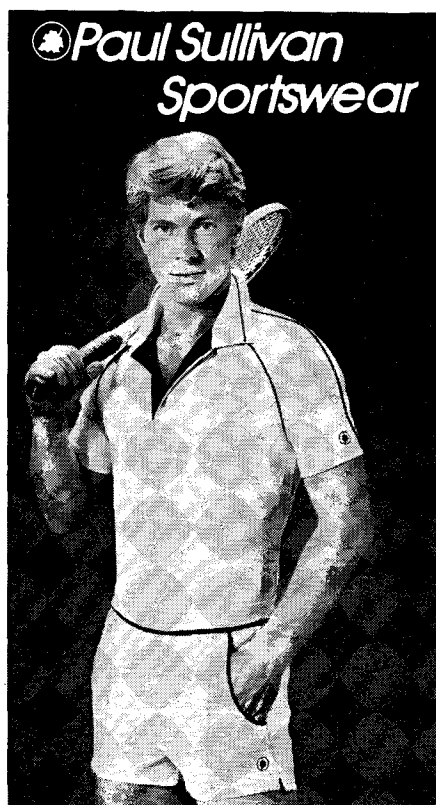
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metres, by the way, is a hundred and twenty yards shorter than a mile.)

The next morning, to his horror, Bannister read in the newspaper that, for the first time ever, the fifteen-hundred-metre event in the Olympics would consist of three races: the qualifying heats would take place on July 24th, the semifinals on the 25th, and the final on the 26th. Bannister's preparations had been based upon the traditional Olympic format for the event—two races with a day's rest in between. He never did get over the shock of learning that he would have to run three races on consecutive days. He was certain he wouldn't be able to do this and be at his best, or near it, and that his competitors would—most of them had trained far more rigorously. At Helsinki, he was fretful and taut, and spent sleepless nights. He had no real trouble in his qualifying and semifinal heats, but in the final, after he had fought his way on the last lap to the shoulder of the pacemaker, Werner Lueg, of Germany, he tried to make his move and found he had nothing left. Indeed, he was passed by two other men—one of them was Joseph Barthel, of Luxembourg, the winner—and he finished fourth. After he had weathered the reams of I-told-you-so criticism following his disappointing showing, Bannister calmly took stock of his position. No, he did not want to give up running, despite the demands of his hospital work. He would run for two more years, which would take him through the Empire Games in 1954. He also decided that his method of preparation for the Olympics had not been wrong—there was no way he could have anticipated the change that required him to run three races in three days. However, he shifted to a more demanding training program, which emphasized intensive interval running, the method that most middle-distance runners, such as John Landy, had adopted. This would help him to get tougher and to require less time between races to recover his strength. During a workout, Bannister would run up to ten fairly fast quarter miles—at the start his average time for a quarter was sixty-three seconds—and after each of them he jogged or walked and got himself composed before taking off on the next quarter.

IN December, 1952, the whole scene changed radically. Landy ran a mile in 4:2.1—the fastest mile that had been run in seven years, and the sports world began thinking about the four-minute mile for the first time since

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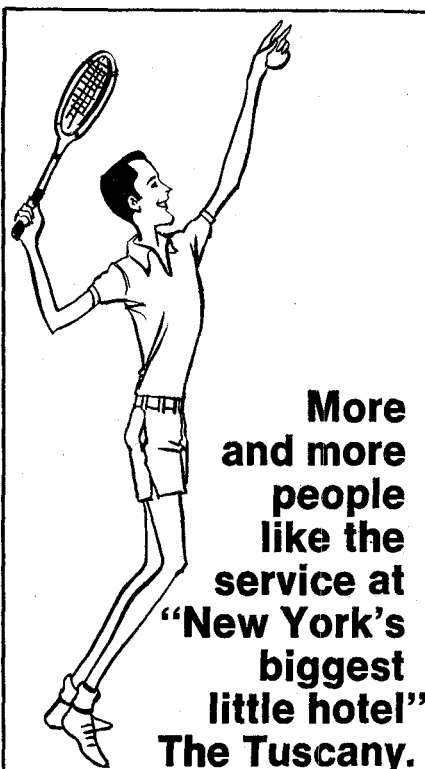
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1945. The mile, partly because it is a standard measurement of distance and partly because in track it is the perfect middle distance between the sprints and the long-distance runs, has for decades been *the* glamour event. In 1922, Paavo Nurmi, the magnificent Finnish runner, ran a mile in 4:10.4. By 1933 the record had been lowered to 4:7.6 by Lovelock, and the next year Glenn Cunningham, of Kansas, brought it down to 4:6.8. The four-minute mile, nevertheless, remained merely an interesting subject of conversation until, during the Second World War, Hägg and another remarkable Swedish runner, Arne Andersson, began to systematically reduce the record time, until in 1945 Hägg ran his 4:1.4 mile. Suddenly a four-minute mile seemed just around the corner. It wasn't. Hägg and Andersson, it soon became apparent, were past their heyday, and in the ensuing years no one came close to Hägg's 4:1.4, until December, 1952, when Landy, then twenty-two, ran his 4:2.1 mile. Soon after that, Landy ran a 4:2.6 mile. Then every middle-distance runner began to sniff the air in an altogether different way—even Bannister. It had become his habit to wedge in a daily practice session at a track in Paddington, hustling there at twelve-thirty at the finish of a lecture, eating a quick lunch after his workout, and getting back to the hospital by two. The key to the four-minute mile, he was now convinced, was to run four quarters at about the same speed. "The oxygen consumption of an athlete rises steeply as his speed increases," he explains in his book. "The miler is limited by lack of oxygen, and in order to keep his oxygen requirement to a minimum would need to run at the slowest average speed to achieve his target of a four-minute mile—the ideal would be four even laps of sixty seconds each."

On May 2, 1953, in a meet between Oxford and the A.A.A., Bannister made his first attempt to run four even quarters. He was aided incalculably by Chris Chataway, who volunteered to run the first three quarters at top speed. He did them in 61.7, 62.4, and 61.1. Then Bannister, the picture-postcard runner—tall, big-chested, long-striding—took off, and with his superb finishing kick did the last quarter in 58.4. His total time was an exhilarating 4:3.6—over four seconds faster than he had ever before run a mile. Having someone to pace you made quite a difference. Late that June, when Bannister made another

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assault on the mile record in the Surrey Schools meet at Motspur Park, he had the assistance of the other Chris—Brasher. At the end of the first half mile, Bannister looked down the track, and there, just ahead, was Brasher, brimming with energy since he had just been dogtrotting and had run a lap less than Bannister. Urged on by Brasher, who kept shouting encouragement back over his shoulder, Bannister turned in a 4:2 mile—the quarters were 59.6, 60.1, 62.1, and 60.2—but the British Amateur Athletic Board refused to ratify it as a new national record on the grounds that it was not “a *bona fide* competition according to the rules.” After mid-July, Bannister’s main attention had to be given to his studies at St. Mary’s. He thought of the mile record frequently, but as the months passed and the weather grew colder in England and warmer in Australia, it was Landy he thought of and how that tireless practitioner of interval running, who liked to jump out in front in a race and seemed to need no pacemaker, might well break the four-minute mark before he himself got another crack at it.

Starting that December and continuing through the first three months of 1954, Landy, as was noted earlier, ran six mile races under 4:3, but something was awry: he could not break 4:2, even though he sometimes finished full of running. As for Bannister, that winter he made an interesting alteration in his training methods. His mid-day workout was no longer done in solitude; he ran with a group of friends, and they took to calling themselves the Paddington Lunchtime Club. On Friday evenings, he went to the Chelsea Barracks and worked out on the track there with Chris Brasher. Brasher was being coached by Franz Stampfl, a pleasant, low-key Austrian, who was one running coach Bannister liked and respected. In fact, he was beginning to wonder whether the distance he had always kept between himself and professional coaches was as wise as he had thought it was. To complete the program, on weekends Chataway joined Brasher and Bannister at the Chelsea Barracks track. Bannister found not only that he was enjoying his training more than ever before but that he also was running with an ease and power he had never previously experienced, even when the tempo of training was intensified. It was time to make a decision, and Bannister did. On Thursday, May 6th, he would go up to Oxford and take a crack at the four-minute mile in the

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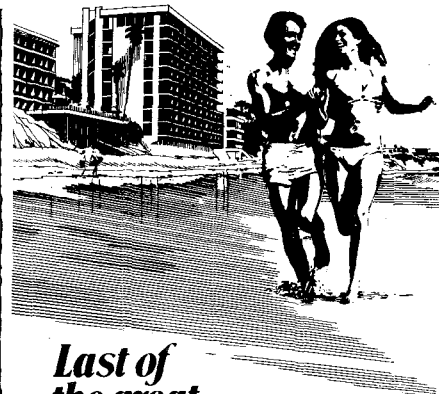
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meet between the university and the A.A.A. Chataway and Brasher would be on hand to help him run four even quarters.

That Thursday morning, understandably a bit on edge because of the importance of what lay ahead, he elected to go up to Oxford by himself. Everything went well. For starters Stampfl happened to be travelling to Oxford on the same train, and his sensible conversation was just what Bannister needed. On his arrival, Bannister was met by an old Oxford friend, Charles Wenden, and he lunched with Wenden and his wife at their home. As he sweated out the afternoon, his one worry was the wind. It had been blowing hard all day, and still was. Unless it eased up, it would ruin the attempt on the record—that strong a wind would add a second to the time for each lap. A little after five-fifteen, while he, Brasher, and Chataway were warming up on the track just before the mile was due to begin, the wind suddenly dropped. After a false start, the gun barked and the race was on. Over the first two quarters, Brasher kept the revved-up Bannister, who had had five full days of rest, from running too fast. When Chataway took over at the halfway mark, he struck just the right pace during the third quarter. If Bannister could run the final quarter in 59.2, he would break four minutes. Reaching back for every last ounce of strength and fuelled by the realization that this was his chance "to do one thing supremely well," he ran that quarter in 58.7.

The news of Bannister's feat circulated rapidly. One of the most amusing repercussions took place that evening at the Oxford Union, where a member moved that the house adjourn for three minutes, fifty-nine and four-tenths seconds.

THE meeting between Bannister and Landy in Vancouver in the Empire Games took place some three months later, in early August. The point that should be emphasized is that Bannister was able to execute his shrewd race plan and beat Landy only because of his spirit and heart. On the eve of the race, few people in Vancouver gave Bannister much of a chance. Landy's workouts had been incredibly good. For example, in one session he ran a series of ten quarter miles in fifty-eight seconds each, pausing only a minute and a half to catch his breath between quarters. On the other hand, Bannister, who was fighting a cold, was in nothing like his



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best form. His training in Vancouver, for the most part, had consisted of runs he took on a golf course situated near the campus of the University of British Columbia. Extremely respectful of Landy's burning speed, he figured that his best chance was to stay close to him—he guessed correctly that Landy would probably take the lead early and try to hold it—and to hope that his superior finishing burst would enable him to overtake Landy as they entered the stretch. The race turned out to be such a fierce two-man struggle that it has been almost forgotten that six other runners were in it. After the first half mile, they were, literally, also-rans. Out in front by ten yards was Landy—twenty-four years old; five feet eleven and a quarter, a hundred and fifty pounds; dark curly hair above his tanned face; a smoothly muscled body that showed no strain whatsoever as he chewed up the cinders with his precise, unvarying stride. Trying to hold on was Bannister—twenty-five; six pounds heavier and an inch and a half taller; somewhat Nordic-looking with his pale skin and his lank reddish-brown hair; more the classic runner with his upthrust chest and his long, reaching stride. Although he wondered if he had the strength to tap his reserve so early, Bannister knew at the half-mile mark that he would have to begin right then to cut down Landy's lead. Slowly he did. At the three-quarter mark, he was at Landy's shoulder. He was still there as they were turning out of the last bend and into the straightaway, seventy yards from the tape. Here Bannister made his bid to pass him on the right. It was then that one of the most memorable moments in sports history took place. One can still visualize it clearly. At the same instant that Bannister, summoning his last grains of energy, started to hurl himself past Landy's right shoulder, Landy looked back over his left shoulder to see how close Bannister was. (Because of the roar of the crowd, he couldn't hear where Bannister was.) Landy hoped to see him a few yards back. When he saw no one there, a look of puzzlement and dismay came over his face. In the one or two seconds that Landy allowed himself to be distracted, Bannister swept past him. He gradually opened up a five-yard lead—his margin at the finish line. He had run just the race he had wanted to. The time was 3:58.8.

Twenty years ago, I spent a part of an evening with Landy in his home in suburban Melbourne. The house looked out on Central Park, where, from boy-

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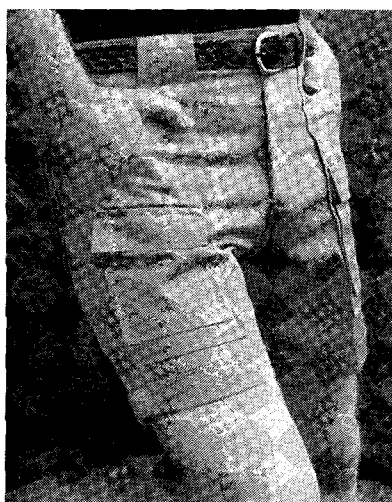
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hood on, he used to run. At that time, Landy—who, like Bannister, is a man with an excellent mind—was serving as a technical officer for the National Parks Authority. He also taught agriculture and biology at the Mountain School at Timber Top, an extension of Geelong Grammar School, in the state of Victoria. While I do not think that Landy was fully appreciated in Australia for the extraordinary runner he was, his countrymen had great admiration for his conduct in competition and for the character he had shown in the anguishing moments of disappointment. Landy made a tremendous contribution to Australian sports. It was he who dramatized the value of long hours of gruelling, sustained daily training in helping an athlete to reach standards he would never have otherwise approached. Not only did this have a direct influence on the record-breaking achievements by Australians in swimming and running but it applied to all sports, even to tennis, a game in which the island continent had long before gained world renown. It never hurts to be in better condition than your opponent.

BANNISTER turned fifty this March. He is a neurologist—a distinguished neurologist. (This branch of medicine is regarded as a sort of British specialty, but, at that, there are only a hundred and forty neurologists in the United Kingdom.) Bannister is affiliated with three hospitals in central London: St. Mary's, the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, and the Western Ophthalmic Hospital. At each of them, his commitments include supervising the admission of inpatients, looking after outpatients, attending to patients at clinics, teaching, and carrying on certain research projects. When I saw him early this past winter on a Sunday morning, he had spent all of the previous day drafting a paper on some research he had done on the control of the autonomic nervous system. As I remember it, it had to do with the treatment of people whose blood pressure is not regulated properly.

When one looks back on it, Bannister was definitely on his way to neurology when, after graduating from Oxford, he spent the next year doing research on respiratory physiology at Merton College, Oxford. However, like all students at medical school, he was expected to learn as much as he could about the whole field of medicine. "Along with experiments in biochemistry, anatomy, pharmacology, physiology, and so on, I did ward work

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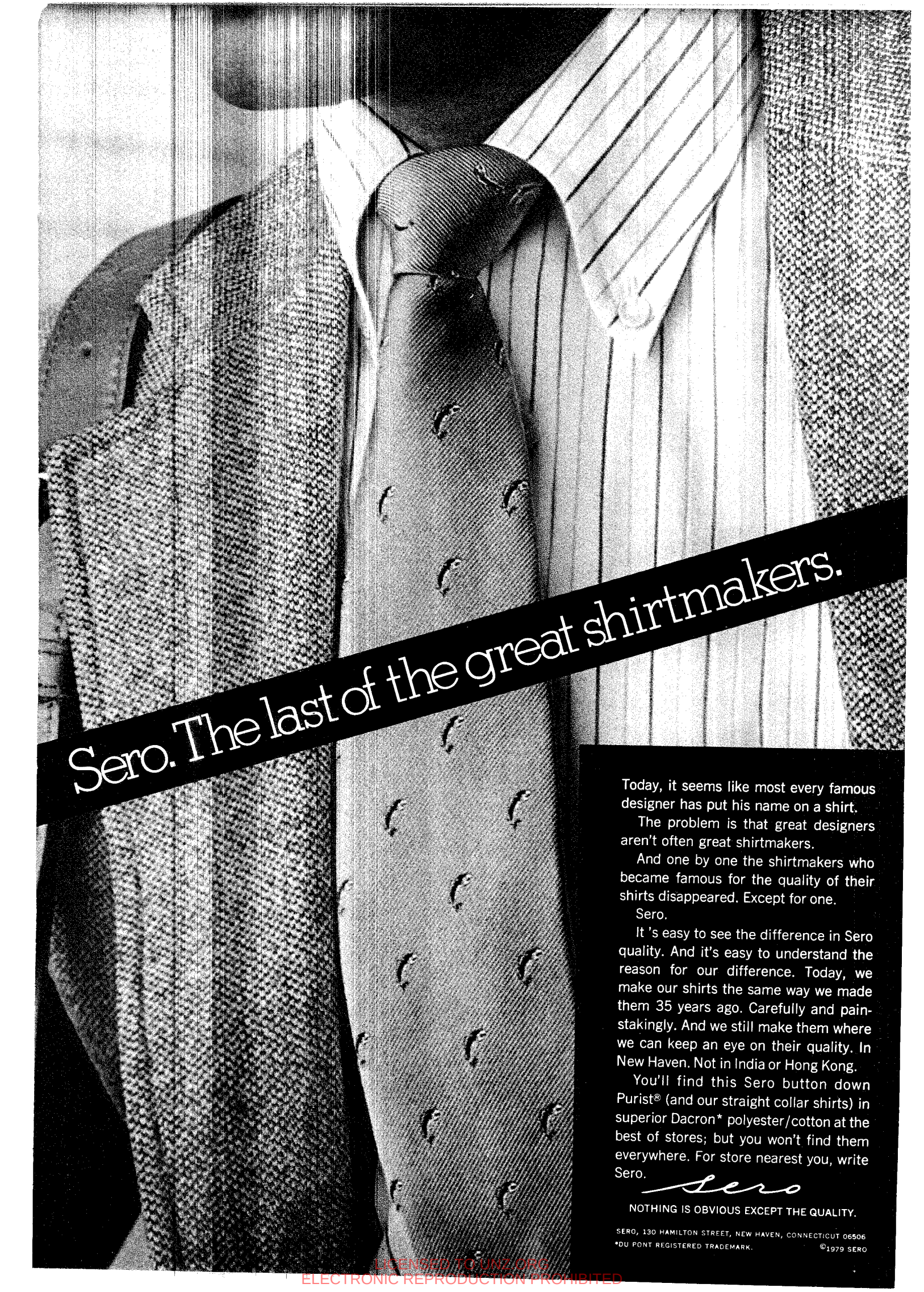
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for consultants—you know, pediatrics, obstetrics, surgery,” he recalled the morning we talked. “Every three months you would change. You learn an art by watching someone practice. I chose to go into neurology because the nervous system seemed to me to be the most fascinating, complex, and important part of the body. It determines the function of all the other parts—and human behavior.”

In the spring of 1955, after he had completed his internship, Bannister married Moyra Jacobsson, the daughter of an Englishwoman and a prominent Swedish economist, Per Jacobsson, who at one time was the chairman and managing director of the International Monetary Fund. Bannister had met her at Oxford, where she was studying painting. They have four children. Erin, who is twenty-one, is a painter presently enrolled at the Royal Academy. Clive, twenty, is at Oxford, reading philosophy, politics, and economics; he spends much of his spare time working with undergraduate theatre groups. Thurstan, eighteen, is at school in London and has won a place at Oxford next fall, where he, too, will be reading philosophy, politics, and economics. Like his older brother, he is very interested in public affairs. The youngest child, Charlotte, a pretty girl of fifteen, lives at home and hasn't as yet made up her mind about what she wishes to do. Home is a narrow three-story brick house in a long, uninterrupted, handsome row of similar houses facing west in Edwardes Square, which is in the W. 8 district of London, off Kensington High Street. The Bannisters have lived in Edwardes Square since 1963. It was there that I met with Bannister. As London squares go, Edwardes is an especially attractive one. When I mentioned this to Bannister, he nodded and said that the story has it that the plans for the square were drawn up by an architect who had been sent to London by Napoleon, who was preparing to invade England and wanted to get a head start on the billeting problem during his occupation of the capital. Edwardes Square supposedly was intended to serve as quarters for the French staff officers. “It's a four-acre square,” Bannister continued. “It was ideally suited to the easy running and jogging I used to do four or five times a week as a recreation and to keep fit. Sometimes I might go to Richmond or Hyde Park and run there, but for the most part I used Edwardes Square—it was so handy.”

Four years ago, Bannister had to give up running. “I was driving my



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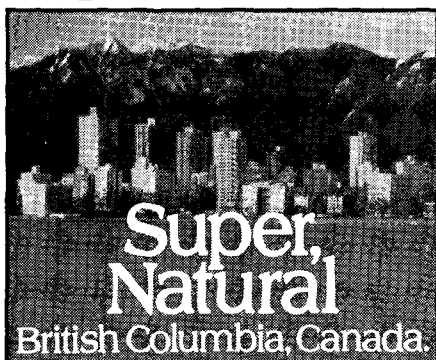
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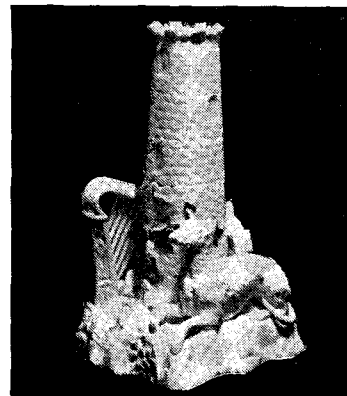
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car when another car smashed into it," he explained. "In the accident, my right ankle got banged up badly and in such a way that the damage can't be repaired. That reduced my mobility generally. When I'm in London, I now bicycle for my exercise." He paused a moment and then went on. "I believe that the human body was made to have a balance between work and recreation, and that exercise in some form is a crucial part of that balance."

Bannister, by the way, is now Sir Roger Bannister. In 1955, close upon his exploits on the tracks at Oxford and Vancouver, he was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, but he did not become Sir Roger until 1975. He received his knighthood in recognition of his work during the four years he served as the very active first chairman of the British Sports Council, a body established by royal charter in 1971 which is granted government money to promote sports—eighty different sports in all. (That New Year's Honours List in 1975 was an unusual one: two of the other knights were rather controversial persons—P. G. Wodehouse and Charlie Chaplin.) Today the one important post in sports that Bannister holds is the chairmanship of the International Council for Sport and Physical Recreation, a cultural and social organization set up after the 1956 Olympics, which acts as an advisory body to UNESCO.

Bannister and I talked in the living room of his home. A medium-sized room on the ground floor which looks out on the square, it is full of color: chairs upholstered in red-and-blue fabric, Oriental rugs, and on the walls many vivid paintings and painted plates, a number of them the work of Mrs. Bannister. Bannister himself added a further colorful note. Along with the requisite weekend gray flannels, he was wearing a blue striped shirt, a red-and-blue foulard tie, a red sweater, and a dark-blue blazer. He still must be easily recognizable to most people who knew him at Oxford. He has put on very few pounds over the years. His hair is thinning slightly at the top, but remains light brown with a russet sheen, and his skin and eyes have unusual freshness. He speaks, when exposition is called for, in a scholar's voice, modulated and clear, but what one notices most is the facility with which he is able to summon the exact word or phrase he wants. As I listened to him, I had the feeling that here was a man who believes in getting things done right, but I had the concurrent

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feeling that here was a man who understands that there is a lot more to keep in mind than simply this. All in all, Bannister's appearance and manner are quite youthful for one his age, and I found it hard to realize that almost twenty-five years had passed since he had become famous overnight by breaking the four-minute mark. A succession of fine runners, beginning with Landy, proceeded to lower his record—among them, Herb Elliott, of Australia, with a 3:54.5 mile in 1958; Peter Snell, of New Zealand, with a 3:54.1 mile in 1964; Michel Jazy, of France, with 3:53.6 in 1965; Jim Ryun, of Kansas, with 3:51.3 in 1966 and 3:51.1 in 1967; and Filbert Bayi, of Tanzania, with 3:51 in 1975. Today the record, set by John Walker, of New Zealand, in 1975, stands at 3:49.4.

Many of the people and places that were part of the life of the young Bannister, the record breaker, remain part of his life. He has a strong feeling for continuity, which helps to account for this, but it would appear that, essentially, this has resulted from the course his life has happened to take. For example, he has long made it a point to go up to Oxford at fairly regular intervals. In recent years, having a son there has been reason enough, but, aside from that, a number of his old friends—dons and doctors for the most part—are associated with the university, and he has always enjoyed visiting them. For another thing, his abiding interest in running lures him back to the Iffley Road track on weekends when a good meet is scheduled. (You would think that Oxford would be one institution where historic landmarks would be zealously preserved, but the track on which Bannister ran his epochal mile was replaced years ago by one made of a synthetic all-weather surface.) He has never lost touch with Chris Brasher and Chris Chataway, both of whom are interesting and substantial individuals. Brasher, it turned out, was the only one of the triumvirate to win a gold medal in the Olympics: he won the steeplechase at Melbourne in 1956. He has made a successful career for himself in sports journalism—his home bases are the *Observer* and the BBC—and he and Bannister bump into each other periodically at sports luncheons and other such occasions. Brasher's children are unusually sports-oriented, and his daughter Kate, who is sixteen, is currently ranked second among British girls junior tennis players. "Brasher had a great capacity for being able to

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train, to benefit from the help of a coach such as Franz Stampf," Bannister told me. "Stampf's approach to running was an important influence for me in 1954 in the sense that he had a good deal of confidence in my abilities. Also, no professional coach whom I looked up to as a person had come my way before. He appreciated what went into translating mental effort into physical performance, which is what running is really all about. Chataway had the greatest sort of natural ability, but he didn't rate running as high in his list of priorities as Brasher did, and he didn't have Brasher's discipline when it came to training." Chataway, who read philosophy, politics, and economics at Oxford—Brasher, by the way, read geology at Cambridge—has done very well in the world. He made a name for himself while he was still a fairly young man as a reporter on current events for the BBC. He then went into politics. He was elected a member of Parliament and held some high positions, such as Minister of Posts and Telecommunications and Minister for Industrial Development, when the Conservative Party was in power. A few years ago, he withdrew from politics and went into banking. He lives only a half mile or so from Bannister, and they see each other quite often.

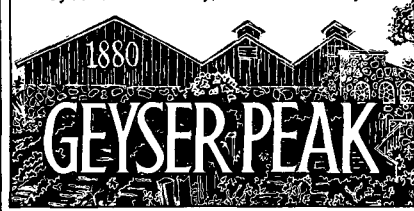
At this point in my visit, Bannister went into the kitchen to make some coffee for us. While he was gone, which wasn't long, I began to think, for no particular reason, of the nice proportions that he has always managed to maintain—how, as a dedicated young runner and medical student, for example, he had the good sense to act in student plays at St. Mary's and to go off on climbing trips in Wales and Scotland with Brasher when he felt he had been straining too hard and needed the chance to unwind. Bannister returned carrying two mugs of coffee. Most English people make terrible coffee, and I was surprised when Bannister's proved to be excellent. His wife had obviously taught him how, I concluded. No one makes better coffee than the Swedes.

Our conversation became far more informal over the coffee, and I happened to mention that the only middle-distance runners I had previously met and talked to were Landy, Elliott, and Ryun. Bannister brightened up as he spoke of the high personal regard he has for Landy—he had had occasion to write to him only a few weeks back. He has profound respect for Ryun and for what he accomplished: he lowered

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the mile record by two and a half seconds and set a record that lasted for eight years. Elliott, he went on to say, is a different type, of course—much less intense and sensitive, but a pleasant, likable man. He could see him doing exceedingly well in business. This led me to remark that it must be difficult for a runner, whatever his nature, to keep everything under control during the days preceding an important race, such as an Olympic final or a premeditated assault on a record. "It is a hard thing," Bannister said slowly. "It's not the best part of the whole experience. Nevertheless, it's a necessary part. Without that concentration of the mind and the will, the performance would not result."

LATER that day, I found myself reading through Bannister's book once again. Having met him, I discovered that many passages in the book that were impressive to start with had now taken on a deeper and more pungent meaning for me. These two paragraphs would be typical:

I sometimes think that running has given me a glimpse of the greatest freedom a man can ever know, because it results in the simultaneous liberation of both body and mind. The mental approach is all important, because the strength and power of the mind are without limit. All this energy can be harnessed by the correct attitude of mind.

Running is creative. The runner does not know how or why he runs. He only knows that he must run, and in so doing he expresses himself as he can in no other way. He creates out of instability and conflict something that gives pleasure to himself and others, because it releases feelings of beauty and power latent within us all. I believe that we must all find some creative activity in which we can achieve a measure of success.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fuzz

MILOŠ FORMAN's film of "Hair" celebrates the American sixties, when equal weight was often given to the clash between having your hair cut and letting it grow long and the clash between whites and blacks, which was apparently being resolved when they danced in the same expensive Broadway ballet. In the seventies, we are more ready to say what we always knew anyway: that the clash is likely to be political, between nations, and that Broadway-musical energy generally has nothing much to do with musicality, let alone genuine vivacity.

So. The film. A lot of it happens in an idealized Central Park where no one leaves rubbish, no one gets mugged. There is a genuinely charming shot of horses cantering in step to music. (The music is by Galt MacDermot, and the lyrics are by Gerome Ragni and James Rado. The photography is by Miroslav Ondříček, who is, like Forman, a Czech, and who worked with him on "Taking Off," in America, and, in England, with Lindsay Anderson on "O Lucky Man!" and "If...") For anyone who has been to horse shows, particularly to shows of Arabs and Morgans, the shot is not a show-biz conceit. Well-riden, first-rate horses at shows seem to long to be in rhythm with what they hear. But this filmed musical raises a lot of questions quite apart from the picturesque. There is the matter of the easy solutions proffered by its show-business-bred, costly, and probably fake idea of Americana, and by the certainly fake exhilaration that it radiates, and that is generally poured out by Broadway musicals. The musical intelligence and hopes and efforts of such people as Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Stephen Sondheim are rare in the theatre. The film ver-

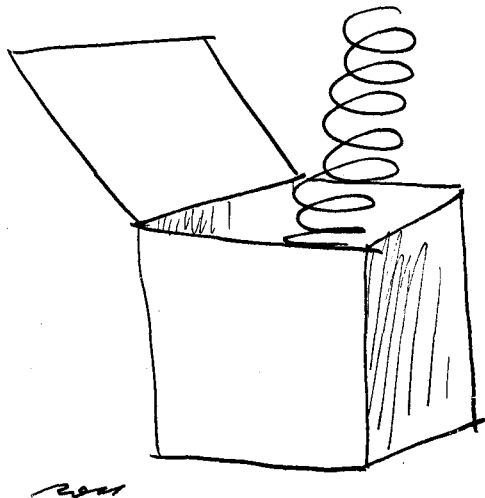
sion of "Hair" is not properly exhilarating, because the music and the book and the characterization rest on a shifty notion of where true exuberance lies.

Then there is the question of Miloš Forman himself, a Czech exile who has become an American citizen, and of the importance to America of absorbing exiles. Forman is a good adapter to new cultures. In this he is quite unlike his wonderfully gifted film collaborator Ivan Passer ("Intimate Lighting") and unlike Jan Němec ("A Report on the Party and the Guests") and Věra Chytilová ("Daisies"), three Czechs who have stayed rooted by nature in Czechoslovakia, even though they have spent time in America. Forman can cope effortlessly with the nonsense of Hollywood. He has the substance to fill such a void. It may be to the point that Forman—unlike, say, Passer—is not essentially a writer. (Michael Weller adapted "Hair" for the screen.) Writers dream dialogue, and it is always the dialogue of their birthplace. Directors are of another breed. They have a hungry community spirit: that is why they thrive on the company of actors. The actors in this film are well cast and sometimes splendidly good: especially John Savage as a very short-haired and baffled-looking man caught up in the doings of the Gorgon-haired brigade.

Again, not about the sixties in America but about Czechoslovakia, and especially about Prague, that most beautiful baroque city, more nearly intact than Vienna, and more comely to Western eyes, because of its lack of traffic (to be put down to lack of petrol): Czechoslovakia is famous in Europe for rolling with the punch, and Forman himself has very adeptly rolled with the punch. The land is also famous for its love and knowledge of

music. It is no accident that Forman took on the direction of "Hair." The score, with—to his ears—its newness and its eloquence about his adopted country, must have sung strongly to him. So, clearly, did moments of ease and fun that he catches on to in the book and the lyrics.

And this brings us to Forman's past films, the ones made in the country of his birth, which have just been shown at the Little Theatre at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre. They are a joyful example of a man working at his peak. They have the affection and humor that salvage the film of "Hair" from being a mere salute to its very sixties themes of nose-thumbing at the law and dwelling on generation gaps. There is, for one, "Black Peter" (1963), Forman's first full-length film. Peter (Ladislav Jakim), at the age of seventeen, takes a job as a store detective at a supermarket. Interested by other things, he arrests no one. When he trails a suspect who happens to be a close friend of his boss, he can't think of a thing to say. With the same authority, he follows his girl (Pavla Martínková) all over the place: because of pleasure in her beauty, because of dogged devotion. Parts of "Black Peter" that foreshadow the very Slavic way Forman has made a small, droll town of New York City in "Hair" are the scenes of awkward teen-age dances in Czechoslovakia, of swimming happily in a river, of band concerts earnestly attended, of local singing-talent contests where people are shy and chairs are ranged dead against the wall. Another early film shown at the Little Theatre is "The Firemen's Ball" (1967). The story is about the giving of an honorary hatchet to a retiring eighty-six-year-old fireman. If only it had been done when he was eighty-five. Now he is cancer-ridden. Things happen with the fine logic of the sort of long, dopey story that appeals to a child, a story that is apparently consequential but leads to a recklessly funny dud of a climax. The firemen's band plays. There is a beauty contest. And there is a real fire, which burns down the house of another elderly man. He is in a chair, watching, and chilly. His neighbors thoughtfully turn his chair to the flames to keep him warm. In this and in all of Forman's Czech films we are made aware of the sadness of human affairs in so long-lived and battered a country. His sense of the comic was brave then, and is now. We can see it in a coupled pair of shorts that he made in Czechoslovakia, called "Competition" (1963). They, too, are imbued with a feeling for shyness and



decorum, and with a love of music. Girls with careful hairdos compete in singing-talent contests: chairs are again pushed flat against the wall, and people longing for conviviality are alone and embarrassed, sitting with their feet neatly together. Forman's expansive humor, which he has brought to the film of "Hair," has to do with the seriousness of small-town people in concentrating on details. In his reports of trivia looming large, and of sage people's knowledge that they are in situations of increasing paltriness, he tells us a deal about the complexity and pain of world events. The heroism implied in the Czech films, and even in "Hair," lies in the ability of their participants to deal soberly with the small situations they are in, leading to their quizzical and noble attitude that even the seemingly overwhelming setbacks of history have turned out to matter little in the end.

ROBERT ALTMAN's "A Perfect Couple," written by Altman and Allan Nicholls, is about the affair of a classy Greek-American called Alex Theodopoulos (Paul Dooley) and a stary-eyed girl called Sheila Shea (Marta Heflin). She is part of a commune occupying a loft that is reached by a huge and very slow elevator that seems to be made for a herd of cattle. His family is devoted, in a stiff way, to classical music. She and the rest of her commune like the sort of harmonically simple-minded humbug that is churned out on a lot of radio stations. This is not a closely thought-out film, or even a fluent one. Altman may be working too fast. The picture is not packed, in dialogue or characterization. In what passes for shapeliness, it simply has near the beginning and the end matched scenes of the posh family listening to established music without any sign of response. The visual jokes are crass: people getting soaked in the rain, falling over with a picnic basket. But no point in belaboring lacks. Altman is a good director, whom one trusts to go on to create more such substantial and beautiful things as he did in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Brewster McCloud," "Nashville," and "3 Women," to name only a few. Perhaps it is a matter of his taking stock.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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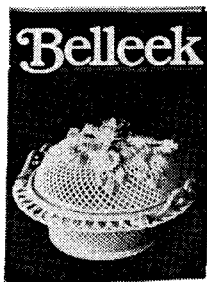
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Crusaders

IN preparation for Meyerbeer's opera "Il Crociato in Egitto," which was given its North American premiere last month by the Sacred Music Society, in Carnegie Hall, I dipped into the composer's "Briefwechsel und Tagebücher" (three volumes of which have so far been published), and some sentences by Gaetano Rossi, the librettist of "Il Crociato," caught my eye: "La Scala is deserted—the public is irritated, disgusted—Only one new opera in four months!" Rossi was writing in October, 1826. (The novelty in question was Nicola Vaccai's "Il Precipizio, o Le Fucine di Norvegia," and it was done twenty-four times—a pretty good run, even for those days.) Earlier that year, "Il Crociato" had had its Milan premiere. Ever since its creation, in Venice in 1824 (where it was the third new work of the Fenice season), it had been a success opera of the day, acclaimed not only throughout Italy but also in London, Paris, Munich, and Barcelona; soon it was to sweep the rest of Europe and cross the Atlantic to Havana and Mexico. In the nineteenth century, people wanted to hear new operas. In our day, however, there is no outcry from an irritated and disgusted New York public nor is the Metropolitan Opera House deserted because Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre," Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore," and Henze's "We Come to the River" are still unperformed there, or because twelve years have passed since the company mounted a premiere. It should be stressed that nineteenth-century audiences wanted more than simple, copious provision of well-loved fare,

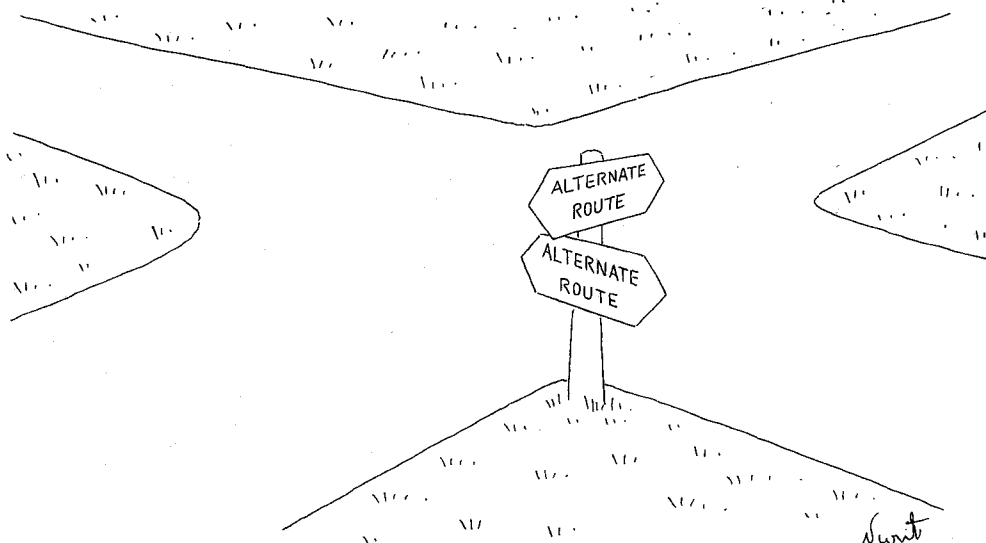
more than mere variations on the familiar formulas. "Il Crociato" had something new to offer them, and what it was can be traced in the series of excited reviews that accompanied the work's progress from city to city. Such a series runs through *The Harmonicon* in the eighteen-twenties. A report from the magazine's Trieste correspondent, one P.V., is characteristic. From other places, the news of "Il Crociato" and its triumphs had arrived; in Trieste itself there had been "no less than thirteen full rehearsals, and as many separate ones of the chorusses;" and both the composer and the librettist had come to town to supervise the latest production of their piece.

Expectation and impatience were therefore on the tiptoe, and its appearance was at length crowned with unanimous and tumultuous applause. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm which this moment produced, an enthusiasm which a calmer review of the merits of the piece has fully justified. For myself, I frankly acknowledge that of all the operas I ever heard, the music of *Il Crociato* has touched me most, as well by the novelty of its motives, as by the sweetness of its melodies, and the grandeur and lofty character of its accompaniments. As I am of opinion that *Der Freischütz* is the first of modern German music, so is *Il Crociato* the first of the modern Italian: or rather I would correct myself and say, that of all living composers, Meyerbeer is the one who most happily combines the easy, flowing, and expressive melodies of Italy, with the severer beauties, the grander accompaniments, of the German school.

Meyerbeer was a magpie, but a clever and industrious one, with a huge talent for skillful assembly. His career

proceeded by a series of reactions, and "Il Crociato" was one of its peaks. As a composer, he was German-trained, notably under Abt Vogler, but he first made his mark as a pianist. When he went to Vienna to play, he chanced to hear Johann Nepomuk Hummel on the evening of his arrival (we are told) and as a consequence retired for several months to reform his own piano technique entirely before appearing to the Viennese public. Similar reformations punctuated his progress as a composer. In Vienna, his comic opera "Alimelek" failed to please, and Salieri (we are told) advised him to visit Italy and learn to write for the voice. Meyerbeer went to Venice and there succumbed to Rossini's "Tancredi"—but again I must parenthesize a "we are told," for the older biographical accounts of the composer, such as that in Grove, don't always tally with facts in the new document volumes. What we are told does, however, accurately reflect the stylistic development shown in the scores. On hearing "Tancredi," Meyerbeer "surrendered spellbound to the genial charm," says Grove. "He had no style of his own to abandon, but he abandoned Vogler's without regret and set to work to write Italian operas." A series of five (two of them with Rossi librettos) appeared in quick succession, the last two at La Scala. Then came "Il Crociato," an ambitious attempt to do now what Rossini had been praised—or reproached—for doing in "Semiramide" the year before: to Italian melodiousness adding German science, German formal strength, German richness of orchestration. After "Semiramide," Rossini had gone north, leaving the way clear for the northerner to triumph. Meyerbeer was composing for the same theatre, La Fenice, and engaged the same librettist, Rossi. Then, after "Il Crociato," he followed Rossini to Paris, and there, after a new, long period of diligent study, assimilation, and consolidation, he produced "Robert le Diable," seven years after "Il Crociato," and set grand opera on the track that led to "Lohengrin" and "Aida." Beside the direct line of influence between Rossini and Verdi, and the subsidiary line with connections at Bellini and Donizetti, there is a third route, which starts from "Semiramide" and passes through "Il Crociato" and Meyerbeer's French operas. In "Opera and Drama," Wagner made the case against Meyerbeer:

He was like the starling who follows the plowshare down the field and merrily picks up the earthworm just uncovered in the furrow.... He became the weath-





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ercock of European operatic music.... In Italy, he composed operas *à la* Rossini, precisely until the larger wind of Paris began to chop.... With one bound, Meyerbeer was in Paris!

Wagner allowed Meyerbeer "cosmopolitan capacity." He underrated the industry, the thoroughness, and the determination that won for Meyerbeer a success not just with the big public but also with men of taste and discernment; the energy that modern revivals of his pieces have revealed; and the fact that—as Henry Chorley remarked of a greater composer, whose "Trovatore" he trounced for "the essentially superficial and showy nature of its effects"—"by new combination known materials make a new whole."

THE basic situation of Rossi's libretto for "Il Crociato," derived from a French source, is interesting in a Voltairean way. A band of Knights of Rhodes was defeated near Damietta, during the Sixth Crusade. Armand d'Orville, a Provençal knight left on the field for dead, escaped enslavement by concealing himself in the spoils of a fallen Egyptian soldier. Chance brought him the opportunity of saving the life of Aladdin, the Sultan of Damietta, and winning his favor. Living at the Egyptian court, under an assumed name, Armand has learned to respect pagan virtues, and also to love Palmide, the Sultan's daughter. In the words of the Argument affixed to a London libretto:

Afar from his country, with scarcely a hope of ever returning to it again, young, and of an ardent mind, Armand forgot himself, his duties, the faith he had plighted to Felicia, a noble maiden of Provence, and yielded to the love of Palmide. He instructed her by stealth in the mysteries of his faith; they were secretly united, and the product of this union is a son. But the call of honour, the love of country, and the sense of a dereliction of duty, were ever present to his mind, and threw a gloom over his happiness.

Now an embassy of Knights of Rhodes, whose Grand Master is Armand's uncle Adrian, has arrived in Damietta to negotiate an exchange of prisoners and a peace treaty. With them is Felicia, disguised as a knight, seeking her beloved Armand's tomb. So there are tense confrontations, and the outcome is complicated by a palace insurrection led by the wicked vizier Osmin, who desires Palmide for himself. Once again, Armand is able to save the Sultan's life, and all ends happily—except for poor Felicia, who has generously renounced her prior claim on the Crusader.

Rossi and Meyerbeer did not expound their action in full—at any rate, not in any edition of "Il Crociato" that I have seen. Perhaps on the first night there was more explanatory recitative. From the second night onward, the piece was cut. For productions in Florence, Trieste, London, Paris, Milan, and Turin, new numbers were composed or numbers were added from other Meyerbeer operas to suit the specific casts. In an 1826 Reggio production, there were interpolations of music by Rossini, Mercadante, Pacini, and Donizetti. The Dresden premiere began at six-thirty and ended about nine, so the piece must have been heavily abridged. From the start, composer and librettist were concerned less with a drama fully worked and convincing in all its details than with the general setting and the opportunities it provided for picturesque, novel décor and for, above all, numbers that would display the singers, alone and in combination, to striking effect. Wagner's charge against Meyerbeer of "effects without causes"—his example was the sunburst that closes Act III of "Le Prophète"—applies here, since by "causes" Wagner meant characterization and action that inspire, demand, find their inevitable outcome in the music. From one point of view, "Il Crociato" appears to be an almost abstract composition—a series of impressive musical movements scored for singers, orchestra, and scenery. In the handsome libretto prepared for the Carnegie Hall performance, the first-act finale was designated and in a program note analyzed as a theatre transformation, for very large forces, of a four-movement classical symphony. Not only Rossini but also Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven can be discerned in its contents and construction. Beethoven's popular "Wellington's Victory" symphony, at the premiere of which, in 1813, Meyerbeer banged the bass drum, evidently played its part, but the program note went too far in citing Beethoven's Ninth as another example of classical influence on this finale: the Ninth had its first performance two months after "Il Crociato." (Beethoven's soprano was Henriette Sontag, for whom Meyerbeer happened to compose new "Crociato" numbers—but that's another story.)

The most celebrated number in "Il Crociato" is the trio in Act I, "Giovinetto cavalier," for Armand and the two women who love him. Meyerbeer had set his sights on an unusual trio, for the combination of soprano, castrato, and contralto. (Giovanni Battista Vel-



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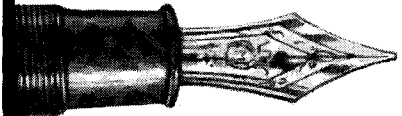
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luti, the last of the great operatic castrati, was engaged as the hero of the new piece.) Tracing the history of the trio through the almost daily letters Rossi wrote to Meyerbeer while "Il Crociato" was being planned tells us much about the composer's work methods. Among the subjects discussed were a "Vespri Siciliani" and a "Cavaliere di Rodi," as "Il Crociato" was at first called. Rossi's scheme for "Vespri" contained such a trio, while his "Cavaliere"/"Crociato" trio was planned for soprano, tenor, and contralto. When Meyerbeer settled on "Il Crociato" as his subject, he extracted from Rossi a solemn promise that "Vespri," now assigned to the composer Francesco Morlacchi, would no longer contain a high-voice trio: that effect he wished to reserve for himself. Then it was Meyerbeer's idea that the trio should be built on a "*vera romanza alla provenzale*." And so the number took shape. In the palace gardens, Felicia sings to Palmide the song with which Armand, back in Provence, won her heart. Palmide says that she knows it, too, for with it she was serenaded beneath her harem walls. She sings the second strophe, and the two voices twine in the refrain: "O youthful heart, do not trust the sighs of love." Offstage, a third voice is heard: Armand is singing his favorite song as he walks through the garden. When he enters, the three voices join. Unaccompanied cadenzas *a tre* in the coda include an octave-and-a-half descent in parallel triplet roulades on 6-3 chords. Rossi, when he sent Meyerbeer the words, declared that this number would be the high point of their opera; after the premiere, the *Gazzetta Privilegiata di Venezia* reported that it was. When gently, purely, and beautifully sung, and exquisitely in tune, as it was in Carnegie, this trio still ravishes the senses—and it does so even though the graceful melody itself, like so many of Meyerbeer's, is unmemorable after its first two measures. The rest depends on finespun vocal embroidery, tender phrasing, and the contrast of voices different in character yet harmonious. The instrumentation, for a consort of harp, flute, clarinet, English horn, French horn, violin, cello, and double-bass, lends an added charm. The *Gazzetta* review named the 1824 players individually. Let me name the New York players, for they, too, "provided delicious accompaniment": Susan Jolles, Trudy Kane, Joseph Rabbai, Diane Lesser, Earl Chapin, Marilyn Wright, Frederick Zlotkin, and Alvin Brehm.

The genesis of the other numbers is

less amply documented, but a similar care for situation, balance, and novelty of effect marked all the planning. At one point, Velluti weighed in with a letter describing in detail what sort of role and what sort of scenes would make the most of his talents, and what his current particular strengths were. The other notable numbers in "Il Crociato" are a *coro dello sbarco* at the arrival of the Knights of Rhodes in a splendid vessel, oars keeping time to the cello figures, the Nile bank thronged by an eager crowd, and a military band in attendance; the first-act finale already mentioned, with its two military bands, Egyptian and Christian; and a tense, tuneful muster of conspirators in Act II. The solos and duets contain much lyrical tracery and much bravura that provide "instant effect" in performance, but in memory the details fade, leaving a generalized impression of pathos, energy, and vocal brilliance. Palmide's "D'una madre sventurata," written as if for Mozart's Konstanze, is an aria one remembers. The recitative, some of it secco but most of it in the elevated style, elaborately accompanied, is always remarkable.

LIKE all Randolph Mickelson's Sacred Music Society presentations, this "Crociato" was prepared with care, scholarship, understanding, love, and enthusiasm. The orchestra, like that deployed in last year's "Mosè in Egitto," was not a modern top-heavy ensemble but a richly based one, some sixty strong, with the instrumental disposition of the eighteen-twenties. The important military bands—including eight trumpets and nine clarinets—came from West Point. There were some forty players: a forty/sixty ratio for *banda/orchestra* is more or less what one finds in librettos of the time where the players are listed and can be counted. The fierce military snap in the bandmen's playing and drumming provided the intended contrast to the sound of the classical orchestra. (When the Met next revives "Le Prophète," or mounts "Rienzi" or "Nabucco," it should enlist the West Point men.) The secco recitatives were accompanied on an early-nineteenth-century piano, and that, too, was authentic and apt. The important chorus—all-male, as in several Venetian operas—was strong. Gianfranco Masini, conducting, brought excitement, delicacy, and an excellent sense of style to the music. His command of color and texture contrasts within numbers and of the progress and proportions of the whole was admirable. "Il Crociato" is one of the

earliest opera scores to have metronome markings. Some of the indicated speeds prove surprising, but Mr. Masini showed that the composer knew what he was about. Although Meyerbeer calls for virtuoso singing, fine singers alone cannot bring his operas to life. They need—and "Il Crociato" here received—a musical execution in which all the details are sharp.

Sopranos and contraltos have both tackled the principal, castrato role. (In Venice, the same prima donna was understudy for the soprano and the castrato.) The New York edition included Armand music composed for Veluti, for the contralto Carolina Bassi, and for the soprano Giuditta Pasta. (Meyerbeer described Armand as a mezzo-soprano role, and said that it really lay too low for Pasta.) "Il Crociato" had its first twentieth-century performance in London, seven years ago, and there Armand was the mezzo Patricia Kern. In New York, he was the soprano Felicity Palmer, a Pamina, an Elvira, and a Countess in "Figaro." (Both singers can be heard in the recent RCA recording of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," Miss Kern as the dramatic-contralto Sorceress and Miss Palmer as the soubrette, Belinda.) Miss Palmer, a young star of the English National Opera, was making her New York opera debut. She showed herself to be a potential dramatic soprano, an exciting singer who may perhaps in time follow the Lilli Lehmann path to Norma and Isolde while continuing to sing Violetta, Fiordiligi, and Handel's heroines. Her voice was distinguished by range, power, flexibility, and a ring of bright metal in the timbre. There was dramatic force and emotional beauty in her phrasing. She was commanding. Palmide was sung by Yvonne Kenny, a young soprano, making her American debut, who came to prominence a few years ago in London performances of Donizetti's "Rosmonda d'Inghilterra" and "Il Castello di Kenilworth," and is now a star of the Royal Opera, the Ilia of its "Idomeneo." She has a beautiful voice—a warm, limpid lyric soprano, fluent, even, and malleable. In duet, Miss Palmer and Miss Kenny sang runs, graces, and cadenzas more sweetly tuned than I have heard from any Norma and Adalgisa of our day.

Adrian, the Grand Master, is the tenor. He is called on for high C's, C-sharps, and D's set in a context at once heroic and fiendishly florid. Rockwell Blake was at hand to fulfill all the demands. For good measure, he even threw in a strong, sustained high E. (It wasn't a pretty sound, but it was

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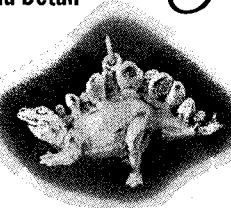
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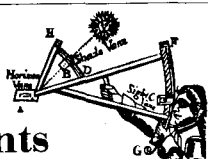
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securely there.) The role also reaches low—down into the baritone register, and right down to the bottom G on the bass staff—and there Mr. Blake was equally effective. He is the wide-ranging, high-flying, heroic-coloratura tenor phenomenon we have been waiting for since the Ottocento revival began. Felicia's role was diminished by the omission of her aria—of both arias, according to the early Simrock score I was using. Dana Krueger sang what remained of it—notably the solo launching of the trio—with smooth accomplishment. Although Aladdin has no solo (or, rather, had none in this edition), the casting of a major bass in the part, Justino Díaz, brought rewards. Almost every number of the opera is punctuated and propelled into its next movement by sultanically pronounced announcements, which Mr. Díaz delivered with authority. In the comprimario role of Osmin, James Atherton was given a few brief moments to show his mettle. In the tiny role of Alma, Palmide's confidante, Carol Cates was not. Carnegie Hall has a shape, a sound, and a feel far better suited to opera than those of Fisher Hall, where the earlier Sacred Music Society presentations were held. The lighting was not strong enough, either on the singers, whose eyes were in shadow, or—my usual grumble—in the body of the hall, where the libretto *could* be followed, but not at a glance.

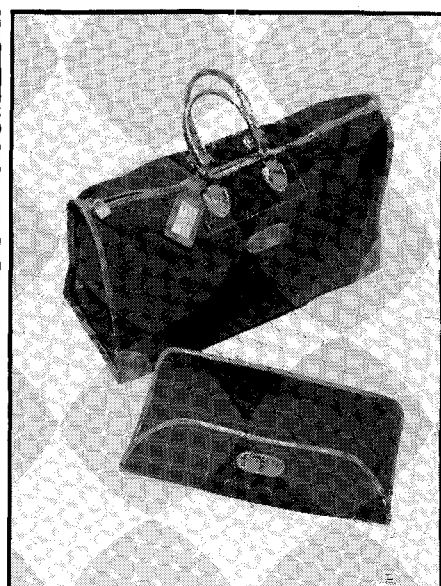
The society interprets the "sacred" in its title freely. Massenet's "Marie-Magdeleine," its first presentation, was described by its composer as a "*drame sacré*," and Refice's "Cecilia," its second, as an "*azione sacra*," but with "Mosè" and "Il Crociato" it has moved unabashed into opera. The only requirement seems to be that the operas concerned should be on subjects that in their day were allowed Lenten performance. Rossi did call his work "*a sacred opera*, so to speak, a *Triumph of Religion!* an opera for Lent." One need not be nice over terminology. What matters is that "Mosè" and now, even more prominently, "Il Crociato" have been New York landmarks of the international Ottocento revival. Although neither of them was staged, in several important ways they came closer to the sound of the "real thing" than many of the British or Italian revivals have done.

—ANDREW PORTER

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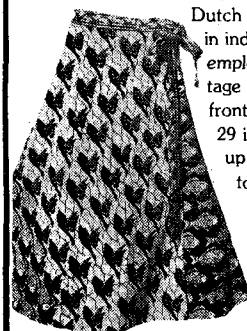
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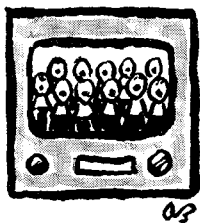
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THE AIR

The Opening of the Baseball Season

I'M telling you, instability is going to be the finish of this country. The end. Finis. The Republic down the drain. Nothing left of the plains and the Rockies and the sunbelt and the snowbelt and the cornbelt and the coalbelt after too much instability gets loose in the land. By gosh, but there is a beauty, a real American beauty, in the state of things standing in their place. Washington. Niagara Falls. The Houston Space Center. Everything right where it should be. After all, how much instability can a nation take—especially a splendid and solid nation such as this one, which has only lately realized that it is not actually nailed to the floor of the earth but is in fact floating rather randomly about on tectonic plates? What are the *limits* of instability? A change in the N.F.L. schedule? An interruption of regular programming? A nuclear catastrophe? I'm telling you, there was a moment of instability out there last week. I hate to say it. Everybody was doing what he could to keep things even-keel. But sometimes instability just sort of creeps into a situation, you know what I mean. No matter how hard people try to hold everything level and stable, instability sometimes just sort of seeps in, through the keyhole, maybe, or through those chinks in the window frame where one really ought to wedge Mortite during the winter. And then it hangs around for a few seconds. And then it's gone. Vanished. Oh, but people are glad to see it go. Do you remember the incident at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant a couple of weeks ago? Most people call it an incident, though nuclear folk, I think, call it an "event." Of course you remember. There was a malfunction in one of the pumps. Or something bust in a valve. There was not enough coolant. Or too much team. The utility people were doing what they could. The TV people did what they could. Some of the younger TV guys hung around the busted plant at Three Mile Island, offering us distant camera views of those four strange cooling towers and trying to make the best of the fudgy information they were getting from inside the plant—and doubtless hoping that the confident one of the utility's press releases had more basis in fact than they guessed it did. The whole thing started so slow-



ly, didn't it? There was something wrong down there in Pennsylvania. One sort of paid attention, but lots of things go wrong in lots of places, don't they? Automobiles sometimes don't work quite right. Airplanes have equipment failures. Utilities have blackouts. Space capsules catch fire. The difficulty in Pennsylvania seemed to have something to do with radiation, which is, naturally, a serious problem, though since it is also a serious, mainly invisible problem, most people appear to place it in the category of other serious, mainly invisible problems, such as tight money and original sin, and so never really manage to think about it quite as vigorously as they would like to. There was talk of fuel rods and primary reactor-cooling systems and quench tanks and coolant-flow pumps. The utility officials were pompous and evasive. The TV people were matter-of-fact and levelheaded. Whatever might be going on inside the damaged reactor—and stories varied as to whether things were getting better or were getting worse—outside there was at least a stability of language. "The valve on a pressurizer opened as planned," a newsman explained, "and excess water flowed into a quench tank." Another correspondent reported, "An emergency cooling system has been activated, injecting water into the loop." There was an interview with a representative of a nuclear power plant in Florida. "We will see how the problem relates to our own plant," he said, "and if it relates we will implement our procedures." An engineer from a nuclear plant in the Midwest said, "As an engineer, I can't say nothing will never happen." The Governor of Pennsylvania said, "There is no reason to disrupt your daily routine." One of the officials at the Three Mile Island plant said, "We see no indications of an emergency at this time." One would have to say that the forces of national equilibrium were working strenuously from within our television sets for the common good.

By then, it was the evening of Friday, March 30th; time for the network news. Earlier in the day, there had been rumors and radio reports to the effect that "puffs" of radioactive gas or steam had been escaping from the stricken nuclear plant. Now, from his customary desk in the CBS news-

room, at the center of the earth, the normally imperturbable face of Walter Cronkite hove into view. "Good evening," said Cronkite, speaking with unmistakable gravity. "The world has never known a day quite like today. It faced the considerable uncertainties and dangers of the worst nuclear-power-plant accident of the atomic age. And the horror tonight is that it could get much worse." As one watched the familiar countenance and listened to the familiar voice (whose easygoing mellowness now seemed dry with tension), one suddenly had a feeling of being part of one of those small, deceptively simple moments when time itself seems to shift into some other gear, bearing us along with it, though whether at a faster or slower rate than before is not yet clear. "It is not an atomic explosion that is feared," Cronkite continued. "The experts say that is impossible. But the spectre was raised of perhaps the next most serious kind of nuclear catastrophe—a massive release of radioactivity. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission cited that possibility with an announcement that, while it is not likely, the potential is there for the ultimate risk of a meltdown at the Three Mile Island atomic power plant outside Harrisburg, Pennsylvania." Was it possible that Walter Cronkite had just released—albeit contained within the containment chamber of his own sturdy personality—his own cleansing puff of instability into our atmosphere? For a number of years, I have admired Cronkite's avuncular humanity and genial newsmanship, while sometimes feeling skeptical of the contrived neutrality of the anchorman's role, which often serves to put a veil or barrier between the anchorman (however humane and genial) and his audience. But, just then, I thought Cronkite had broken through the barrier and for a tiny moment dared us to see the real terror of the times we live in, through the eyes of a most decent man who could not, and perhaps would not, keep the fear and despair and anger out of his voice in the service of the higher stability. And so for a brief while afterward, and as the evening news ran its course, with accounts of a newfound gas bubble in the reactor core, and of the release of radioactive gas into the air above Middletown, Pennsylvania, and of the evacuation of pregnant women and small children from nearby areas, one had the sense (so rare and frightening to a modern citizen of this country) that *nothing* was in its place, or might ever be in its place again. On our behalf, Old Mer-



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lin had peered—not so much into the future as into the present—and it now seemed that we were adrift, free-falling, spinning helplessly in a maelstrom of possibilities that perhaps nobody might be able to check.

And then, of course, as things must, the level of instability decreased and stability returned—was hauled back in. On the mechanical side, over the weekend a way had been found to lower dangerous gas levels in the containment chamber. On the TV news, a more matter-of-fact tone swiftly returned to the reports from Three Mile Island. From Washington, it was announced that President Carter had promised a "thorough inquiry" into the disaster. A different kind of problem was soon being discussed. "As many as three thousand dairy farms could be contaminated, which would mean a loss of millions to Pennsylvania dairymen," said one correspondent. Another remarked, "Any radiation or contamination would destroy the tourist industry." When Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger was questioned about the future of nuclear power, he declared, "What we have seen here is the case of an error made in operations. I think that all of us should withhold judgment until we have had the opportunity to look at this incident in the light of total experience." Walter Cronkite was back on his regular beat. "The tone is optimistic," he said; "however, the convalescence promises to be dangerous, long, and costly." Ten minutes later, in his staunch, well-modulated voice, he told us of twenty-five persons who had died in a fire "in what was described as a clean, well-kept boarding house" in Farmington, Missouri. We were back home, safe. Everything was in its place. A sports announcer spoke about the opening games of the new baseball season. The Yankees were going to play the Brewers. Instability had been banished once again. But what of that brief, sudden, freezing wind that had blown through the house only a short while ago—so chill that it had made even Walter Cronkite shiver? Had it ever happened? Was it only an embarrassment, as moments of instability usually are? Had Walter Cronkite really shivered? Yes, he had.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

He had always had an interest in food. With some careful thought and figuring he managed to cater parties for groups of 50 to 100 for one dollar per person and realize a profit of seven dollars per person.—*Charleston (W.Va.) Gazette.*

Good man!

BOOKS

A Sort of Superman

HERBERT HOOVER: A PUBLIC LIFE," by David Burner (Knopf; \$15.95), closes with Hoover's departure from the White House, in March, 1933, and deals with his post-Presidential career in a brief epilogue. Few figures in American history have suffered as abrupt and brutal a transition from adulation to execration as Hoover did. It is difficult to believe that shortly before he took office, in 1929, his immense popularity so frightened him that he remarked:

I have no dread of the ordinary work of the presidency. What I do fear is the result of the exaggerated idea the people have conceived of me. They have a conviction that I am a sort of superman, that no problem is beyond my capacity. . . . If some unprecedented calamity should come upon the nation. . . . I would be sacrificed to the unreasoning disappointment of a people who expected too much.

Was Hoover the victim of "unreasoning disappointment" or of his own flaws? Burner does not decide the question. He provides readers with the evidence to form their own conclusions. This ample, absorbing study of the man and his times explains both the limitations that the epoch imposed and the possibilities that it opened. Yet Hoover's character, Burner feels, remains elusive.

Hoover was extremely guarded, possibly as a result of the disaster of his childhood: born in 1874, he had lost both parents by 1884. The boy was overworked and underloved, but he performed admirably, put himself through college, and became a mining engineer and later a mining investor; by 1918, Burner says, his fortune was estimated at four million dollars. His marriage was happy, and he and his wife raised two capable sons. Nonetheless, beneath the surface of success Hoover suffered more than he may have realized, Burner believes. He notes that Hoover could never recall the facts of his early life with any accuracy, and suggests that his drive for technical mastery arose from his early experience of "abandonment and separation."

Hoover was one of the best mining engineers of his time. His professional rise was punctuated by quarrels and breaches with superiors or partners, but he could afford his abrasiveness, because his services were too valuable to be dispensed with. In time, he graduated from administering technology to

organizing international financial backing for the huge extractive and processing enterprises in which he engaged. Down to the First World War, Hoover's biography is all mastery, control, and dominance. His wartime relief work, Burner thinks, reflects another outcome of his tragic childhood—a feeling for the helpless. It won him an immense public reputation. As the pre-eminent member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium—an organization formed to avert famine in a country that had imported most of its food before the war but could not do so under German occupation—he combined benevolence and efficiency. The commission was run by neutrals; when the United States entered the war, Hoover returned to this country, where President Wilson appointed him wartime Food Administrator. After the war, Hoover headed the American Relief Administration, which brought both relief and some measure of reconstruction to Europe.

From 1897 until 1917, Hoover had

lived abroad, and he had no great commitment to any American political party. His hero had been Theodore Roosevelt, but he had won the confidence of Woodrow Wilson. As the United States prepared for the election of 1920, nonpartisan reformers supported Hoover for the Presidency, and so did progressives in both parties. Many were attracted by the notion that Hoover embodied a kind of politics which is not politics at all: the claim to be above or beyond party, and to be concerned only with finding impartial, correct solutions. Hoover admired and was admired as—in Burner's words—"a type suggestive of Veblen's impersonal technologists." Franklin Roosevelt, who was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wanted Hoover at the head of the Democratic ticket, but Hoover finally enlisted with the Republicans and supported Harding, explaining to a friend, "I knew no Democrat could win in 1920 and I did not see myself as a sacrifice."

It is curious that at two political



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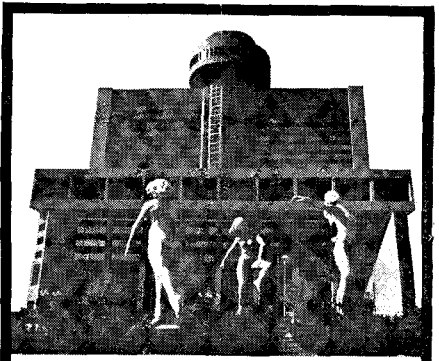
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turning points Hoover expressed a fear of being sacrificed. Burner pays considerable attention to the influence of Quakerism upon him, but Hoover's anxiety calls into doubt a religious concern. After all, the core of Christianity is the story of a sacrifice. Was Hoover's distrust of his admirers another legacy of his childhood? More practically, I wonder if his decision in 1920 was a political mistake by a political tyro. A willingness to sacrifice for party or principle is part of a politician's trade. The mind refuses the spectacle of a Democratic Herbert Hoover presiding over the New Deal. Nevertheless, Franklin Roosevelt, who did preside over the New Deal, sacrificed himself in 1920 by running as the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate.

Hoover, to be sure, may have unknowingly made a greater sacrifice. As Secretary of Commerce in the Harding and Coolidge Administrations, he toiled for progressive purposes, winning many small victories but no big ones. He set up a progressive program for Harding and nagged Coolidge about tax reform; nothing came of either attempt. Hoover was the star of largely mediocre Cabinets, yet he never put his power to the test by pushing issues upon which he supposedly felt strongly. He settled for what he could get in an era uncongenial to reform, while other men—such as Robert La Follette, who ran on a third-party ticket in 1924—kept alive the old progressive faith. I think that Hoover's non-action during the nineteen-twenties helped turn the Republican Party over to its most retrograde members: he provided progressive ornamentation while they pursued outdated fundamental policies. Hoover lacked profound political concern in the twenties, and the seriousness of the fault became evident in the thirties.

In mitigation of Hoover's uncertain responses, Burner points out that the Great Depression started slowly. The American stock-market crash of October, 1929, was not *the* crash—that did not occur until May, 1931, with the failure of Austria's largest bank, the Creditanstalt. In the United States during 1929-30, Burner notes, "the rise in unemployment . . . was less steep than in the first year of the depression in 1920-22." The word "crash" has misled us; we should envision the onset of the Depression as an oozing process—a leak rather than a blow-out. It seems plain that Hoover, who had all along disapproved of Wall Street speculation, regarded the fall of



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stock prices as a temporary downturn that might conceivably teach high-flying money men a lesson. Upon becoming President, he warned against speculation, but he did not publicize the act that in May, 1929, he shifted his own investments into what Burner calls "gilt-edged bonds." If he had announced that private decision, his public admonitions might have carried more weight.

This is an instance of a trait that I feel was characteristic: Hoover did not care enough. The quality of disengagement which the American people felt in Hoover during the last two years of his Administration, when their needs became acute, was not mistaken. Burner shows us the zigzags and zags of policy after Hoover recognized that his depression was not, like a cold or a brain, self-limiting, and recalls Americans' wondering why Hoover, who had handed out relief to foreigners, was so unwilling to help Americans. I think there are two reasons. One is that in the earlier organizations somebody else had set general policies, which Hoover implemented; his undoubted executive gifts were not those of a chief executive. The second is that when serious trouble came he seems to have concentrated upon sparing his own feelings and self-esteem by shielding himself from reality. For example, he preferred to emphasize the international aspects of the Depression— aspects that were true but by no means the whole truth. As Secretary of Commerce, he had turned his department into a non-partisan fact-gathering and statistical organization; as President, he might easily have noted some purely American economic anomalies, but doing so would have meant accepting blame and proposing bolder courses. In 1927, as chairman of a special Mississippi Flood Committee, he had seen at first hand at Southern tenants and sharecroppers lived on the very margin of subsistence; I think he was protecting himself when he said in 1932, "No one actually starving." His failure to issue a formal reprimand when, in disobedience of his orders, General MacArthur assaulted the unarmed bonus marchers at their encampment in Washington was, of course, political idiocy, but it also looks cowardly. Indeed, my reading of this biography suggests that Hoover lacked courage because he lacked intensity. He did not identify his own ego with something or someone else—for example, his fellow-Americans.

What the voters saw in him is a pretty rotten question. The twenties were a



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period of political regression—violence or apathy—all over the world. (This is sometimes hard to appreciate, because a contrasting legacy of the decade is a body of work in the arts which still seems astonishingly fresh, even advanced.) The Great War produced spiritual exhaustion at the same time that it gave impetus to technological innovation and efficiency, which required creative, imaginative parallels in the field of statesmanship. None were forthcoming. I suppose that a decade in which American voters worried about Prohibition instead of child labor and about immigration restriction instead of soil conservation was lucky to end with nobody worse than Hoover. We probably deserved him. Burner may not have set out to write a painful book, but his concise and stylish account of the political background of the period is disquieting to an American of the present day—as unsettling as a portrait of a very ugly grandparent.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOOD AS GOLD, by Joseph Heller (Simon & Schuster; \$12.95). Bruce Gold's Celtic given name and Jewish surname, like his Coney Island childhood and his Ph.D., condemn him to perpetual estrangement from everyone he knows—from his dull wife, sneering daughter, hostile brother, and dim-witted sisters (who torment him with frequent dinners that feature stuffed derma and potato blintzes and are lorded over by their tyrannical father); from the wheedling editors who publish his vapid book reviews and essays; from the harebrained Presidential aide who summons him to Washington to accept a Cabinet post (unspecified and unconfirmed) in reward for his flattering comments on the President's first literary effort. With Gold's foray into national politics, Heller expands the cast of caricatures to include Protestant bigots who match Gold in ambitious greed, surpass his family in cultural myopia, and speak a nonsense language native to the capital. Mr. Heller is trying for very black and very broad comedy, but he achieves only tastelessness. The depravity of his characters is not spun of ingeniously twisted logic; it is too plain to be evil or funny; and the bilious narrator's heavy hand (one character, we are told, speaks "abruptly with an air still starkly devoid of friend-

ship or civility" or "nervously with a careless veneer he hoped might be misconstrued for insouciance") applies the coup de grâce. A Literary Guild selection.

THE ASSOCIATES, by John Jay Osborn, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95). The life (half grovelling, half exultant) of a young Harvard Law School graduate who is one of a hundred associates in a Wall Street firm of corporation lawyers with an eighty-year-old founder and forty subordinate partners—the dark vested suit, the quiet necktie, the white shirt, the cubicle office on the thirty-eighth floor with a top-sergeant secretary, the eighty-hour week, the black coffee (or even speed), the yells and desk-pounding behind closed doors, the private taxi service, the private ambulance service for corporate heart attacks, the distant, glittering lure of a partnership and three hundred thousand dollars a year. There is also a female associate—a charming, if stunningly foulmouthed, girl. Mr. Osborn (Harvard Law School, followed by a hitch on Wall Street) is an uncommonly funny writer who is also a writer of wit and style, and there is almost certainly a large measure of unpasteurized truth in this choice cautionary tale.

GENERAL

MY LIFE, by George Sand, translated from the French and adapted by Dan Hofstadter (Harper & Row; \$12.95) and **GEORGE SAND IN HER OWN WORDS**, translated and edited by Joseph Barry (Anchor/Double-day paperback; \$4.95). Mr. Hofstadter tells us that George Sand's autobiography in the original runs to "about half a million words;" in cutting it back to readable length, he has followed her lead and emphasized her parentage and her account of her melodramatic childhood as the subject of contention in a custody battle between her aristocratic grandmother and her lowborn widowed mother. Sand draws a number of complex, passionate personages to perfection, not least her bewildered and divided young self. As for later matters, she is discreet about her lovers, though she does betray resentment of Chopin's defection. Mr. Barry's anthology, like Mr. Hofstadter's book, is well translated, well selected, and judiciously cut. It offers samplings from a variety of Sand's works. Her novels are frayed fustian, but her nonfiction

is vivacious, fluent, and intelligent. A **SUNDAY BETWEEN WARS**, by Ben Maddow (Norton; \$12.95). A survey of American life over the half century between the Civil War and the First World War, ranging across the whole of the newly opened continental United States. The viewpoint is that of the people who did the country's dog work; for his sources, the author has gone to the diaries and reminiscences of soldiers of the Indian wars, of homesteaders and their wives, of foremen of track-laying gangs on the Western railroads, of miners and gold prospectors, and of immigrants. These multiple tongues give a wonderful vitality to the recital. We see America building slowly to greatness and wealth and power, and we see the cost in terms of human hopes and lives. The book is full of surprises and epiphanies, of hundreds of little dramas—some violent, some bawdy, some hilarious, some poignant, all obscure.

PROVENCE, by Ford Madox Ford, with illustrations by Biala (Ecco paperback; \$6.95). This book, which first appeared in 1935, has been reissued in a series called Neglected Books of the Twentieth Century. The reason for its neglect may simply be timing—when it first came out, the Depression had curtailed tourism, and then the Second World War stopped it; the postwar period has transformed Ford's remote, unspoiled, antique province into a rich man's cottage colony. Then, too, the book is less a travelogue than a monologue—a bouillabaisse of Ford's past and present, garnished with anecdotes about himself and his literary and artistic friends, and topped off with his wayward thoughts about the superiority of Mediterranean cultures and the inferiority of modern times. But Ford is a superb entertainer.

POWER AND IMAGINATION: CITY-STATES IN RENAISSANCE ITALY, by Lauro Martines (Knopf; \$15.95). In the late Middle Ages, the cities of northern Italy grew enormously, as a result of the era's population explosion, which fragmented landholdings in the countryside and drove men and women of all degrees, from feudal lords to their former peasants, to seek their fortunes in urban surroundings. This exemplary and well-written study, dealing with a period from the eleventh century through the sixteenth, elucidates the changes that



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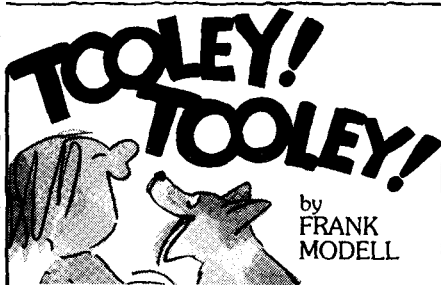
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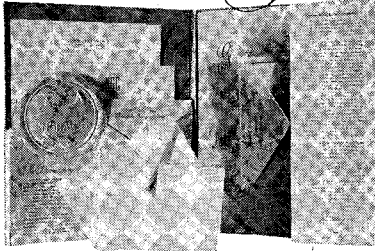
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occurred in and out of cities. It does not oversimplify, but it does demonstrate that most Italian city-states, whether oligarchies or despotisms, destroyed themselves partly by their unceasing efforts to destroy one another and partly by their exploitation of their poorer citizens. Describing the rise of humanism and the flowering of art, Dr. Martines is extremely astute in his discussion of patronage and of the way that art styles, in everything from city planning to the design of playing cards, expressed the ambitions or the egos not of the artists but of the rulers.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION, by Kyril FitzLyon and Tatiana Browning (Overlook; \$15). A remarkable photograph album, accompanied by an extended historical essay, that gives us a glimpse of the face of Russia in the two or three decades before 1917. The pictures are from private collections, and not one of them is familiar: the Empress Alexandra painting poppies in a studio in her palace; a tiny Princess Goltshyn being served dinner al fresco, attended by eight servants; a glowering police inspector striding down the middle of the Kuznetsky Most, in Moscow; proud clerks in Fabergé's showroom lining up to have their picture snapped. All of old Russia appears to be represented here, from the factory towns around Moscow to Siberian villages and the bazaars of the Caucasus. Mr. FitzLyon, who is Russian-born, sketches in the background to all this, and he has some interesting things to say about the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre, about the fierce ferment in the arts in pre-Revolutionary Russia, and about the astonishingly rapid pace of Russian industrialization before the 1914-18 war.

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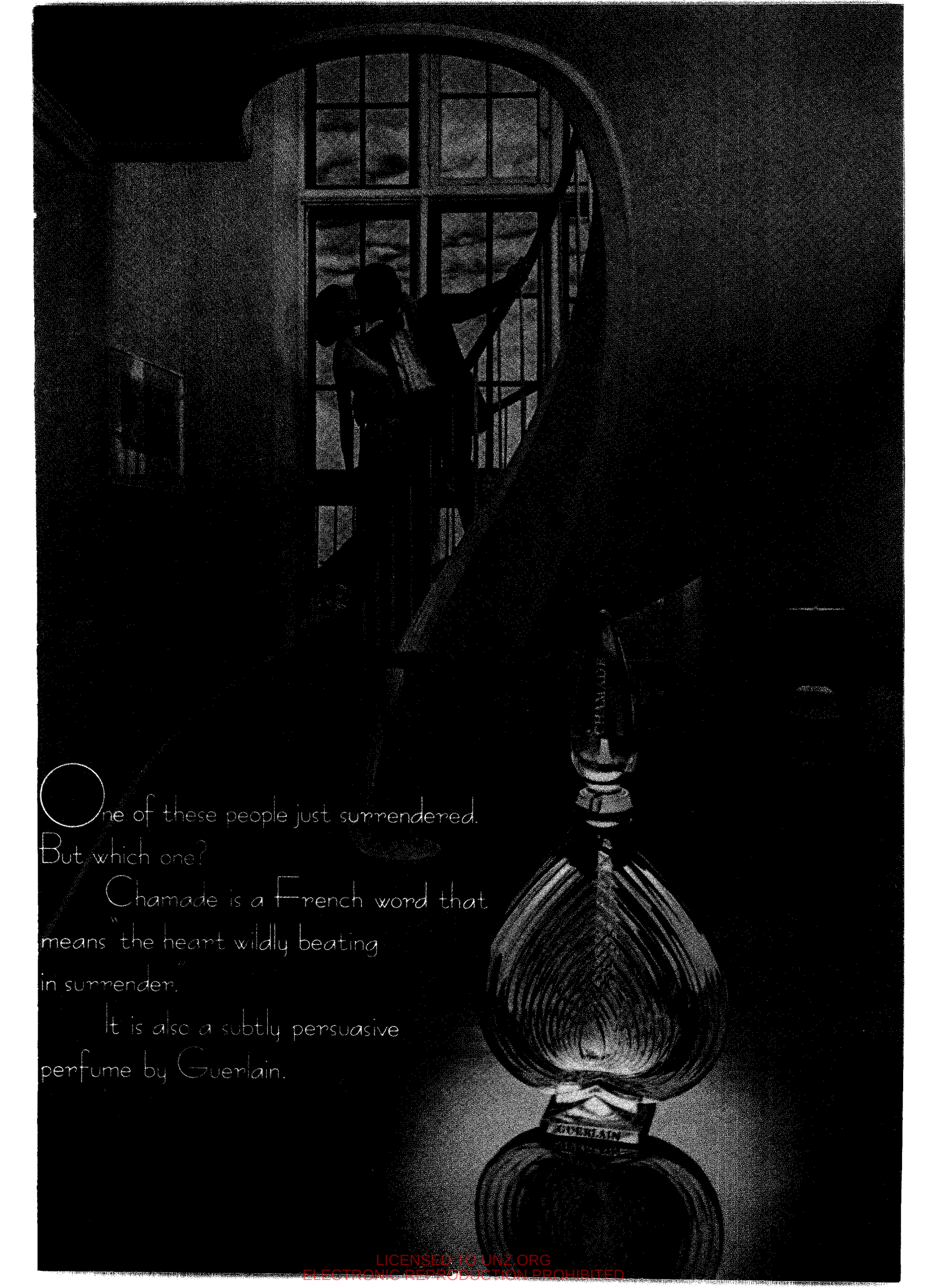
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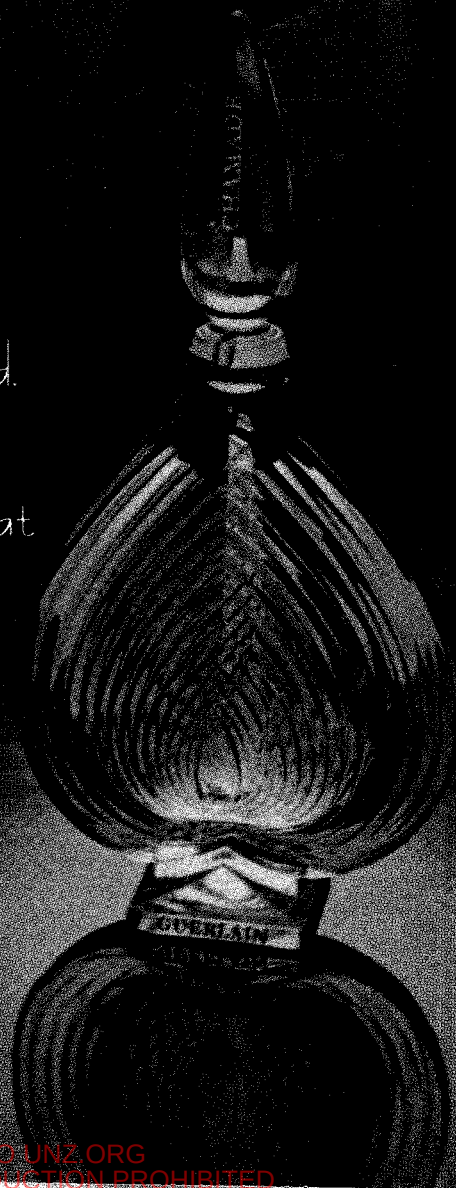
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